The Saturday Evening
POST
December 3, 1960 – 15¢

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

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STANFORD UNIVERSITY

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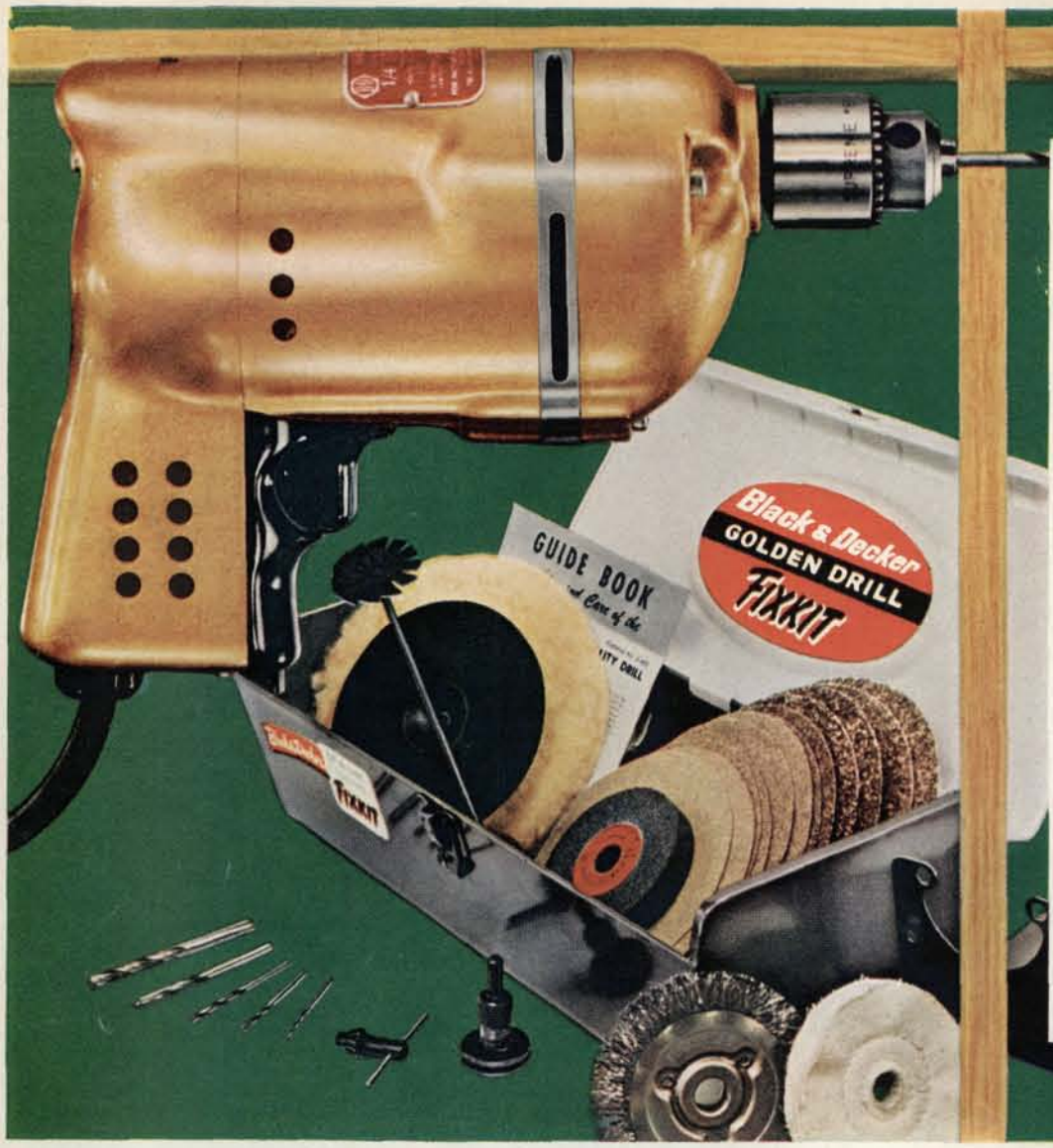

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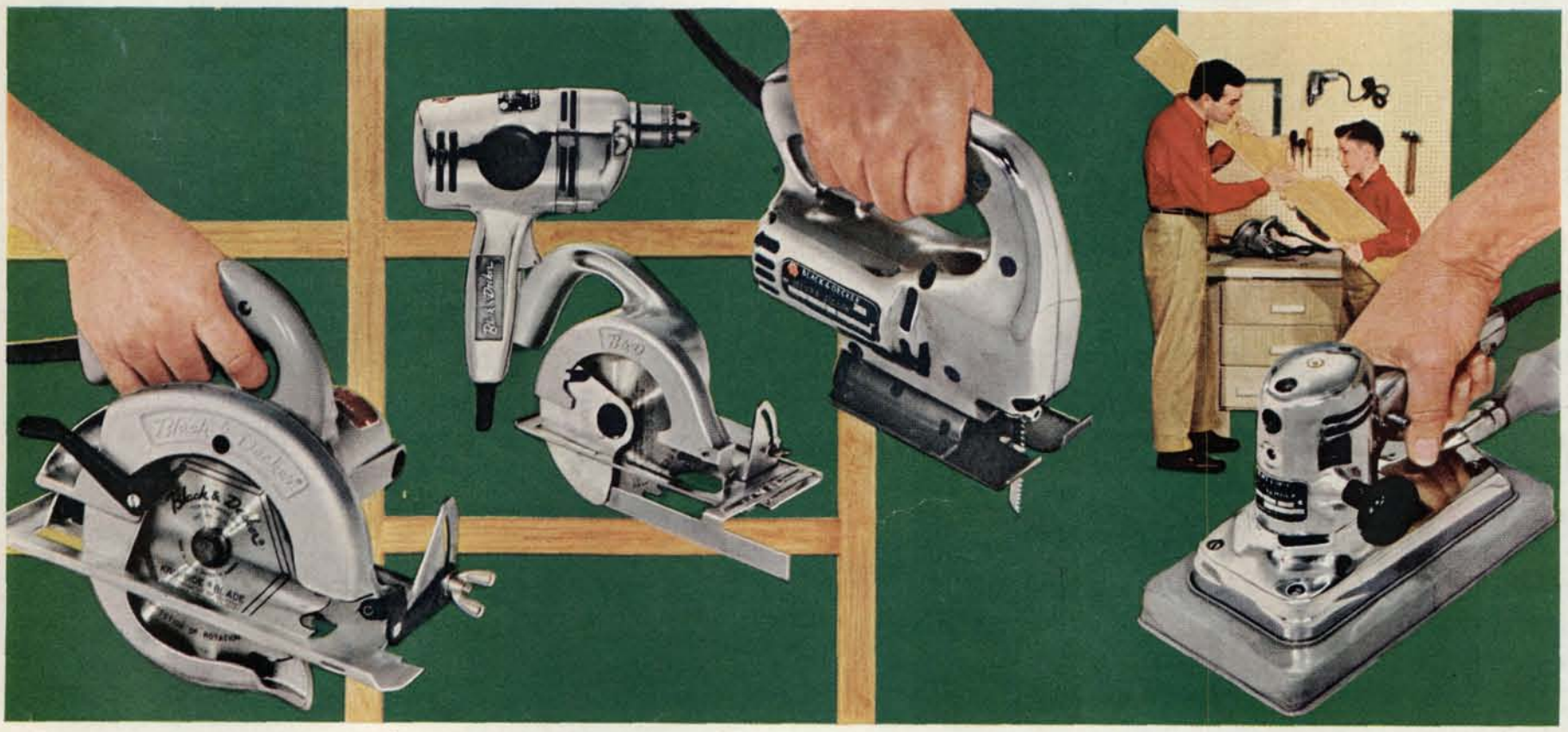

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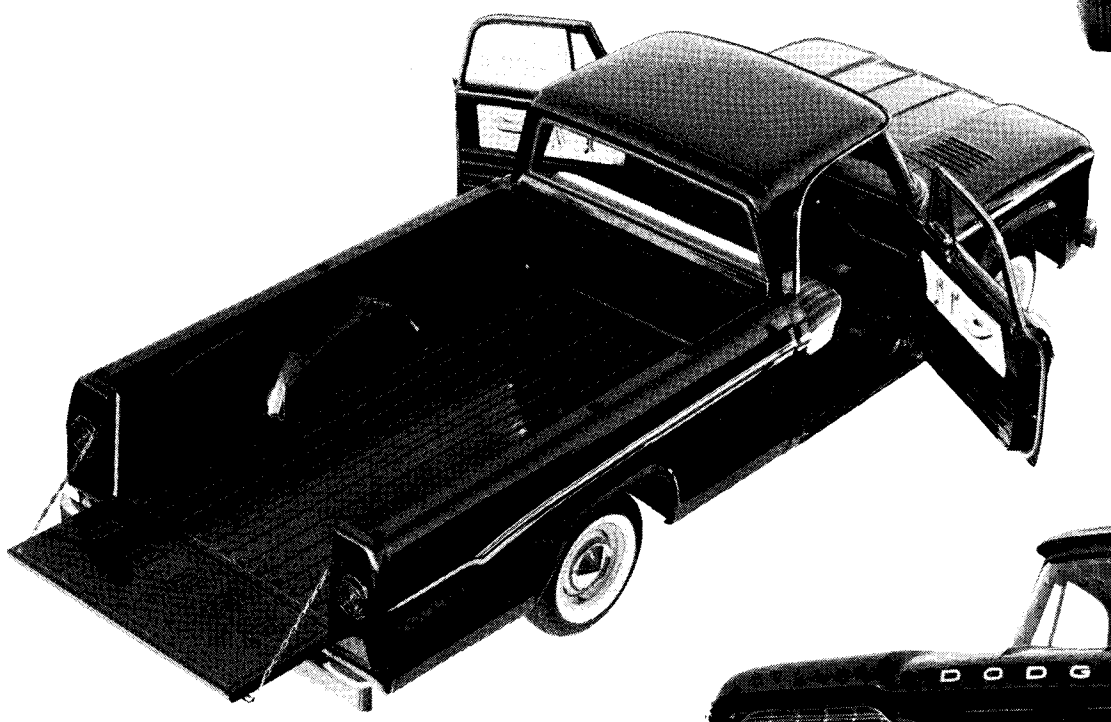

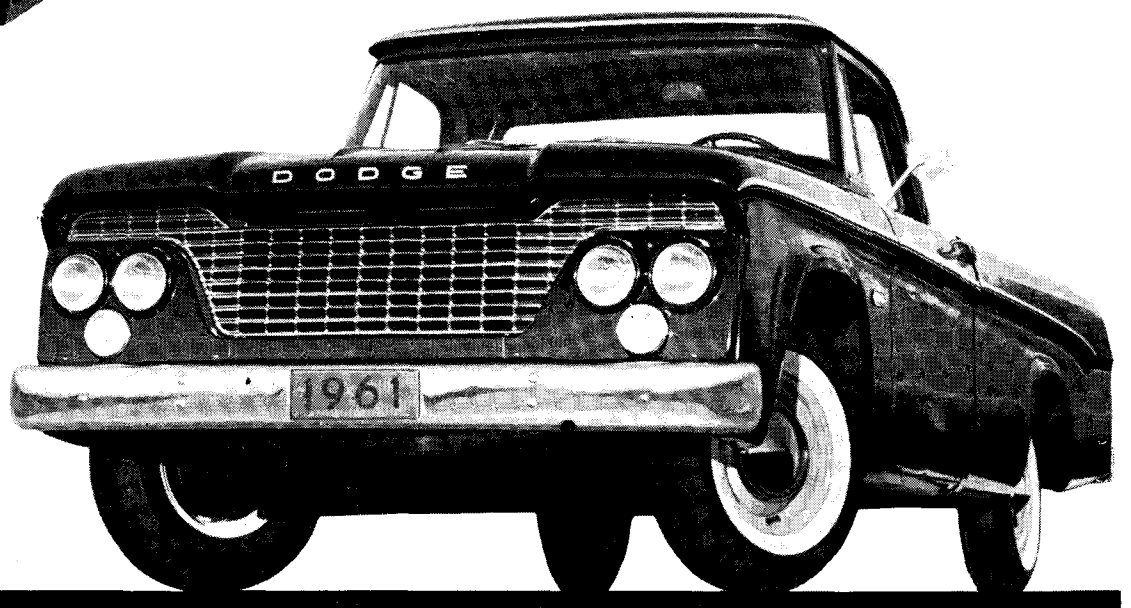

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EXPLAIN COMPACT-ECONOMY, PLEASE? Start with a pickup truck. Give it the diet and upkeep budget of a compact, the handling of a sedan. Give it the ability and toughness to take on a full 1595 lb. load and do an all-truck job with it, anywhere, every day. That's compact-economy.

HOW COMPACT IS ITS DIET? We put a Dart Pickup up against its biggest competition, Ford and Chevrolet. We wanted to see who could squeeze the most miles out of a gallon. The Dart Pickup came out ahead, over and over, the only way that counts, in actual miles per gallon.

AND WHAT ELSE IS NEW? Everything's new. Including things you can't see, or feel, right this minute. Like new clutching, shifting, steering and handling. Like the new soft sound that belies the Dart Pickup's ability to take on a full load and do a good day's work for you anywhere, any day.

WITH SOMETHING CALLED A "SEDAN RIDE"? That's it, exactly. A truck ride with all the truckiness taken out of it. An amazingly simple suspension system did it. No bars, no rods, no gimmicks, almost service-free. And, you'll pay no penalty in front tire mileage for the pleasant ride.

OK, WHAT ABOUT OTHER DODGE TRUCKS FOR '61? There are conventional and cab forward models, a four-wheel-drive series, door-to-door jobs, a school bus chassis series, Six and V8 gasoline power. Cummins diesel power. A weight spread from 4300 lbs. GVW to 76,800 lbs. GCW.

ONE MORE THING—PRICES? The price story is short, sweet, and definite. Dart Pickup and the '61 Dodge truck line are priced competitively with any truck coming or going. On top of that, they'll whip the lot of them for muscle, hustle, and money-saving ways. **SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER!**

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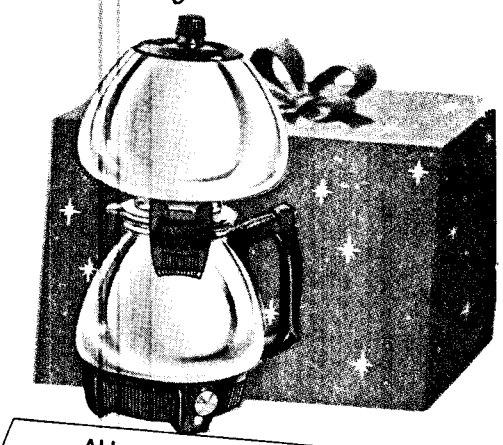

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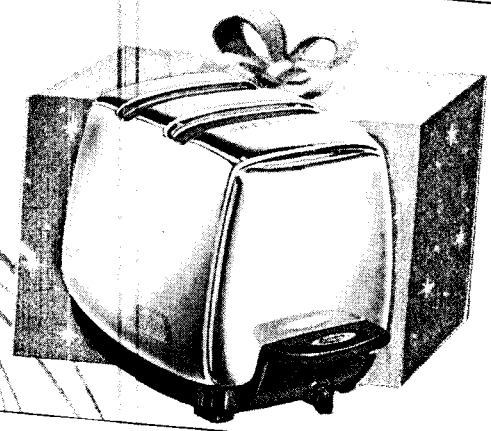

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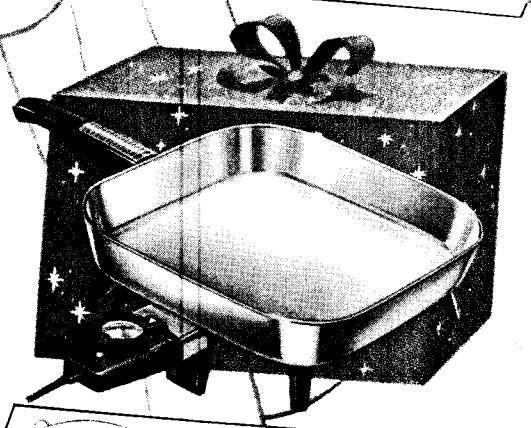
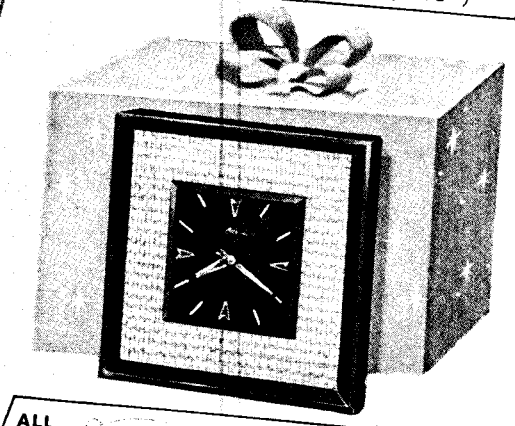
Radiant Control automatically adjusts to toast all bread just the way you like it every time. Model T-35. Only **$29.95***



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC FRYPAN with Removable Heat Control

Wonderfully versatile—and immersible! Cooks everything from bacon and eggs to one-dish meals. R Series from **$13.95***. (Separate Control, **$7.95***)



ALL NEW ELECTRO-DRIVE CORDLESS WALL CLOCK

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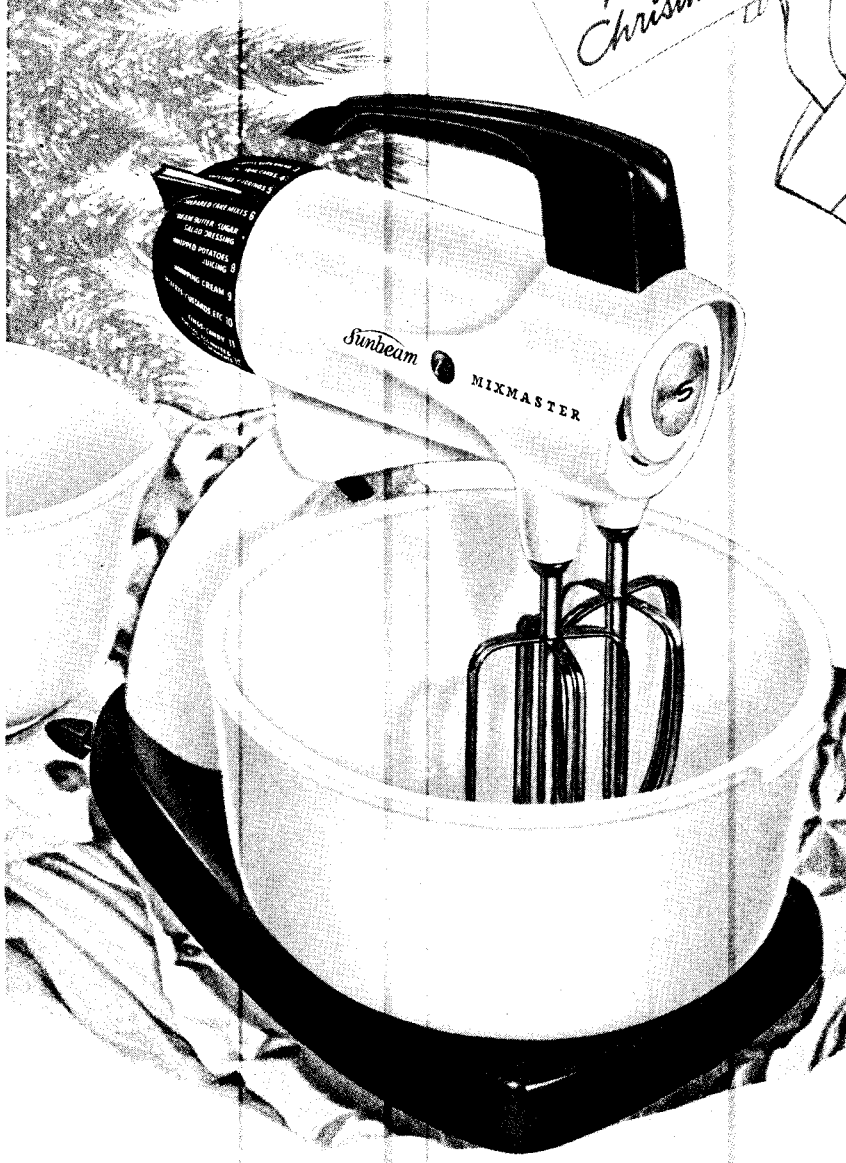

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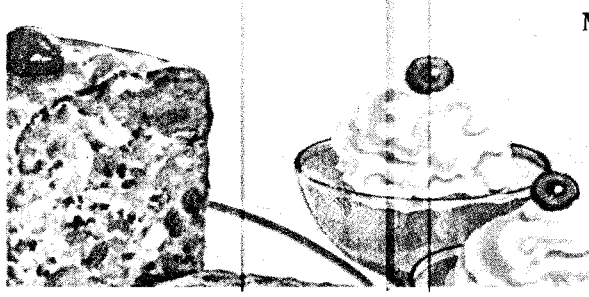

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THE COVER

More and more communities are discovering that the female of the species is well suited to the task of wiping school children's noses, tucking in their scarves and mothering them across streets. A woman's work is never done, they (women) say. Neither is her make-up. It's 9:05 A.M., and as the last youngster hustles up the school walk, female vanity overrules policemanlike vigilance. We have a suspicion that our cover girl is up to something, and we feel it our civic duty to warn the desk sergeant—no relation to artist Dick Sargent—to have an answer ready when his phone rings and an appealing voice says, "Crossing Guard Tracy reporting, sir. Is there a radio car near here? . . . . There is? Be a dear, sergeant, and give me a lift home. My husband's boss is coming for dinner tonight, and. . . ."

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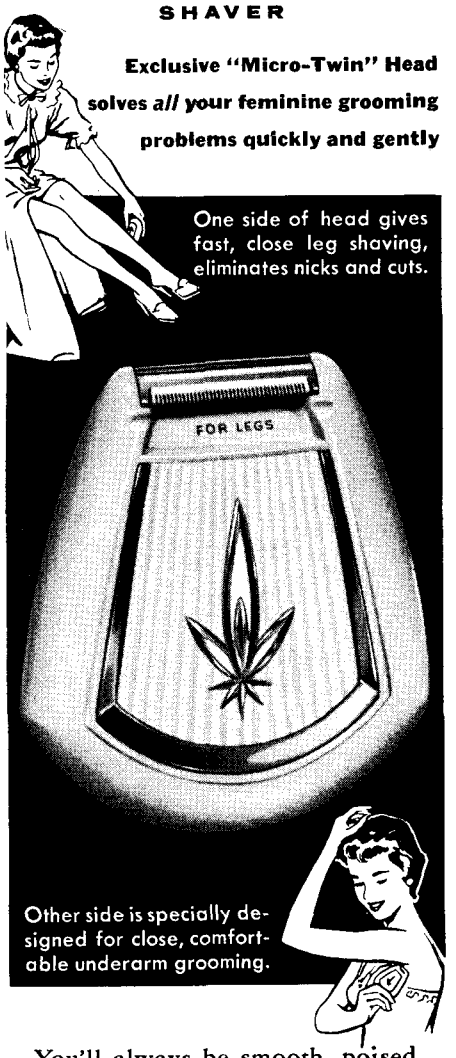
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One side of head gives fast, close leg shaving, eliminates nicks and cuts.
FOR LEGS
Other side is specially designed for close, comfortable underarm grooming.

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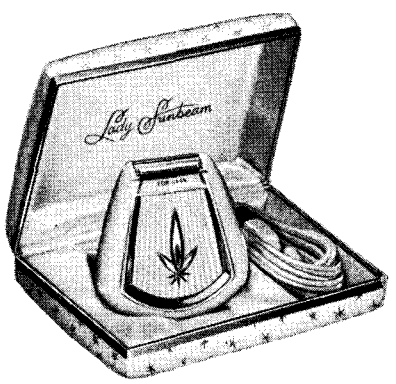

Feminine Petal Pink with raised Gold-Tone design on fluted white background, in a star dusted, golden trim travel case.

Model LS4, $13.95*

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Above left: Earrings $15 Necklace $17.50 Center: Earrings $10 Necklace $7 Right: Earrings $11.50 Necklace $11.50 Brooch (Grape Motif) $27 Center: Earrings $19.50 Necklace $27 Brooch $20 All with Cultured Pearls Below: Hand-carved Ivory Rose, Earrings $13 Brooch $16.50 Holly Brooch with Coral Berry $11.50 (prices plus tax)

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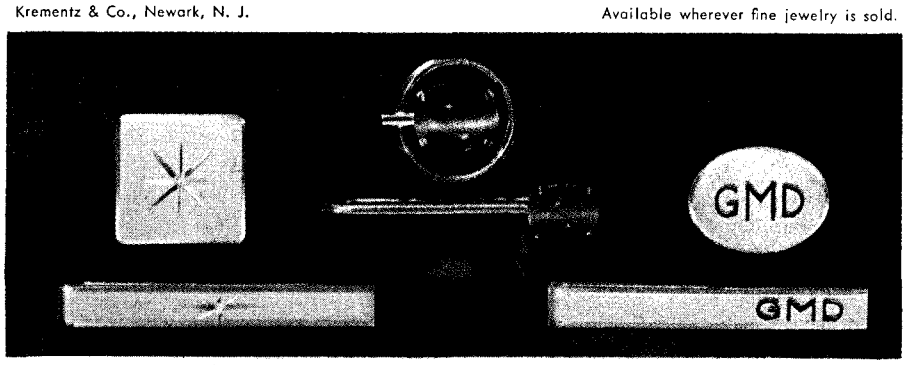

From left to right: Cuff Links $10, $17.50, $7.50 Tie Holders $5, $6.50, $4.50

Letters

"Nikita Stay Home!"

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for Milton MacKaye's article, WILL MEXICO GO "CASTRO"? in the Oct. 29 issue, a thoughtful and penetrating piece. . . .

The "image" initially projected by Fidel Castro was in precise line with that of Mexico's historic revolutionary idols . . . from the bandit patriots . . . to the folk heroes. . . . Here in Mexico, as elsewhere in the hemisphere, this Castro image has happily faded. The Mexican people want no part of domination by Soviet Russia any more than they want it—under whatever guise—by the U.S. . . .

On a recent motor trip I saw painted on walls in many places the instruction

Mexicans' message to Khrushchev.

Nikita No Vendras. Viva Mexico! (Nikita stay home. Hurray for Mexico!) . . . The photo enclosed [above] was taken just outside San Juan de Los Lagos, Jalisco.

No one I talked to seems to want the *yanquis* to stay home, though a good many would like to see fewer visitors from the north who insist upon asserting a self-assumed superiority to their hosts and otherwise throwing their weight around.

KENNETH MCCALEB
Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico

Dear Sirs:

Milton MacKaye's article seems to have less basis in fact than our investigators had in Japan prior to President Eisenhower's proposed visit. Mexico has indicated by its actions within and without its own country that it is no true friend of the United States and no cursory examination of surface feelings is going to explain away this fact.

CHARLES G. HART
Wantagh, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We who live on the Mexican border agree with Milton MacKaye's article that the great republic to the south will not "go Castro."

Twenty-one separate organizations along the Texas border promote good-neighbor relations. The International Good Neighbor Council composed of Texas and Mexico leaders holds two meetings annually. McAllen, Texas, and Reynosa, Mexico, call themselves sister cities, and they are a lot friendlier than Fort Worth and Dallas or Minneapolis and St. Paul.

PAUL T. VICKERS
McAllen, Texas

"The Quality of Mercy"

Dear Sirs:

Please thank Mr. H. Barrett Pennell Jr. and your perceptive editors for THE QUALITY OF MERCY, [Oct. 22]. I hope that such expressions of the idea . . . of kindness to, and compassion for, all living creatures, will help popularize it.

NANCY W. CASSADY
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear H. Barrett Pennell Jr:

For your story, THE QUALITY OF MERCY, I love you!

MARIE NAY
Fresno, Calif.

P.S. Not because I am a blushing young maid, but because I am the mother of a ten-year-old boy.

Cecily's Zest

Dear Sirs:

It seems our kindergarten teacher must have also received BULLETIN No. 24427 (a) [by Kay Nelson] from POST SCRIPTS, Oct. 29 issue. We were sent the following "diplomatic" report on our very active five-year-old:

"We have all enjoyed Cecily's zest and enthusiasm. She is capable of doing very good work, but must learn to be less headlong in her approach to her work." We freely translated this to mean: "Your kid drives us nuts."

ANN DEWITT READING
Olympia, Wash.

Is Wife Spanking Sadistic?

Dear Sirs:

With reference to your YOU BE THE JUDGE feature in the Oct. 22 *Post* regarding wife-spanking, it was gratifying to see an Iowa court condone this procedure. In so doing they have put man back at the helm in controlling his domestic relations. . . .

I have a beautiful, intelligent and devoted wife, who, like all frilly creatures, occasionally releases her pent-up frustrations by unleashing a verbal tirade in my direction. After allowing her a cooling-off period, I tell her how much I love her and then I turn her over my knee and I spank her ten to twenty times on her bare skin. . . . She usually finishes crying after fifteen minutes, whereupon she once again becomes an affectionate and devoted wife.

Before you get the idea that I'm a brute, I want to point out that these sessions occur only on very rare occasions. Normally I treat my wife with every consideration possible; I pay constant attention to her wants and needs, and whenever she desires a new dress it's hers for the asking.

I do feel, however, that it's a man's prerogative to discipline his wife when necessary, and I hope that more states follow Iowa's action.

NAME WITHHELD
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

In our forty-eight years of marriage I always claimed I was boss. When the wife needed chastising, I took her over my knees . . . to spank her and would always find out I was not mad at her any more. The Iowa decision just leaves me all upset.

GEORGE H. IRWIN
Tahoe Valley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The decision of the Iowa judge outrages women in this democratic America, not so much because of the cruelty as

(Continued on Page 6)

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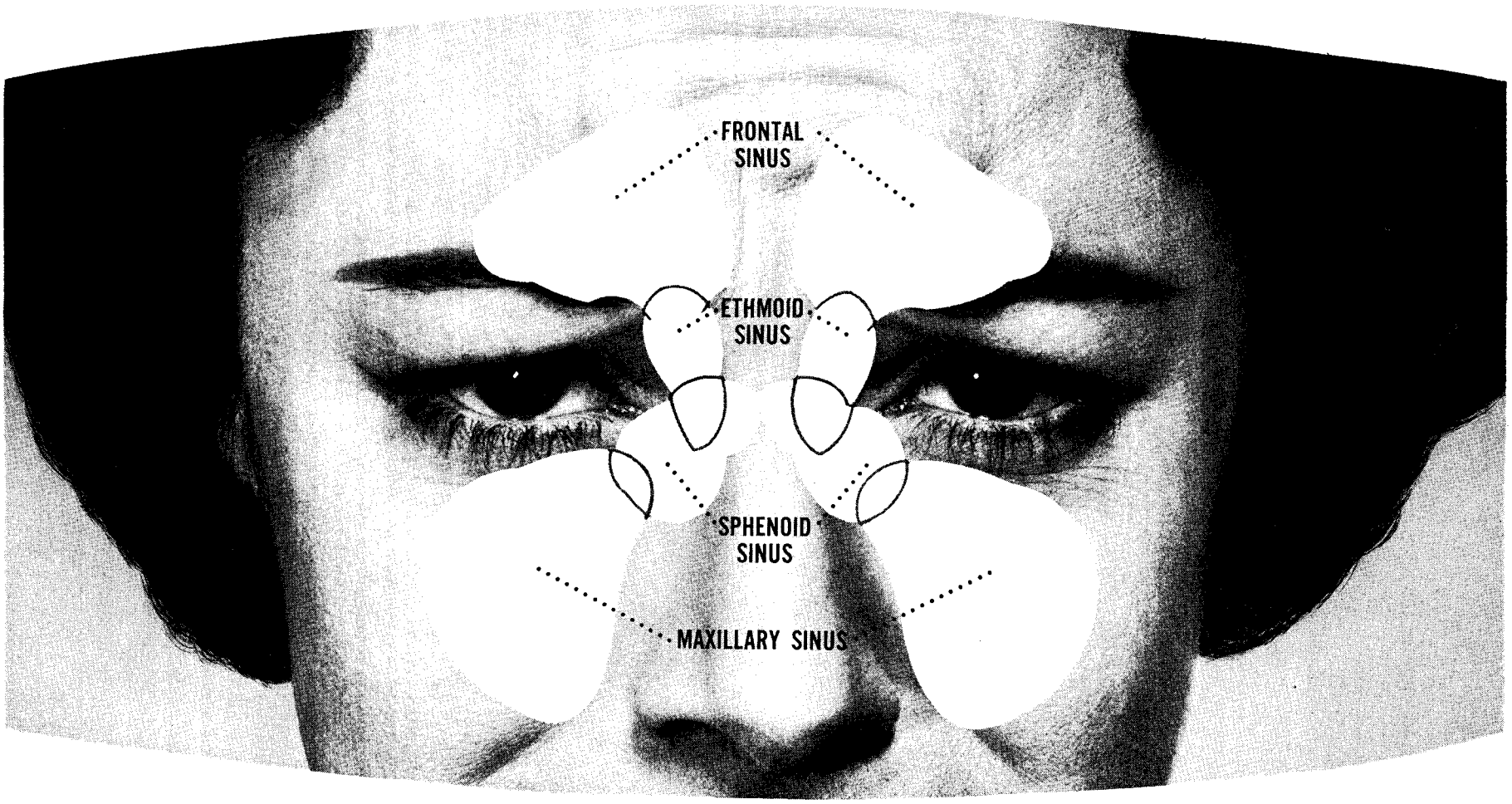
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE

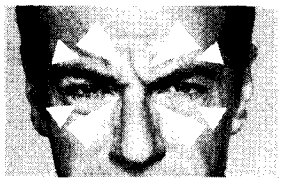


HELPS DRAIN ALL SINUS CAVITIES *EVEN DEEP IN HEAD* (critical areas of colds infection)

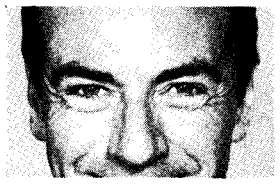
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, pollen allergies and from sinus congestion with its tenderness, pressure and pain.

DRISTAN, amazing medical achievement, contains (1) the scientific *decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. In minutes – it reaches all congested areas – even deep in the head... quickly shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes... promotes drainage... restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive *anti-allergent* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. DRISTAN reduces fever better than aspirin and promptly relieves body aches due to colds. (3) *Vitamin C* to help build up body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

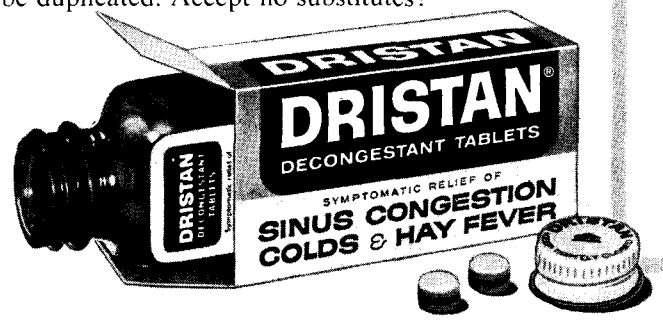
Note: DRISTAN is being widely imitated. But the fact is... the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!



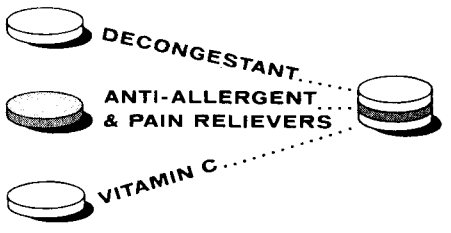
WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus... responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.



TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.



This Exclusive DRISTAN Tablet Formula Cannot Be Duplicated!



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet. Accept no substitutes.

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*

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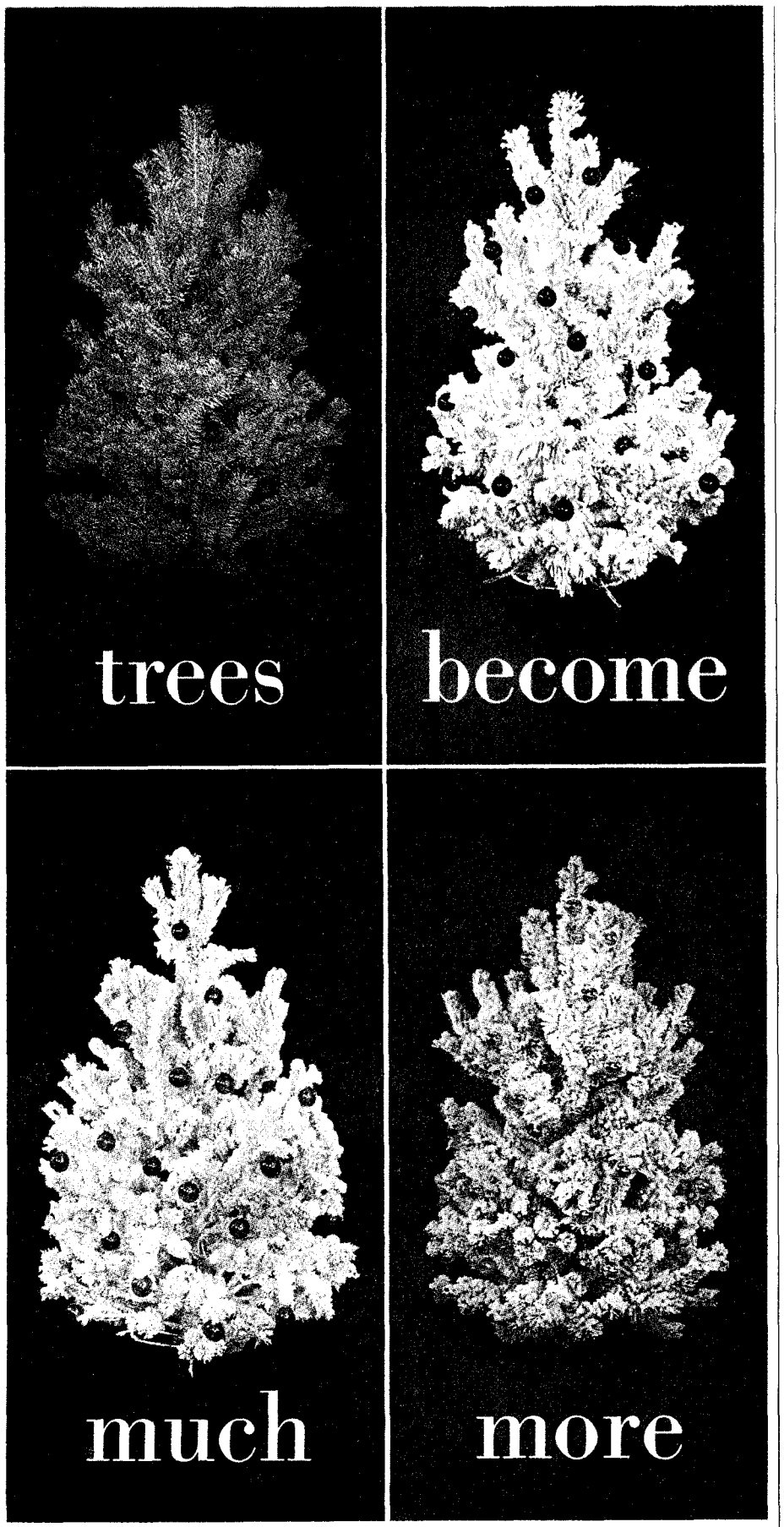

Picture *your* Christmas tree—deeply flocked in snowy white or decorator colors. Do it yourself! It's easy, quick, inexpensive with General Mills Sno-Flok.

Sno-Flok works with any exhaust type vacuum cleaner. Just hook up and spray Sno-Flok on your Christmas tree. Half the fun is in the doing!

Color tablets are included so you can have a Christmas tree in decorator colors. Sno-Flok is fire retardant; prevents needle shedding. Tree stays lovely longer.

You'll find many other ways to decorate with Sno-Flok, too. Wreaths, table-trees, centerpieces take on new beauty with fluffy Sno-Flok.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sno-Flok kit contains everything you need for a truly stunning Christmas tree

with SNO*FLOK

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

because of the implied right to punish her as if she were a child or minor ward, and to decide . . . when she needs it.

[Columnist] Abigail van Buren, in a devastating reply to a man gloating over this decision, asks pointedly where a spanking ends and a beating begins; and shows that such a decision opens wide the door to all types of cruel and sadistic men. She questions the authenticity of the information about the Iowa court; and declares that, if it is true, she will disclaim Iowa as her native state and ask Illinois or Minnesota to adopt her!

ALICE S. WOODHULL
Buffalo, N.Y.

Hurrahs and Hosannas

Dear Sirs:

At last! A pretty, realistic picture of a Negro child. Hurrahs and hosannas to Peter Stevens for his illustration [below] of LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK STOCKINGS [Oct. 22]. I have four daughters of my own and have died at the gross misrepresentations

of their counterparts in periodicals. This one they can identify with—in fact it is on the nine-year-old's bulletin board.

And may I add Hugh B. Cave's story was enjoyable reading for all of us. We used it as one of our family "read-aloud" stories.

VALENA MINOR WILLIAMS
Woman's Program Director, WABQ
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Cave's heart thinks like mine and surely like many millions of people. He writes, however, with a gift few possess.

NANCY SCOTT
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Should Illiterates Vote?

Dear Sirs:

I take exception to your Oct. 29 editorial observations regarding the Democratic pledge to "eliminate literacy tests . . . as requirements for voting." [SHOULD A MAN VOTE IF HE CAN'T READ?] Certainly it may require a Constitutional amendment to accomplish this end, but legal injustices of the past have required the same drastic action. . . .

Though literacy tests may have had good reason in years past, surely today when almost every American home has radio or television or both, even those unfortunate citizens who can neither read nor write are easily able to gather sufficient background during the campaign to make a choice.

TOM MANION
La Puente, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial, SHOULD A MAN VOTE IF HE CAN'T READ? implies . . . that he should not. You must be one of the diehards who will not admit there are other methods of communication.

I lived for many years in a state which was highest on the scale of illiteracy. I knew many men who could not read and write. Yet some of them were very wise. Illiteracy has nothing to do with wisdom.

ROSS KINCADE
Oklahoma City, Okla.

When Is a Giveaway?

Dear Sirs:

When I am reading an interesting *Post* serial such as Margery Sharp's SOMETHING LIGHT [Oct. 8–Oct. 29], if I remain alert and avoid looking at the illustrations and subtitles, I have the pleasure of discovering what is transpiring by *reading* the story. I slipped only once this time—and discovered from the illustration that Jimmy Brown was out of the picture.

This giving away the story via the illustration is annoying. If I wanted picture stories, I would get comic books.

CHARLENE BIBBENS
Oak Run, Calif.

Don't Tread on Me!

Dear Sirs:

Just read Norman Jaffray's poem, FALSE START, in the Oct. 22 POST SCRIPTS:

> Dancing's a difficult pastime,
> And that's why my girl friend demurs;
> We got off on the wrong foot last time—
> Hers.

This situation never need have occurred. I'll bet the guy is one of those that just laugh when some studio phones and announces he has won a million dance lessons, and says, "Who needs 'em?" I realize it's all in fun, so I'll be bighearted and pass along some advice to him:

> Dancing's a marvelous pastime.
> That poem has left me bereft;
> Remember the first foot next time—
> Left.

JACK IRWIN
Richmond, Va.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Kenneth McCaleb. • 19–Bob Towers. • 20, 21–Joern Gerdts. • 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. • 24–Bill Shrout. • 25–Earl Seubert; Wide World; two by Bill Shrout. 26–Paul Nonnast. • 27–George Burns. • 28–Pictorial Parade. • 29–Gilloon; Wide World; Pictorial Parade; Wide World. • 31–Denver Gillen. • 32, 33–George Burns. 34, 35–Thornton Utz. • 36, 37–Jack Fields. • 38, 39–Robert McGinnis. • 42–Mac Conner. • 84–Wide World. • 108–Gus Pasquarella; Babs H. Deal; from Fred A. Scoggin.

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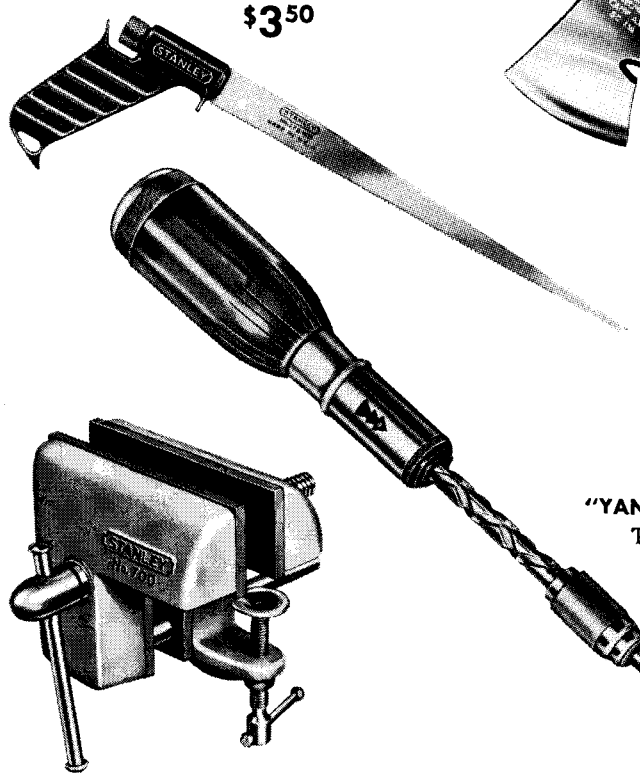

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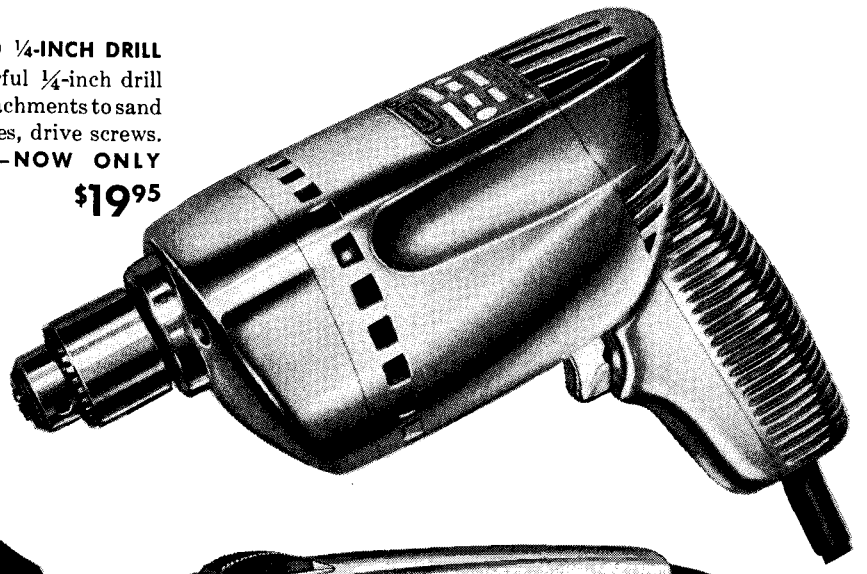

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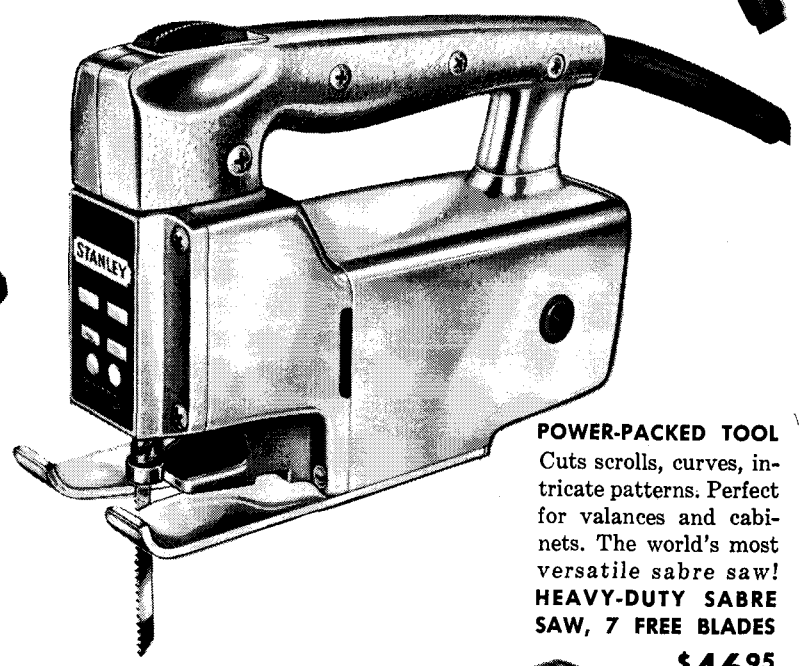

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Editorials

How Do Our Juvenile Offenders Get Off the Track?

By Dr. HARRY A. SNYDER

What are the symptoms of juvenile delinquency as reported by the delinquent himself? Do factors such as broken homes, television shockers and poverty explain his conduct?

To find at least a clue to the problem, responses through questionnaire and interview were obtained from 486 young offenders serving sentences for serious crimes at the State Correctional Institution at Camp Hill, Pennsylvania. The uncensored descriptions of the homes, school and work experiences, recreational interests and expressions of personal attitudes of these young offenders gave no ground for a pat answer to the question, "Why do young people run afoul of the law?"

A majority of those interviewed have been in trouble with the law more than once, a third of them as many as five times. Most of these youngsters said they could distinguish right from wrong. Some of them—53 per cent—declared that they committed their offenses chiefly for excitement. Seventy-eight per cent of the juveniles have illegally frequented taverns.

Repeaters declared that major obstacles to going straight were the prejudices of employers, snubbing by neighbors, lack of education and training, and their companions. These could represent actual experience or be the kind of response calculated to produce sympathy.

The homes from which the majority comes appear adequate, most of them containing six rooms or more, at least half being owned by their parents. Eighty per cent of the families own automobiles. Almost half the mothers are gainfully employed. The boys involved in this study expressed a desire for work, and more than 80 per cent have held part-time jobs for pay. They cite enforced idleness as the principal factor which caused them to get into trouble.

One consistency appears throughout this confusing pattern. Their school careers show a constant record of retardation. Many of them feel that they would have done better in vocational- or high-school shops, gymnasium, typewriting, and so on. They asserted that they could have obtained work had they not been compelled, owing to compulsory-attendance laws, to remain in school. Truancy was admitted by three quarters of the boys.

Virtually all their families own television sets. Forty per cent of the juvenile offenders reported that they viewed TV from four to five hours an evening. The programs they liked most were detective, adventure, and Western, with comedy and romance following. Preferences in radio were rock 'n' roll and jazz. Symphonic music registered a poor 3 per cent.

Most of the communities from which these boys come have public swimming pools and playground areas for organized football, baseball and basketball teams. Surprisingly 30 per cent of the boys, at least for a period, belonged to the Boy Scouts and 37 per cent to the Y.M.C.A. More than half the families attended church, but only 24 per cent of the boys went regularly.

A disconcerting conclusion from this survey is that many of the attitudes and experiences of the boys who have committed offenses serious enough to land them in prison differ little from those of their contemporaries outside. In a compilation of responses concerning several hundred boys attending junior high school in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, there were striking similarities in the returns on home ownership, working mothers, TV sets, teacher-pupil relationships, evening school, television and radio programs. The educational and occupational levels of the fathers of those in the public schools were higher, but not markedly so. However, a great many more attended church regularly.

There was one crucial difference—namely, that only 8 per cent of the high-school boys stayed up after midnight, the hour when 44 per cent of the delinquents were either watching TV or roaming the streets. Absence of home discipline could be the factor which transcends differences of class, economic status and race. At any rate, it would appear that no family or social group can be guaranteed immunity from the current pattern of delinquency.

If there is any remedy for disrespect for the law, dearth of moral values and absence of religious guidance, it appears that the family circle must assume the primary responsibility. A breakdown of values which is found in all sorts of environments constitutes a challenge to the church, the schools, business and the agencies of government. But the primary task is to restore among parents the acceptance of responsibility for the ethical training and control of their young.

Doctor Snyder is educational-program specialist of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Correction. A previous editorial by Doctor Snyder described a Pennsylvania educational program in the commonwealth prisons. —THE EDITORS

West Germany Prospers Without Inflationary Pep Pills for "Growth"

Without a planned economy, without deficit spending by the government, without "creeping" inflation, which the planners and spenders claim is necessary for full employment, West Germany finds itself with more job openings than it can fill. This highly favorable situation was announced recently by the German Federal Employment Office, which stated that there were about four times as many jobs available as there were individuals unemployed.

Full employment in West Germany has been an accompaniment of prosperity and remarkably rapid economic growth. By 1951 the rate of increase in output of goods and services—measured in constant prices—in West Germany had overtaken that of Britain, and by 1956 it exceeded that of every other Western European country.

Probably no single influence accounts for this metamorphosis of a country that not long ago was wrecked and impoverished by war. Although the industry and thrift of the West German people undoubtedly have had something to do with it, other countries with similar advantages have not prospered as West Germany has. Two major influences in Germany—which were lacking or subordinated in most other countries since World War II—have been the emphasis on free competitive enterprise and a stable currency.

Freedom of enterprise, appealing to individual initiative and encouraging independence of economic action has undoubtedly helped to foster West Germany's high rate of industrial production and economic growth. Its stable currency—which assures the thrifty that their savings will not be eroded by inflation, attracts foreign capital and keeps prices at a noninflationary level—has caused a tremendous expansion in the country's productive facilities and also has opened the markets of the world to its products.

A more rapid expansion of exports than of imports has resulted in so favorable a balance of trade that foreign demand for West German marks, with which to pay for West German goods and to make investments in West Germany, has sometimes threatened to send the mark to an excessive premium in foreign-exchange markets. At times there have been rumors, officially denied, that the mark would be revalued; that is, its value in terms of other currencies would be increased. In its determination to avoid inflation and make the mark a "hard" currency, West Germany has even permitted its commercial banks to sell gold in exchange for paper marks, This has made the mark as good as gold itself and, in effect, has put that currency on the gold standard. A dozen years ago any notion that such a situation could come about in West Germany would have been considered fantastic. Yet, in a world beset by inflation and devaluations, the mark has emerged as one of the strongest currencies of the world. It's an impressive tribute to the patience and industry of the German people and the courage of their economic leadership.

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THE BONNEVILLE VISTA FOR 1961

It's a pleasure to play host in a Wide-Track Pontiac!

The first thing to impress your guests will be Pontiac's new roominess and interior luxury.

More comfortable, chair-height seats. Added headroom and legroom. Wider doors for easier entry and exit. Faultless interior appointments, fashionably styled and carefully fitted.

Their next reaction will be respect for Pontiac's new Trophy V-8 Engine in action. (And you can "entertain" economically on regular gas with the Trophy Economy V-8 which has a lower compression ratio.)

New Wide-Track, of course, has everything moving smoothly from the start. The trim new body width puts more car between the wheels for greater balance and driving precision.

Like to play host like this? Then be the guest of your fine Pontiac dealer soon.

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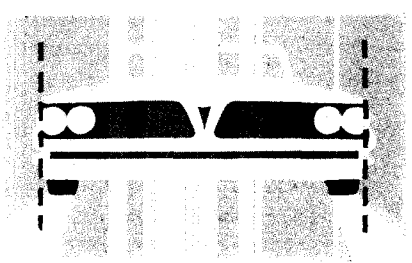

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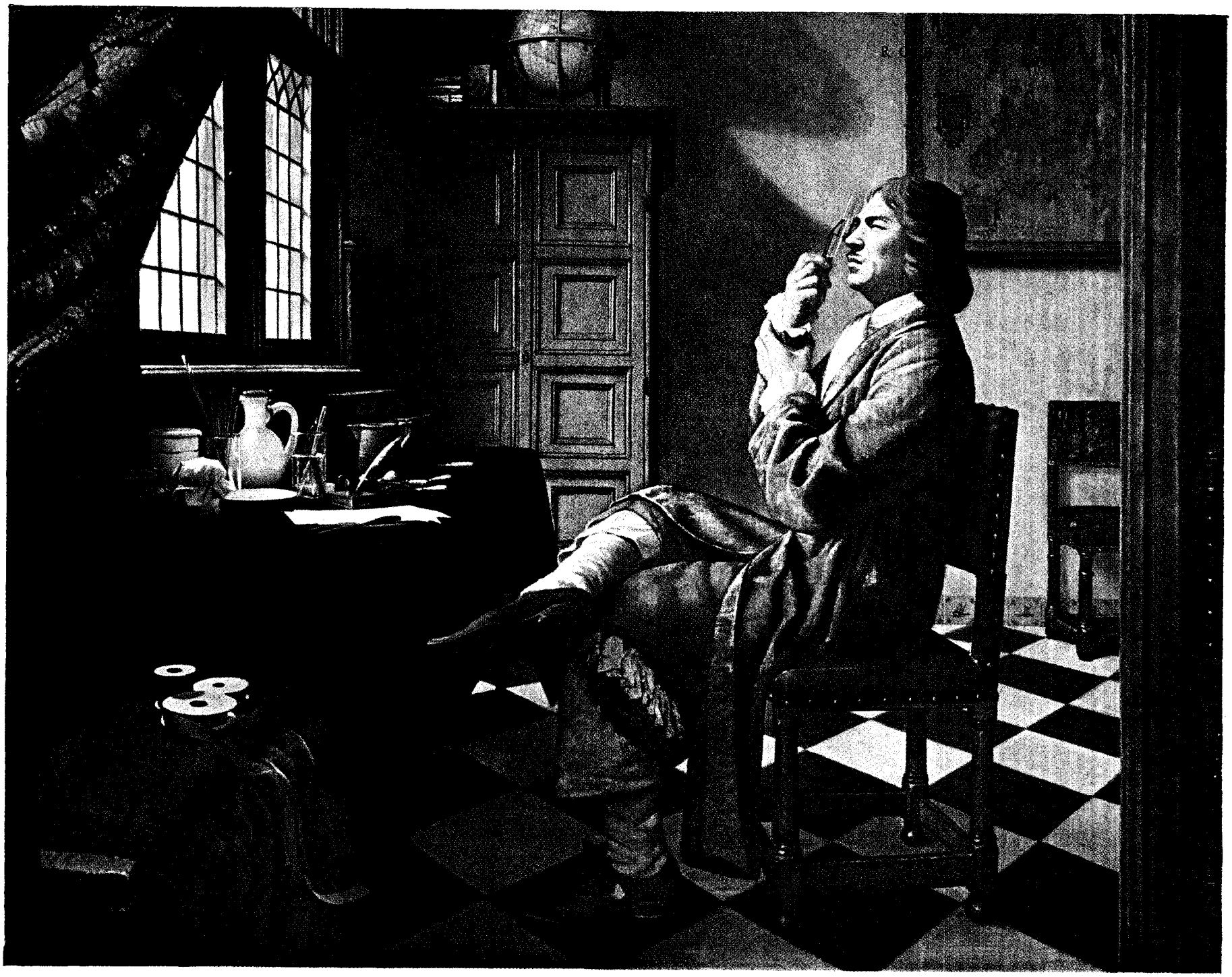

LEEUWENHOEK and the "Little Animals"—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

In his spare time, Antony van Leeuwenhoek laboriously ground tiny lenses and mounted them to make crude microscopes. Squinting through these lenses, this seventeenth-century draper of Delft, Holland, became the first man to observe and report upon the activities of "animalcules"—the protozoa and bacteria of the microscopic world. He also confirmed by direct observation the circulation of the blood. His reports to London's Royal Society represent a milestone in scientific advancement.

Through microscopes many times more powerful than Leeuwenhoek's lenses, research scientists have learned much about these ultra-tiny living organisms – bacteria, viruses, protozoa – some of which attack humans, some of which serve us well. There is, however, much more to be learned. Medical researchers are continually seeking to learn more about these minute bits of life, so that physicians may be better armed to fight disease.

Parke-Davis is proud of the contributions its scientists have made, and are still making, to increase scientific knowledge. Proud, too, of the way Parke-Davis people develop, test, manufacture, and distribute better medicines that contribute to longer life and better health for the peoples of the world.

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This is a lot faster than you'd want to drive *your* car. But it shows you the kind of performance Champion spark plugs deliver.

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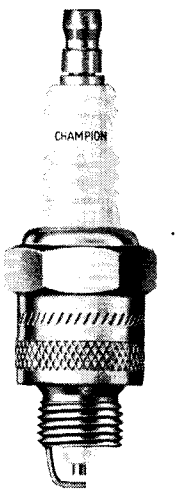

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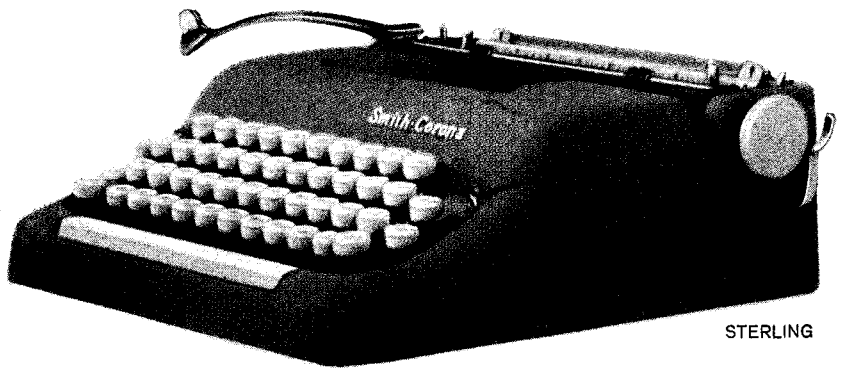

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LOOK FOR THIS SEAL...for the Suit, Topcoat, Sport Coat and Slacks designed together as "Compatibles" to be worn together...in a pattern and color, fabric and model to please you. At your 'BOTANY' 500 dealer or write: **H. DAROFF & SONS, INC.,** 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. **Prices slightly higher in the West.**

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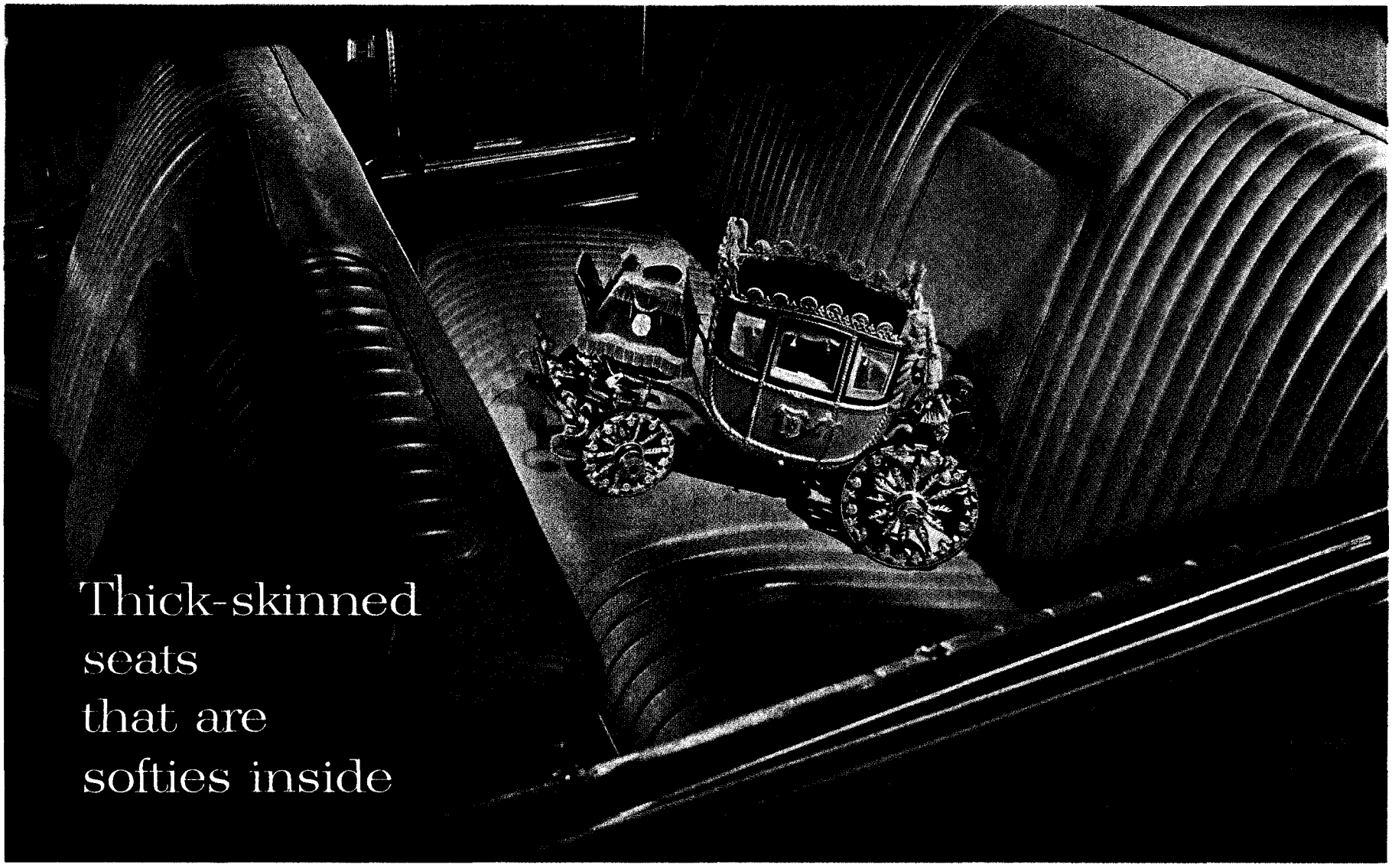

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The Saturday Evening POST
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Mrs. Raymond Rubicam, left, entertains Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright (in pink hat) and others at a poolside luncheon at the Arizona Biltmore Hotel. The Biltmore, constructed in the late 1920's, was the first of the plush resort hotels in the Scottsdale-Phoenix area.

The Town Millionaires Built

Scottsdale, Arizona, is a dazzling Western town full of culture, offbeat enterprises and money, money, money. . . .

By Peter Wyden

Heading into the desert northeast of Phoenix ten years ago, you could drive through Scottsdale, Arizona, in less than a minute and almost without knowing it. This is precisely what just about everybody did. Why slow down for a dusty crossroads dozing along without even a sign announcing its name?

Nowadays, passing through Scottsdale is not only more time consuming; it's hardly ever done. Practically everyone stops to look, and more and more of the lookers linger on, for what they find is an increasingly uncommon phenomenon—a small town with a flavor all its own. An only-in-America formula of sunshine, migrants and money, money, money caused it to flourish, and the end product is somewhat bewildering.

Scottsdale is, first off, a boom town. The population shot up from 4000 to 12,000 in the last five years and is expected to reach 120,000 by 1980. Choice commercial property, worth $1000 an acre some years ago, gets gobbled up today for $40,000 an acre. But in Scottsdale, which calls itself "the West's most Western town," the inevitable wheeling and dealing is at least a bit camouflaged. Western-style architecture is prescribed by ordinance for all business buildings, old-time gas lights have been installed along the streets, and the signs at the city limits assert: HORSES HAVE THE RIGHT OF WAY.

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There is a good deal less to this cowboy act than meets the eye. One of the few businesses that failed in Scottsdale was an enterprise offering rides in an authentic stagecoach. Motor traffic was just too heavy. The movie-set façade, however, is just one of the town's many faces. It's the center of luxury resorts and a poorer-than-poor Indian reservation; an art colony and shoppes as fashionable as on Fifth Avenue. With downtown Phoenix only twelve miles away, it has become a suburb with rows and rows of $12,000 homes; yet it has also blossomed into an oasis for millionaires from all over the country—some say fifty; others smile and pronounce the figure absurdly low.

As one of the resort keepers puts it: "A feller around here dies and you've been thinking of him as just another feller, and the estate is probated at a couple of millions."

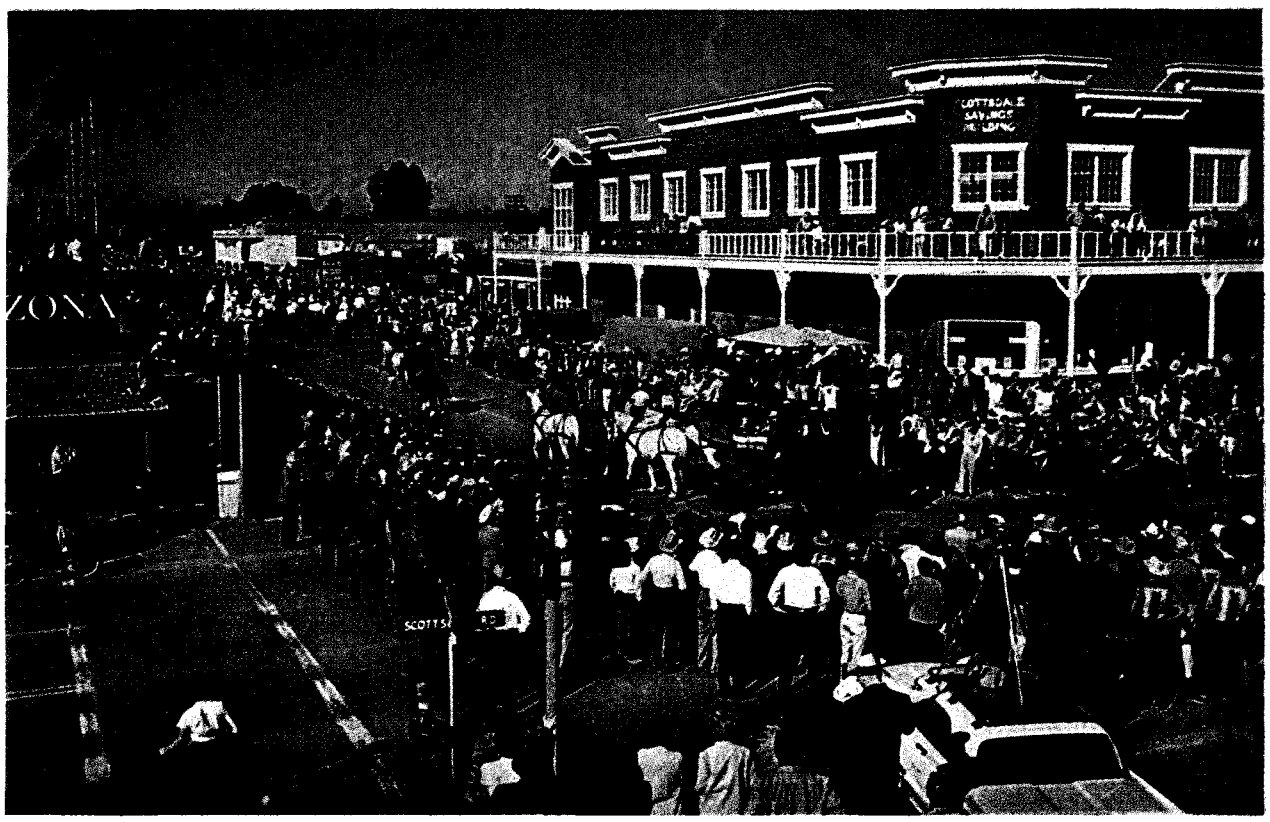
Money-spending is the favorite sport. Scottsdale has no Fourth Avenue and no Sixth, but locally designed dresses run up to $300 on its very own two-block-long Fifth Avenue. The hinterland, some 150,000 square miles known as Paradise Valley, is beginning to be liberally sprinkled with ultramodern homes costing $50,000 to $400,000. A residence without a swimming pool is a curiosity. A trifle beyond lies the nation's thickest concentration of ranches devoted to breeding magnificent Arabian show horses to the specifications of the ranch owners, mostly retired Eastern and Midwestern businessmen.

Name-dropping is another popular avocation. Waiting for your "luscious Lululburger"—hamburger—at the Lulu Belle restaurant, a $1,000,000-a-year culinary gold mine dressed down with clapboard, wagon wheels and shingles, you may sit within eyeshot of Bing Crosby or the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Resting up at Elizabeth Arden's health resort, Maine Chance, you may count calories with Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower or Rosalind Russell.

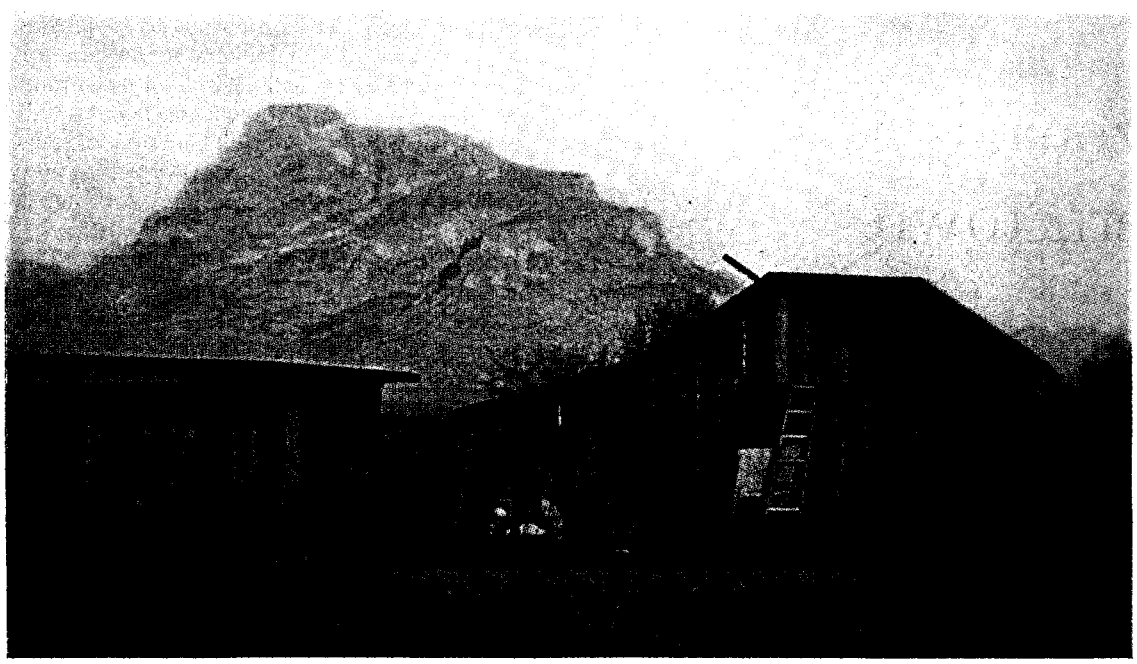
But these are mere tourists. There are plenty of droppable names right among the residents. The Mr. Morton who paints is indeed a retired officer of the salt-manufacturing empire bearing his name. The Mrs. McCormick who sometimes wears ankle-length mink over her Indian-squaw dresses is indeed the spouse of the former board chairman of International Harvester. Dollars amassed in soap, oil, banking—and whatever else built big fortunes in sooty cities—are finding an agreeable outlet in Scottsdale.

Everyone is more or less a newcomer and expects to be left alone. The locals have become acclimated to the pursuits of the great by such sights as the late architect Frank Lloyd Wright, cape and cane flying, swooping down on his favorite hardware store; or the peacefully grazing herd of goats which supplied health-lifting milk to the Cleveland electrical manufacturer who lately passed away at ninety-three. Little comment is occasioned by the mining king whose dinner table features as the centerpiece a substantial hunk of gold, or the retired Chicagoan whose desert ranch has come to include a five-acre artificial lake with boats and lighted waterfalls.

Few loaf for long. There is a contingent of transcontinental commuters who drop off their families for four to eight months a year at their mansions in "The Valley," but stay only a few days or weeks at a time themselves. Former



The "West's most Western town," Scottsdale, drew almost 40,000 people for the *Parada Del Sol* last January. Except for the summer heat, which may reach 118 degrees, the town has near-perfect weather most of the time.



The shacks of the Pima Indians provide a striking contrast with the opulence of Scottsdale's Paradise Valley. Scottsdale and two other rapidly expanding towns, Mesa and Tempe, are closing in on the Pimas' reservation.

Charles Schumacher, a Scottsdale artist, working on a "glass in cement" panel for a Phoenix church.

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Sen. William Benton (Encyclopaedia Britannica *et al.*) keeps flying off to New York. Vernon B. Stouffer heads for Cleveland to run the Stouffer restaurant chain; Boone Gross for Boston, where he is president of the Gillette Safety Razor Company; and Ernest Breech, former board chairman of Ford Motor Company for Detroit, where he still chairs Ford's finance committee. Some notables merely park their wives in the sun and rarely appear in person.

Many who come to retire find it equally difficult to sit still. Raymond Rubicam, for example, cofounder of Young and Rubicam, the advertising agency, retired as board chairman in 1944 at fifty-two. In search of a winter vacation spot less crowded than Florida, he and his wife came to Phoenix and stayed at the first of the big resorts that lured the carriage trade to the area—the Arizona Biltmore, eight miles west of Scottsdale. Opened in 1929, it is now surrounded by the homes of such winter residents as Henry and Clare Boothe Luce, Mrs. Vincent Astor and the E. A. Cudahys (meat packing).

The Rubicams felt at home right away. At dinner they saw Bruce Barton, the advertising man, and Roy Howard, the publisher. On the tennis court they ran into Bill Benton. They liked the local people ("Everybody calls you by first name") and, after a while of missing the East's greenery, they fell in love with the desert, its own special plumage and the barren mountains that sometimes loom so stark and, in softer light, seem distant and unreal.

Each winter the Rubicams returned and stayed longer. In 1948 they quit New York and purchased a home on Jackrabbit Road, just outside Scottsdale. They still spend four months a year in Maine, but consider Arizona their real home. Rubicam began buying land at $40 to $87.50 an acre and started selling some of it to subdividers in 1956 at $2000 ("Today I could get $5000"). A muscular figure with a command voice, a restless walk and a cavalry mustache, he was not the type to watch idly while this sort of thing was popping all around. So he helped start a water company with thirty customers and now has 1200. He became an organizer of one of the five golf clubs that have sprung up, the Paradise Valley Country Club, which has a current waiting list of around 200. He accepted directorships in the Phoenix Symphony, a bank and an investment company. He bought more land, a business building and an interest in a shopping center. He has an office and a full-time secretary in his $225,000 house, but never felt less harried.

"Being part of this was like founding Young and Rubicam," he booms. "Starting something from nothing! The effect of this climate on me is invigorating! You have lots of energy! You want to do things! You wake up in the morning and it's a joy to be alive!"

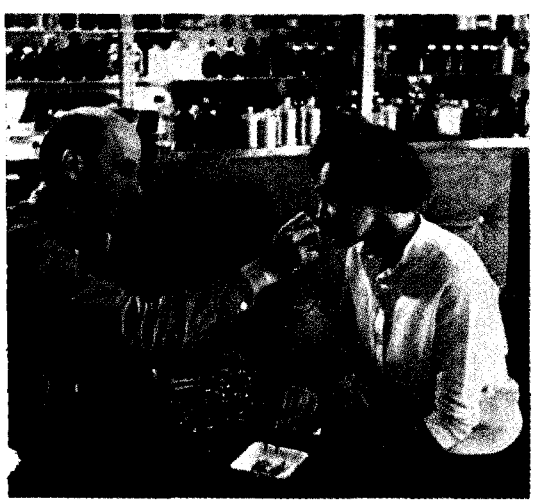
Less-active types manage nicely by discovering new interests that do not entail the encumbrances of ever-increasing wealth. Robert Aste, for instance, sold out his Griffin Manufacturing Company (shoe polish) in 1955, arrived in Scottsdale as a vacationer soon afterward and quickly decided to remain for good. He switched eagerly from his Park Avenue apartment to a spacious home in The Valley and, upon seeing an exhibition of Arabian horses, decided that he was really a horse breeder at heart.

Today it would be difficult to find a more dedicated Westerner even on the TV screen. Short, baldish and with a remarkable resemblance to comedian Ed Wynn, Aste is rarely without his big-brimmed straw cowboy hat, his boots and his riding crop. His paunch encased in tight riding pants, he drawls pityingly about "those folks back there" in the East and likes to invite callers at his Desert Arabian Ranch to "just stand there and listen to the silence!"

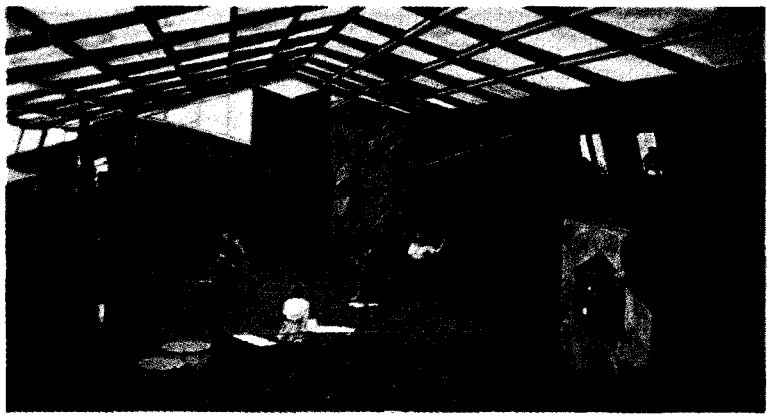
The ranch has been known to make a visitor wish he were a horse. Built and stocked by Aste at an estimated cost of roughly $1,000,000, it sprawls for 145 acres around a low-slung, desert-pink barn. Infrared bulbs keep each of the fifty-odd horses cozy. There is also complete fluorescent lighting, an "office" with kitchen and enough rooms to house a family, a 150-car parking lot for visitors to Aste's horse shows and an intercom system connecting every stall with the apartment of the trainer, who can thus monitor disturbing nocturnal horse coughs. Everything is spotless and odorless.

Other refugees from executive suites find fertile new fields for old hobbies. Lewis J. Ruskin, who started as a pharmacist's helper and became president of several drugstore chains headquartered in Chicago, began bringing his family to Scottsdale for dude-ranch vacations in 1942. In 1951 he bought a winter home and commuted to Chicago for one week each month. Last year, having retired at fifty-five, he moved into a new two-story concrete home of natural (Continued on Page 78)

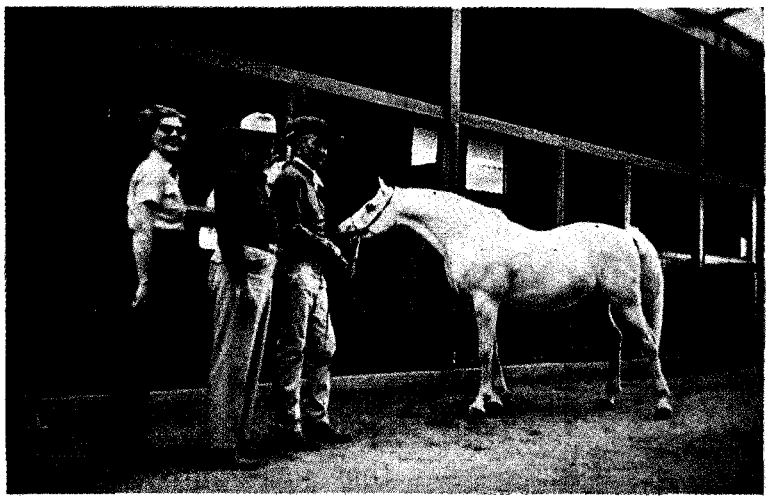
Lloyd Kiva, background, and an Indian aide unfold a fabric pattern designed and printed by Kiva.



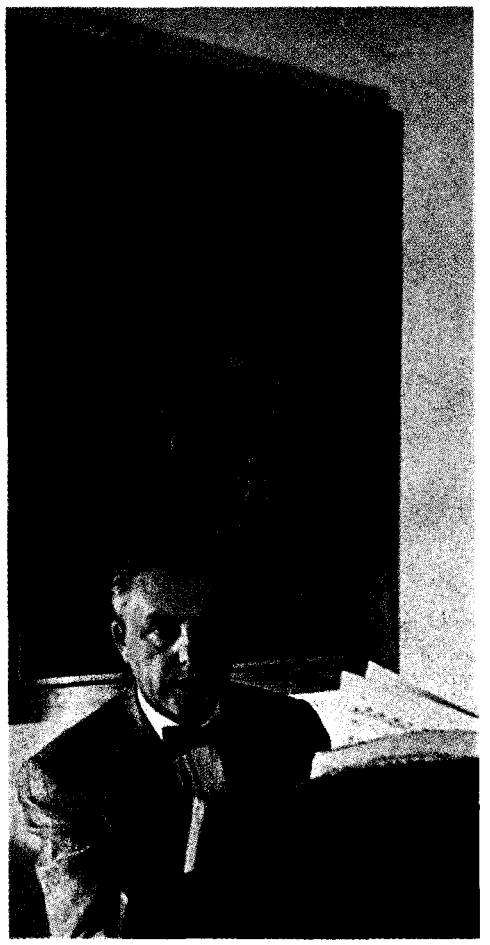
Perfumer Erné Wittels offers a whiff of one of his custom blends in his "Snifferie Shop."



Students hold a play rehearsal at Taliesin West, the architectural school founded by Frank Lloyd Wright twenty-three years ago near Scottsdale.



Robert and Peggy Aste in front of their costly horse barn, where each "horse suite" has a microphone connected with the trainer's apartment.



Art connoisseur Lewis Ruskin gave the Phoenix Art Museum 24 masterpieces worth $1,500,000 as an opening-day gift.

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The woman he wanted to marry had a son who hated him . . . stop light on love

By ALICE LENT COVERT

Pete Foster was one of Maystown's brightest young men. He was also its most eligible and elusive bachelor, the despair of any number of unwed young females and their mothers.

Twenty-nine, red-haired and lanky, Pete was manager and part owner of the local radio station. He lived at home with his widowed mother, in the handsome old house where he had been born and reared. He had a comfortable independent income—an inheritance from his father, who had been a successful Maystown attorney—and an even more substantial income from radio. He bought a new car every other year, flew his own tiny private plane, kept a small motor launch in the marina on Goatshead Bay and could afford vacations for himself and his mother in Florida, Hawaii or wherever the whim led him.

There were Maystown mothers who could tick off these facts as if they were reading from a dossier. Pete Foster was, in addition, a very nice guy. He was going to make someone a wonderful husband. He was in constant demand among Maystown hostesses, who were certain that despite his elusiveness, one day he would be led to the altar by one of their daughters. The question "Which girl, and when?" caused them some annoyance with Pete, because he was obviously in no hurry to provide the answer.

When Pete began to pay court to Lisa Raines, the reaction among some Maystown mothers—and their daughters—amounted to quiet hysteria. "What on earth is he thinking of? He can't possibly be serious about her!"

Old, half-forgotten things about Lisa came very much alive in the recounting. In her mid-twenties now, she was a very pretty girl who worked in the Maystown library and lived with a spinster aunt, Charlotte Williams, in the house which had been Lisa's home since the death of her parents twenty years ago. If Charlotte had been stern with Lisa when the latter was a young girl, there were those who said darkly that it was clear she hadn't been stern enough. Lisa had been a headstrong and rebellious child, and when she was seventeen she ran away with a boy she barely knew. He was killed only a short while later—or at least this was the story Charlotte gave out when Lisa came home again—in a crash at the air base where he was stationed. Lisa bore a baby son—and the less said about *that*, the better.

Pete Foster must be out of his mind!

When Pete awakened, at a little past nine on a Saturday morning, sunlight lay golden across his bed, and through the open window he could see the serene blue sky. This was the sort of day when he could spend a long, lazy afternoon out on the bay, with Lisa in the boat beside him. Sometimes they fished, sometimes they simply drifted in the sun and talked about a thousand things, and it was good, just being together. Pete had never known it could be like that, the deep contentment in just being with someone.

Now at the thought of Lisa he lay quietly for a time, his eyes troubled. One truth had emerged clearly from these past few weeks: He was in love with Lisa. But he had waited too long to speak; for too long the things which most wanted saying had gone unspoken between them. Last night there had been a change in her, a sudden withdrawal, as if she had reached some lonely decision of her own.

It had been her twenty-sixth birthday. They had gone in to Bay City for a night on the town—dinner, a good movie, dancing at a nice spot. Driving back, they had stopped on Goatshead promontory to watch the ocean and a pale sliver of moon riding low. Lisa stood quietly beside him, and he was aware of her with all his senses, the things which had made him fall in love with her, the steady glance and soft voice, the low, warm laughter. He could see her dimly, the sea-scented breeze stirring her hair like soft, dark feathers about her small, lovely face. That should have been the moment, he told himself bitterly now, scowling unseeingly at the tiny (Continued on Page 44)

attention: *POST* READERS

The Post this year will combine its issues of December 24 and December 31 into a single, expanded edition. This bigger-than-normal *Post* will be distributed on December 20 and will feature a report on one of the most controversial issues of our time. Details later.

THE EDITORS

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"I'm sorry to burst in
like this," he said.
"But I had to talk to you."

Illustrated by Ady Litwack

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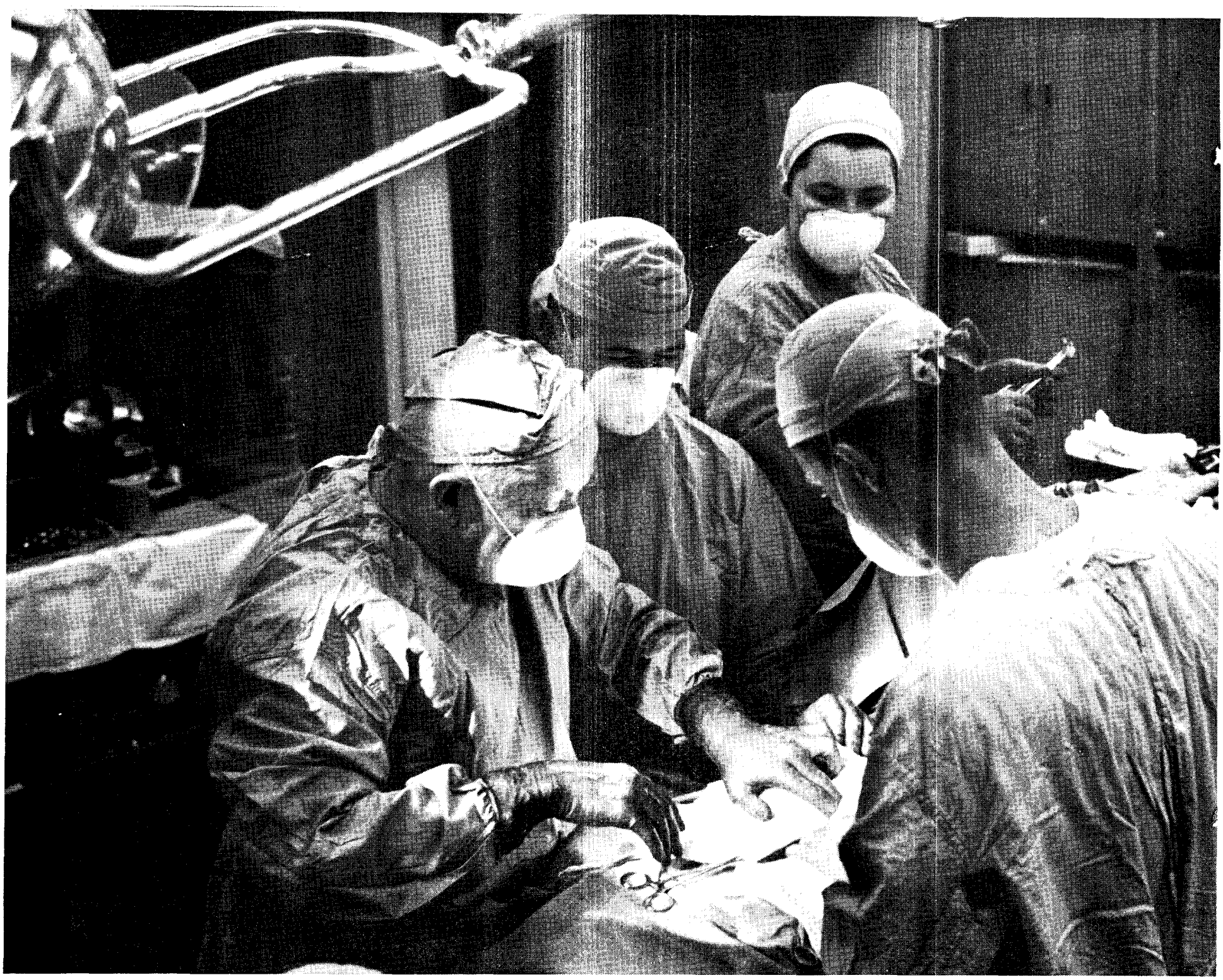

Dr. Charles Mayo (left) in the operating room. Now the senior doctor in his famous family, the 62-year-old surgeon performs as many as eight operations a day.

THE MARVELOUS MAYOS

How the Clinic Works

By Victor Cohn

The Mayo Clinic is a major research center and the world's largest training ground for young M.D.'s. But the 900 doctors in this complex organization insist that the patient always come first.

PART TWO

More than 100,000 people a year from fifty states and seventy foreign lands—including Afghanistan, Cambodia, Turkey and Tahiti—take their ills to an out-of-the-way medical center with no miracles to offer: the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

Why do they flock to Rochester year after year, when there are good medical centers all over the world? A few of them do hope for miracles. ("The doctors at home said I didn't have a chance. I'm willing to try anything.")

"Some people," says a Mayo Clinic doctor, "maybe one or two per cent, come with the idea that we're some sort of Lourdes. Frankly, they're a problem." The "one or two per cent" may be an understatement. The Mayo Clinic has long been called a "Court of Last Resort" for the sick, and many patients so regard it. Such patients court disappointment.

Yet this medical center has a commodity far more reliable than miracles: simple warmth. To understand it, let us follow Mayo Clinic's Dr. Charles W. Mayo on his daily rounds.

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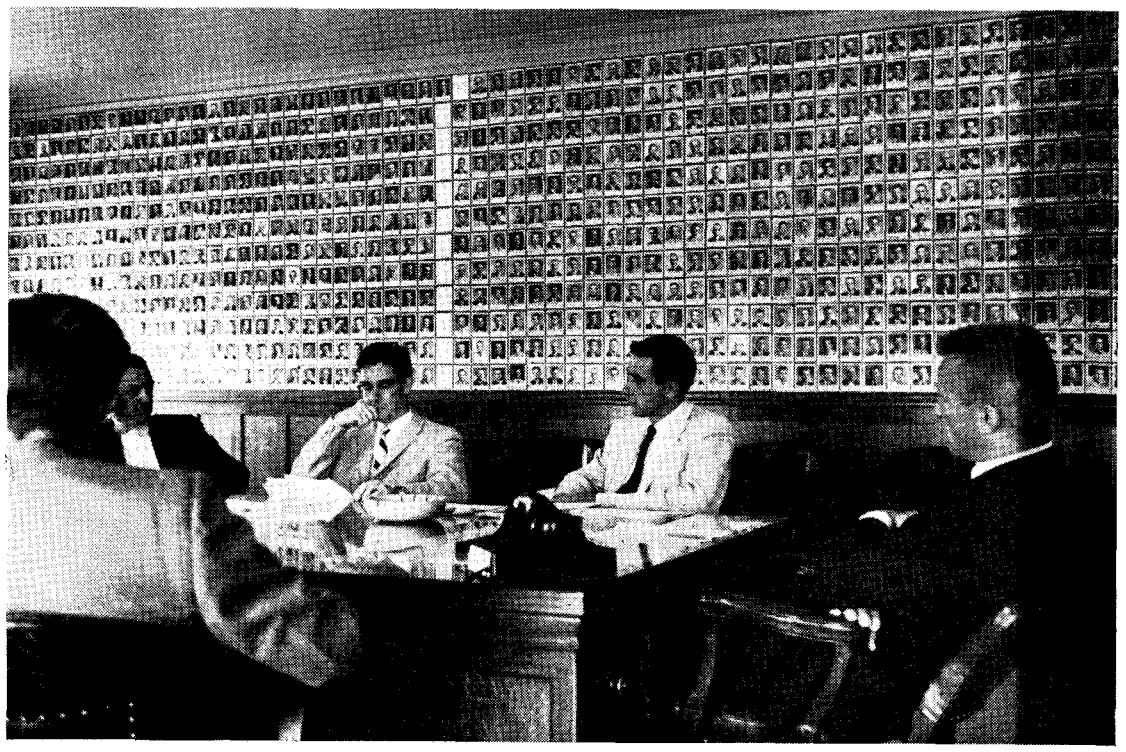
The Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., attracts a steady flow of VIP's to this small city. Here Doctor Mayo (right), his wife (light suit) and an honor guard welcome the King and Queen of Nepal.

June 15, 1939: Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," arrives at the clinic to find the reason for his mysterious decline. The rare form of paralysis from which he suffered could not be cured, and he died two years later.



Meeting of the Medical Graduate Committee, which oversees the clinic's program of specialized training for M.D.'s.

Doctor Mayo—"Chuck" Mayo to hundreds of patients and friends—son of one of the great Mayo brothers, Will and Charlie, is not the boss or "chief surgeon." He is simply one of many surgeons at the clinic, but he has in outstanding degree the warmth which has helped make this clinic grow.

Since the clinic owns no hospital, patients needing hospital care go to St. Mary's or Rochester Methodist Hospital. On a typical day Doctor Mayo rises at 6:25 A.M. and drives to Rochester Methodist, where he operates. He smiles at his waiting assistants, says, "Let's see what's going on," and walks rapidly down the wards to visit patients scheduled for surgery. He wants to be sure they are ready.

"I never wake anybody up, though," he remarks. "I figure it's better to let them sleep than see me, if they're getting along. Nothing is more upsetting in a hospital than routine."

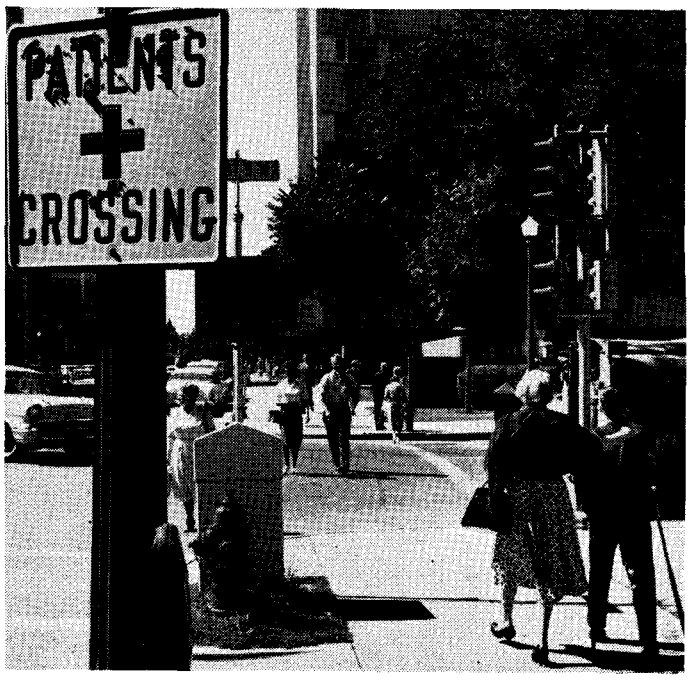
At 7:30 he puts on his whites and goes to the operating room. His nurses help him with gloves and dove-gray gown. As soon as he is scrubbed and masked, he expects his assistants to have his first patient ready.

This time it is a woman in her forties, with a little lump in her neck, a goiter or enlarged thyroid gland. Six per cent of such enlargements, Mayo Clinic statistics show, are cancerous. Ninety-four per cent are not, but the only way to tell is to open them.

Doctor Mayo stands over the table with an extra drape around his head and mouth, like a snood, and wearing half spectacles. He had the glasses made that way because they get less steamed up during surgery. The white chin wrap, the stubby protruding nose, bushy white eyebrows and antique-type glasses suggest that Santa Claus is operating.

But the patient has no such thoughts. Like most people facing surgery, she is scared. Besides, she fears cancer.

"Hi!" says Doctor Mayo. "Don't worry about a thing." Then he explains, "You're going to remain conscious. We're not going to hurt you." (Continued on Page 98)



To take care of its ever-growing list of patients, the clinic must steadily expand. The $17,500,000 Mayo Building (across the street) is the latest addition.

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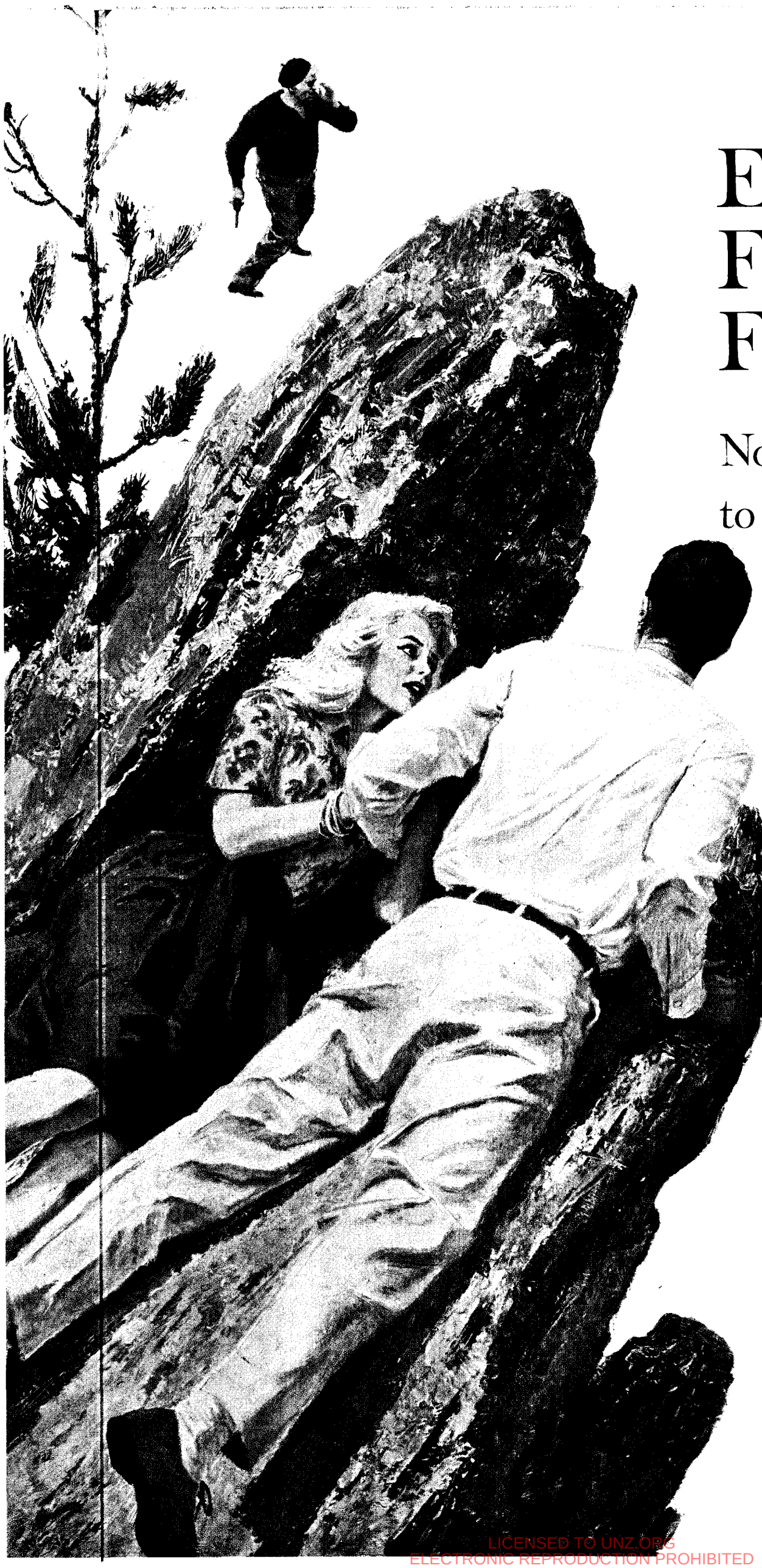

ESCAPE FROM FEAR

By BRIAN CLEEVE

Now the time had come to stop running.

The wind fingered the shutters, seemed to knock. Beside me in the dark I could hear Isolde catch her breath, almost hear the beating of her heart. I reached out my hand and touched her. She was lying rigid as stone.

"Isolde," I whispered. "What is it?" Although I knew.

"I can hear someone," she breathed. "Someone trying to get in."

"Only the wind." I put my arms round her, tried to warm her. "There's nothing to be afraid of—nothing."

"If only I could believe it," she whispered. "When you hold me close ——" The shutters creaked again. Somewhere in the three-hundred-year-old inn a timber cracked sharply as the night chill touched its fibers. Isolde buried her face against my throat and sobbed with terror. I stroked her hair, pale as a swan's spread wing in the darkness.

"It's nothing," I soothed her. "Nothing." Her heart beat against mine like a bird dying. And I lay staring at the shadowed beams of the ceiling, thinking for the seventh night in succession that I would give everything I possessed in the world for just ten minutes alone in a quiet place with Lt. Mark Anthony Tarrant of the 12th Hussars and the Bloods' Club and Shepley Hall, Herefordshire. Just ten minutes—and then perhaps another five when he'd recovered.

It had been a mistake to bring Isolde here to the Inn of the Golden River, high up in the French Pyrenees—too quiet, too lonely, too old, too like Shepley Hall. But then, when I'd been arranging the honeymoon, I hadn't really known what Shepley Hall had been like, what Isolde's life there had been like. It was only in these last nights that I'd begun to understand.

Although even from the beginning, from the first time I saw her, I'd sensed that there was something wrong. It was at the Herons' party—a dozen or so men (Continued on Page 70)

"Don't leave me," she whispered.
"Don't go down . . . he'll kill you."

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Some of the most popular—and time-consuming—activities of hunters take place indoors.

Beware the Untamed Deer Hunter

When one of these amateur Paul Bunyans goes to the woods to get away from it all, anything can happen. He may even bag a deer.

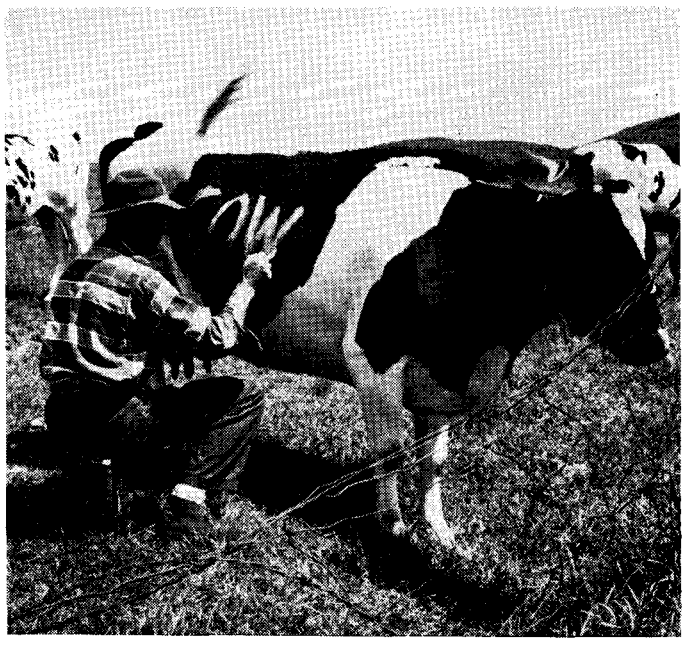
By Murray Hoyt

Deer hunting is mostly an excuse. It's an excuse to get away from jutting-jawed bosses, mean-dispositioned customers, international crises; from shaving, neckties, the 8:10, desks, memos, boredom. And—even though you love them dearly—the women and the family.

You get away into a world of pipe smoking, poker playing, wood smoke, wet wool and sweaty males. The poker playing is likely to involve whisky drinking, some rather expansive swearing and soft kerosene lamplight.

For a few days you're not a little person any longer. You're a he-man among men. In the woods with that rifle in hand you're three sizes bigger than Paul Bunyan. It's change, excitement, challenge, adventure, even danger. Because things happen to all deer hunters. Amazing, unbelievable things—some big, some small—each day. You can count on it.

If it were just the deer meat, we could all do better buying it in the market. And it certainly wouldn't cost up to $1000 a pound—depending on how extravagant your tastes and how many years you (Continued on Page 105)



Some sawdust is spilled every season by eager hunters who fall for such gags as this stuffed deer near Saranac Lake, N.Y.

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How the Congo Crisis Hit Belgium

By Ernest O. Hauser

A *Post* editor reports on the effects of Belgium's overnight loss of the vast, rich colony.

A refugee from the Congo rioting is met by Queen Mother Elizabeth, aged 83, at the Brussels airport.

BRUSSELS.

This nation of 9,000,000, until July 1, 1960, proud owner of a chunk of Africa nearly eighty times the size of its own territory, is in a lingering state of shock. A cloud of gloom seems to have settled on the Belgian countryside, on those resplendent, gold-tipped cities that were among the gems of Europe long before anyone had ever heard of the Congo.

It is not pleasant, to be sure, to lose an empire; and the small trustee territory of Ruanda-Urundi still held by Belgium in Africa hardly constitutes an empire. It is not pleasant to be suddenly reduced from the status of a world power to that of a small nation—one of the minor provinces of Europe. Still, at first sight, there is something irrational about the Belgian trauma. In hearing Belgians blame now themselves, now their old friend and ally, the United States, for what has happened, one might be listening to the moans of people who pushed open a door only to find themselves falling down a dark and dirty stairway.

"We thought everything would be all right" is the refrain. Questions such as, "Just what went wrong? What was the fatal blunder?" are repeated over and over in corner bar and market place, office and family living room.

The visitor probing into the extent of the calamity comes up against a couple of surprises—the first one being that the Belgians, in granting independence to the Congo, did not really expect to lose the colony. What they had in mind was a divorce without a separation of bed and board, a continuing close relationship that would allow them to enjoy the many blessings of their old domain.

So sure were they of this that they had advised their women and children to stay on. They had concluded a treaty of friendship with the Congo, had promised to place 10,000 technicians at the disposal of the young republic, and were just settling down to business as usual when—four days after independence—an orgy of rape, arson and plunder shattered their happy dream. Things, they now know, will never be the same again.

The second surprise is that, the Belgians' long faces notwithstanding, the damage they have suffered as a nation is far from catastrophic. Not all of Belgium's eggs were in the Congo basket. Her trade with the African colony these last few years represented no more than 5 per cent of her foreign commerce; and her entire revenue from the Congo—including business profits, salaries and the like—came to some $500,000,000 a year, or roughly 5 per cent of her national income.

It is true that the Belgian investment in the Congo, ranging from docks and railroads, schools and government buildings, to private homes and business establishments, added up to a round $3,000,000,000—no doubt a tidy sum for so small a nation to write off. However, even if Belgium's Congo stake should be a total loss—by no means certain at this writing—the nation could absorb the blow. The damage,

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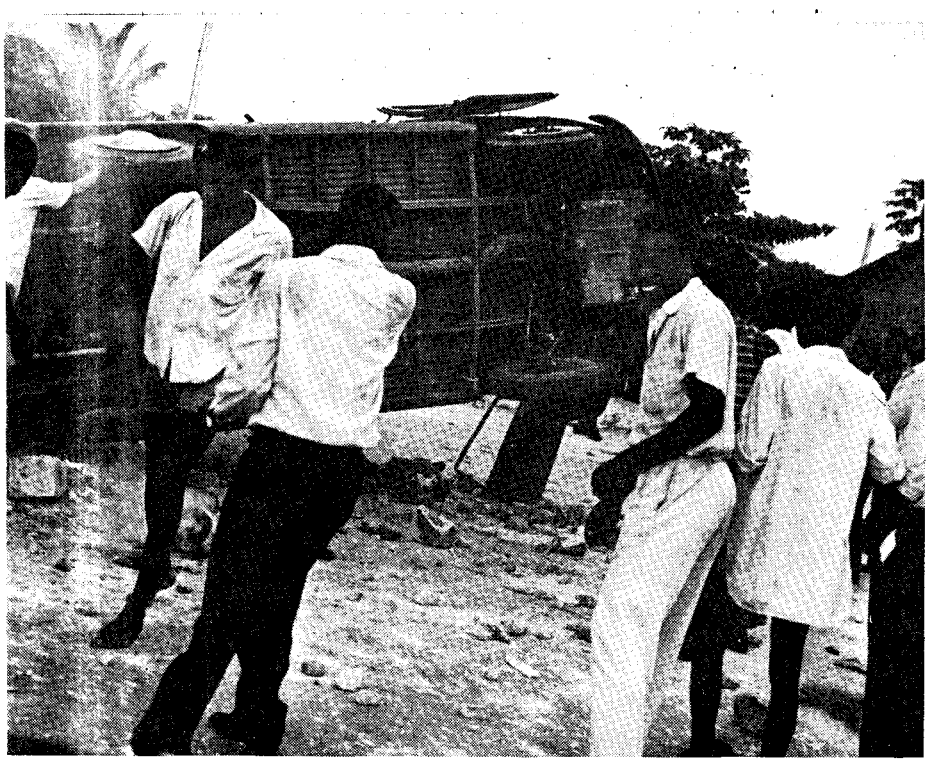


Léopoldville: Rioters overturn a vehicle of the hated Belgian Government. Eighty thousand Belgians lived in the Congo, and the Belgian investment was $3,000,000,000.

Brussels: Demonstrators clash with police outside King Baudouin's palace last July. The crowds urged the government to do something to hold on to the Congo.

experts say, might cost Belgium the equivalent of one year's normal economic growth, which would be grievous, but not crippling.

Still that is only half the story—and the less interesting half. As one travels about a bit, talking with Belgians from all walks of life, one quickly realizes how little global figures and statistics mean to the average citizen. "The country may be hurt only five per cent," one businessman said, "but I'm hurt eighty!"

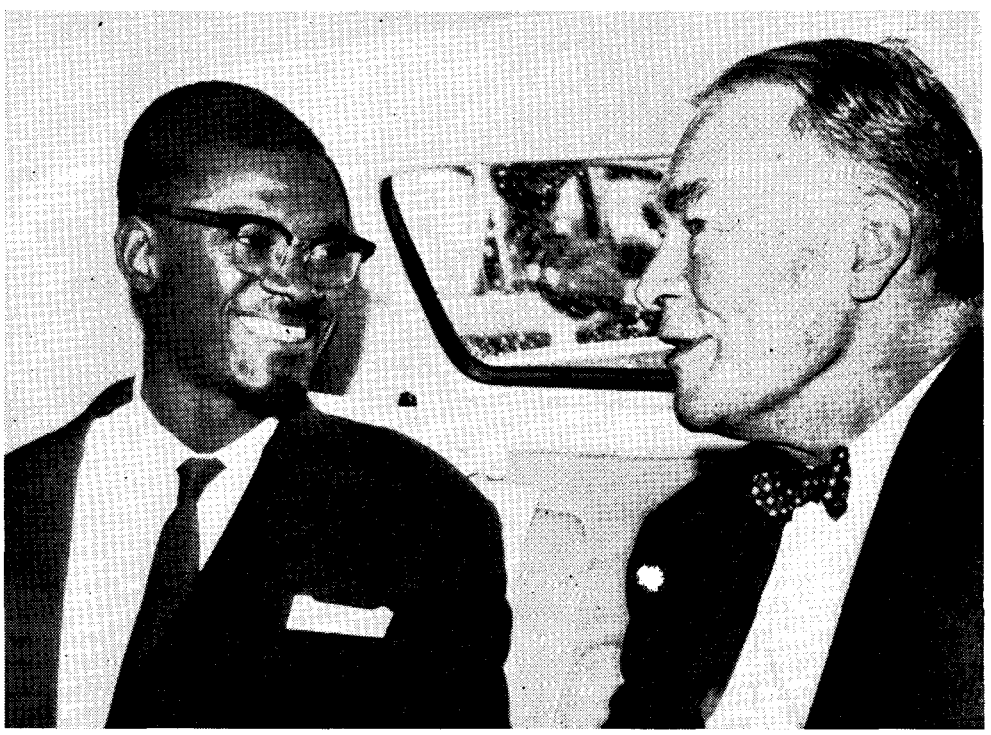
One's mind retains stray bits of evidence, a series of sharp little snapshots. There is the owner of the cotton mill that used to ship its gaily colored prints to the Congo and is now saddled with a stock in want of takers. There is the bicycle manufacturer whose shiny product was the Congo's favorite status symbol. There is the sad, cigar-smoking shipping executive in Antwerp looking out his bay window at the mixed passenger-and-cargo ship about to sail for the Congo—its hold half empty and its decks without the accustomed hustle-bustle of Belgian families returning to the Congo after six months' home leave. And there is, finally, the settler who, with his wife and two children, has left the Congo where he was born and is now looking for a new career at home.

The managers of factories geared to the flow of metals and other raw materials from the Congo are wondering how much longer they'll keep going. Some firms have started to lay off redundant personnel. Sabena, Belgium's largely government-owned airline, did 45 per cent of its entire business with the Congo; the Compagnie Maritime, Belgium's principal shipping line, derived as much as 71 per cent of its revenue from the Congo trade. One half of Belgium's condensed-milk production was exported to the Congo. And so it goes.

The Congo, it has been said, was not a colony but a business, and Belgians add, a little ruefully, that it was *la plus belle affaire du monde*—roughly, the world's juiciest business proposition. One of the most elaborate corporate structures ever created devoted itself to the exploitation of the *affaire*. On top of a pyramid formed by some 200 Belgian corporations sharing in the Congo bonanza sat the Société Générale de Belgique, a 130-year-old holding company with world-wide interests. At the time the Congo achieved independence, this giant controlled nearly two thirds of the colony's economy through its affiliates. Among its Congo interests, whose interlocking pattern no outsider has ever disentangled, were railways, mines, cattle-raising and cold-storage companies, real estate, plantations, the Congo's largest banking system, diamond fields yielding 85 per cent of the world's output of industrial diamonds, and other good and profitable items.

Its most precocious offspring was the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, a corporation entrenched in the Congo's rich southeastern province, Katanga, where it was tapping one of the world's great natural treasure-troves. Its copper, cobalt, zinc, (Continued on Page 84)

Belgian refugees and nuns at the Léopoldville Airport dodge bullets fired by rioting Congolese in July. Belgian paratroopers had to be flown in to save the Europeans.



When the Congo's Patrice Lumumba arrived in the U.S. four months ago he was met by Secretary of State Herter. Such apparent cordiality enraged Belgians.

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What You Should Know About Wills

Whether you last fifty more years or get run over tomorrow, you ought to face the prospect of your own ultimate demise. Here are some tips that can help you save your survivors some money.

By ROUL TUNLEY

Americans, who love to insure everything—their cars, their houses, their lives, and even their guests' unalienable right to break a leg on the front doorstep and get paid for it—have largely ignored the cheapest insurance of all. Most of them do nothing about insuring that their worldly goods be parceled out the way they'd like it when "something" happens. The shocking fact is that at least 60 per cent of the country's citizens die without a will of their own.

I say "of their own," because every American has a will of sorts. It is made for him by the state in which he lives. And whenever that "something" happens, after an unexpected illness or a heavy weekend of holiday traffic, and no will has been made, the state steps right in and acts for you.

The catch in this arrangement, of course, is that the state rarely sees eye to eye with you. How is it to know, for example, that your brother hasn't spoken to you since you were married and has no right to share in the money you and your wife have so arduously saved up? Or that your closest relative, Fifi, is not exactly your No. 1 choice to bring up your tender offspring? The state deals impersonally with people who die without wills, and doesn't make exceptions.

A further trouble with the state is that its machinery is cumbersome. It is elaborately festooned with red tape which can be unraveled only by money. Quite a lot of money, in fact.

I know this because I've been traveling around the country for some time now looking into the interesting things that happen when people die without wills or with defective ones. Fired by a missionary neighbor of mine, Donald B. Jones, one of New Jersey's top estate experts and a stanch advocate of wills for everyone, I've faced the unpleasant subject of my own demise and made a will. I've even managed to frighten quite a few young, healthy neighbors into admitting they are not immortal and doing the same.

It started this way. Don Jones, a member of a profession whose ethics prevent him from going out to "sell" wills to legal clients the way other people sell life insurance or mutual funds, told me of the case of a man whom he finds typical of many Americans. The man—I'll call him Jeff Baxter—was thirty-five years old, healthy, vigorous, married and the father of two children, aged four and six. A successful salesman for a paper company, he owned his own home, drove a late-model automobile and had a promising future. He had everything, in fact, but a will.

About a year ago he called up Jones and told him he'd like to have a will. Jones congratulated him on his decision and told him what to bring to his office: a list of his property and of his nearest relatives, and a general idea of what he wanted done at his death. Jeff Baxter inquired the cost—it was thirty-five dollars—and said he'd be in shortly.

Six months went by and the man failed to show up. There are always more interesting things to do than preparing for one's death in a lawyer's office, even if it lasts only fifteen minutes. And then, early last summer, Jeff Baxter was killed. He was in an automobile accident while out shopping for a tricycle for his son's birthday.

When the funeral was over, it was found that the property in Jeff's estate was as typical as he was. He left a house worth $20,000, an automobile, securities and other personal property of roughly the same amount, and a similar sum in life insurance. All told, it came to just under $60,000. All of the property was in Jeff's name, and the life insurance, all taken out prior to his marriage, was payable to his estate.

At the moment, of course, his estate is not yet settled. But it is sufficiently well along so that one can see just how foolish Jeff was and how much his procrastination is going to cost his wife and kids.

If the whole amount had been left outright to his widow, the income would have been sufficient to raise and educate his children. But without a will the state decreed that one third must go to the widow and two thirds to the children, after taxes. Mrs. Baxter found that she controlled only a fraction.

Furthermore, she was astonished to learn she was not allowed to administer her children's money, or even act as their guardian without the consent of the court. First, she had to apply for permission to administer the estate, and then post a bond double the amount of the money involved. The cost of the premium was $210. Then she had to apply for legal guardianship of the children and post another bond—$380—to administer their estate. Since it was necessary to sell the house, court approval had to be sought to do so. There were filing fees, lawyers' fees and court fees amounting roughly to $750. By the end of next year, when the estate should be settled, these costs will be a minimum of $1340, and Mrs. Baxter will have spent endless hours in the offices of lawyers and court officials.

Moreover, when the year is up, her financial involvement will be far from finished. She will merely settle into a lengthy, expensive legal rut some fourteen to sixteen years long. The annual premium on the required bonds for administering her children's estate will amount to $510. Since this continues until the children are twenty-one years of age, the final sum for total premiums, plus the first year's expenses, will come to $8990, a sum sorely needed for maintenance and education. The tragic thing is that the entire amount could have been saved by a will with a single sentence leaving Jeff's entire estate to his wife and making her executrix, to serve without bond. The time involved would have been minutes and the cost practically nothing.

Although this happened in New Jersey, it could happen in much the same way anywhere in the United States. Although the laws of intestacy—dying without a will—vary from state to state, there is a similar pattern to all of them. If there is no (Continued on Page 87)

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Suddenly the birds rose in a wild drum of sound.

THE CHRISTMAS HUNT

By Borden Deal

It should have been the best Christmas of them all, that year at Dog Run. It started out to be, anyway. I was so excited, watching my father talking on the telephone, that I couldn't stand still. For I was ten years old and I had never been on a quail shoot in my whole life. I wanted to go on the big Christmas Day hunt even more than I wanted that bicycle I was supposed to get. And I really needed the bicycle to cover with speed and ease the two miles I had to walk to school.

The Christmas Day hunt was always the biggest and best of the season. It was almost like a field trial; only the best hunters and the finest dogs were invited by my father. All my life I had been hearing great tales of past Christmas Day hunts. And now I knew with a great ten-year-old certainty that I was old enough to go.

My father hung up the phone and turned around, grinning. "That was Walter," he said. "There'll be ten of them this year. And Walter is bringing his new dog. If all he claims for that dog is true ——"

"Papa," I said.

"Lord," my mother said. "That'll be a houseful to feed."

My father put his arm around her shoulders, hugging her. "Oh, you know you like it," he said. "They come as much for your cooking as they do for the hunting, I think."

My mother pursed her lips in the way she had, and then smiled. "Wild turkey," she said. "You think you could shoot me four or five nice fat wild turkeys?"

I wanted to jump up and down to attract attention. But that was kid stuff, a tactic for the five-year-olds, though I had to admit it was effective. But I was ten. So I said, "Papa."

(Continued on Page 102)

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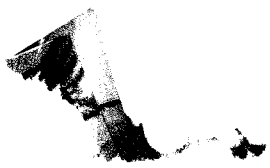
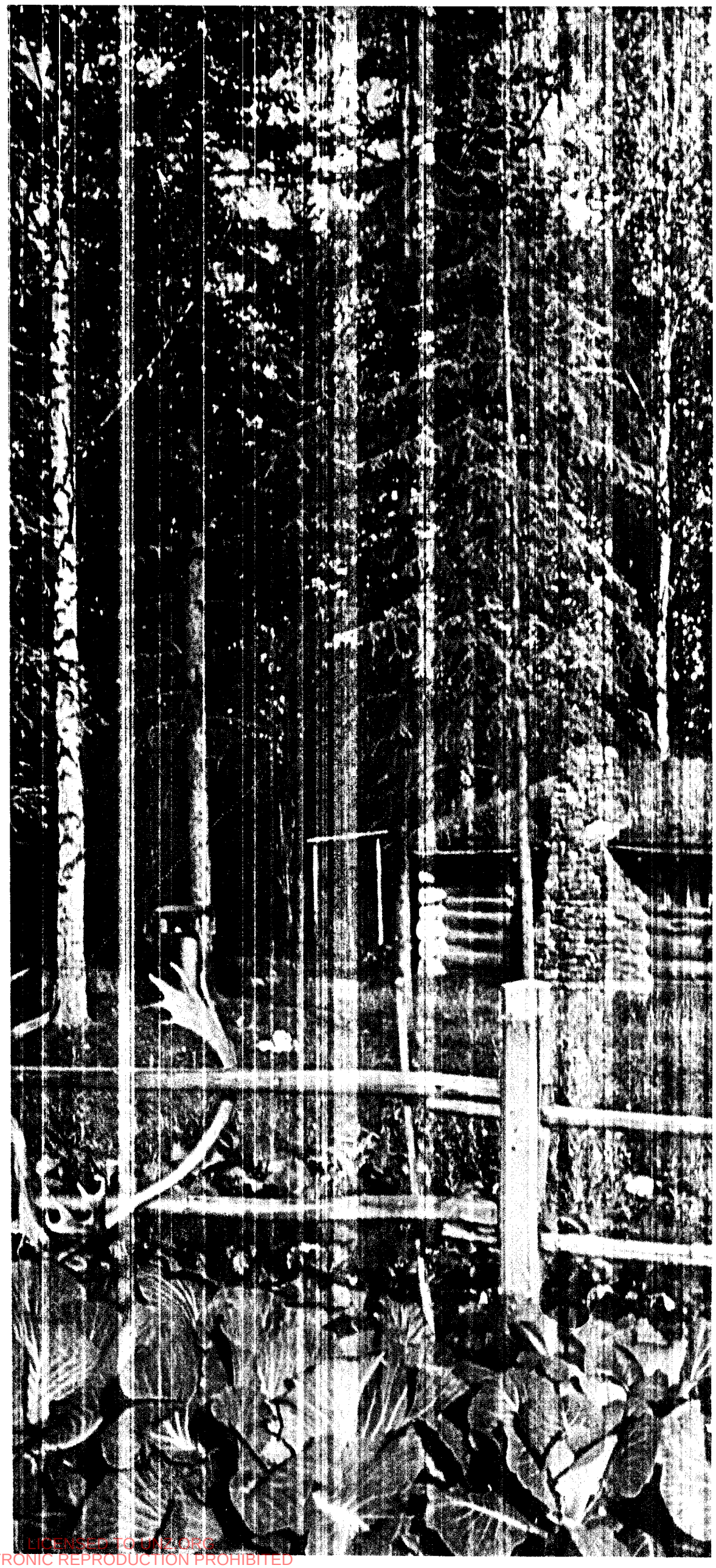


The Face of AMERICA

Little Home in the North

Suburbanites, harassed by traffic jams and jostled by housing developments, may well reflect on this suburban scene. The four Foldoes (left to right, Kenneth, 38, Cheyenne, 3, Audrey, 22, and Julie, ¼), standing between their cabin and their patch of giant cabbages, live four miles from Fairbanks, central Alaska's metropolis (population:13,000). Kenneth, onetime Minnesota logger and construction worker who brought his home-town sweetheart to Alaska as a bride four years ago, drives to his work as a fireman in a Fairbanks hospital in ten easy minutes. Kenneth Foldoe bought his one-acre plot for $800 and built the log cabin, paying seventy-five dollars for the standing timber and an additional $425 for the necessities to make the cabin a warm snug home. The sod roof, complete with pansies, does *not* require a lawn mower during the May to September growing season. One week after this picture was taken, last August, Kenneth bagged a bull moose from his doorstep, and the Foldoes had their meat for the winter.

• Photograph by George Burns



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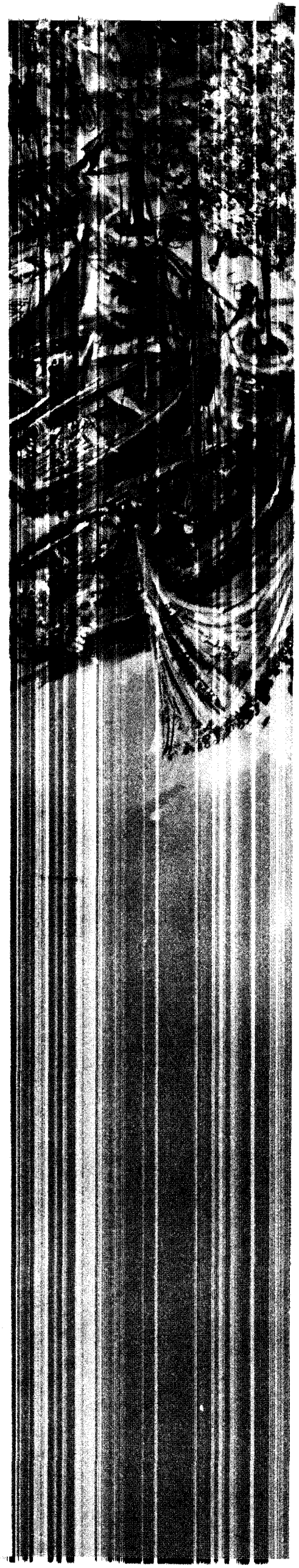
This is what happened when a tiny French fishing village had an unexpected visitor from the depths of the sea.

The DAY OF THE WHALE

By MARK RASCOVICH



I would not remember Le Guilvinec very well if it had not been for its wonderful and tragic whale. It was just another picturesque fishing village on the Biscay coast of Brittany, about halfway between Douarnenez and Lorient, with a small rock-bound natural harbor serving a half dozen draggers, two valiant old tuna ketches and one fairly modern diesel trawler. There was an ancient stone church, a cobbled square with a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, a couple of *bistros*, a grocer, a butcher and a magnificent general store, which smelled of oakum and hemp and where you could purchase anything, provided it was obsolete and had something to do with boats or fishing. Fifteen hundred Bretons lived in Le Guilvinec, and even their black-smocked children were a salty lot.

The mayor had been captain of one of the tuna ketches when her main gaff fell on him during a storm, knocking him more or less permanently senseless. As he could no longer be trusted with a command at sea, they made him mayor. The single gendarme policing Le Guilvinec had to bicycle any serious miscreant seven kilometers to Quimper, where was located the nearest jail. He rarely made the trip.

In 1930 there were few tourists who visited this part of the Brittany coast; fewer still found their way into Le Guilvinec, but those who did, set some of the inhabitants to thinking that there were other fish to be caught besides those in the sea. A handful of visionary citizens and the fuzzy-minded mayor predicted an eventual flood of holiday crowds from Brest, maybe Paris, perhaps even from London. They went so far as to consult my father about the possibilities, considering him an expert because he was not only a real foreigner but one who had rented for three consecutive summers the same stone cottage on a rocky promontory outside the harbor. They had come to know him as an engineer of startling imagination, who had introduced not only the first outboard engine to Le Guilvinec but also its first washing machine; a foolish visionary and gadgeteer, really, but one who occasionally made sense and who should be respected because he had fought for France even before the bulk of Americans arrived to mop up after the important battles.

In this matter of tourism, however, they completely misjudged my father. Tourists, he warned, would corrupt the children, inflate prices and attract such unwelcome by-products as gamblers and tax collectors. Better to preserve tranquillity by remaining an anonymous village eclipsed by such rowdy resorts as Dinan and St. Malo. The mayor was shocked by this parochial viewpoint and accused him of ulterior motives in refusing to share the delights of Le Guilvinec with the whole world. Father smiled knowingly but stuck by his arguments, which convinced a few while merely inflaming the greed of others, thus cleaving the serenity of Le Guilvinec by creating two violently opposed camps—the Protourists and Antitourists. At this time the fight was purely academic, because even weekends rarely brought more than a half dozen outside visitors. Then came the whale!

It happened on a sunny July morning when an unusually benevolent sea was sighing among the rocks below our cottage. The whale swam into the mouth of the channel and stopped to blow a white plume of vapor as if announcing her arrival and asking permission to enter the harbor. Having flunked mathematics that spring, I was sitting beneath the rose bower suffering through a daily tutoring by an exacting engineer-father who took an impatient hour of each day to cram mathematics into my unreceptive twelve-year-old brain. When we were (Continued on Page 81)

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

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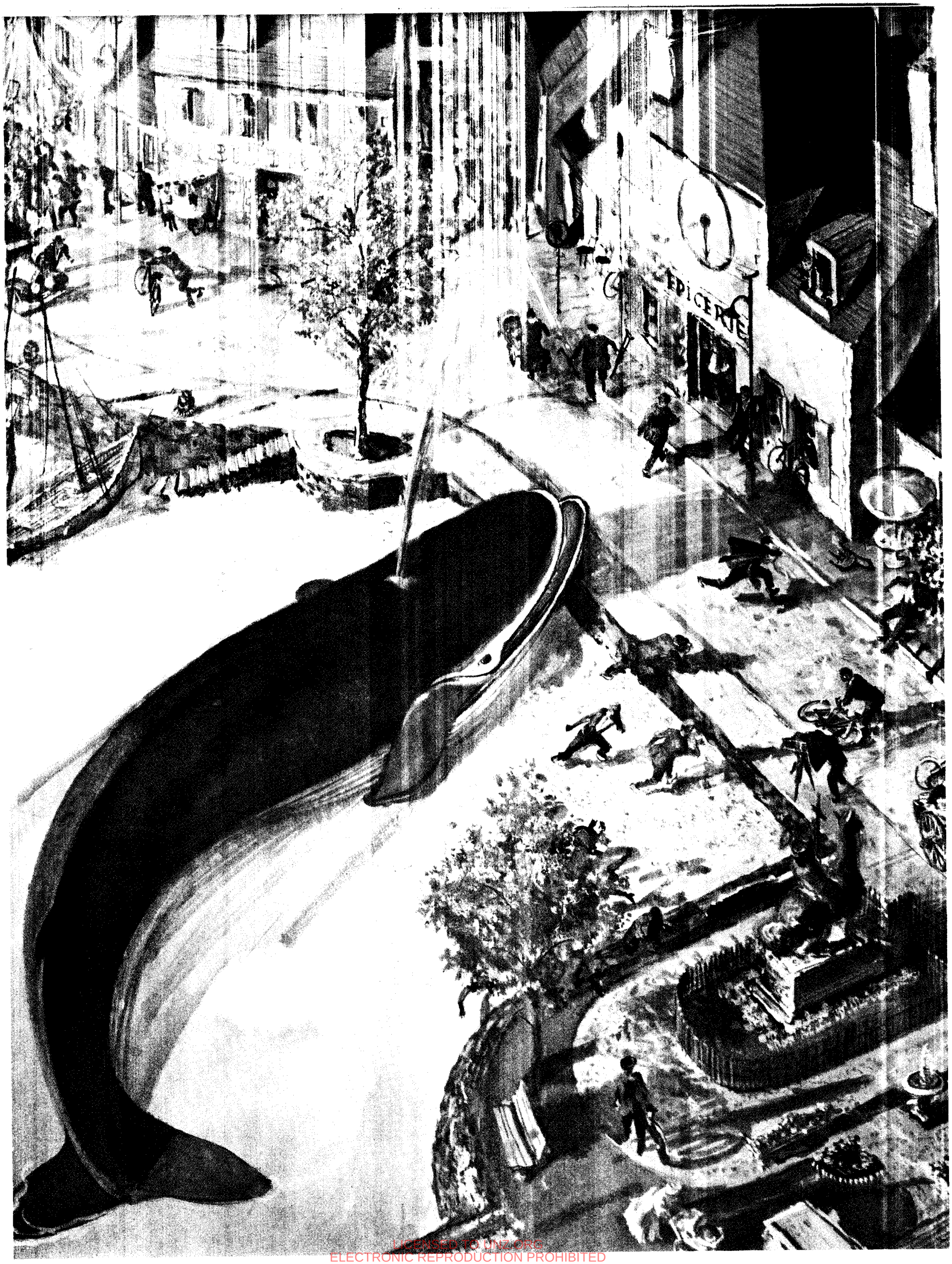

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Stanford's Man With the Midas Touch

The case of Wallace Sterling proves that a college president can be a good educator even if he also is involved in raising funds for his school.

By Frank J. Taylor

When the hostess at a gathering of educators at Annapolis discovered that two of her distinguished guests, President J. E. Wallace Sterling of Stanford University and principal William Gurdon Saltonstall of Phillips Exeter Academy, both played the piano, she coaxed them to team up in a duet. Saltonstall reluctantly agreed to play if Sterling would. Sterling simply asked Saltonstall, "Which end of the piano do you want?"

Then the pair—who had never played together before—sat down and rippled off a medley of popular songs. Soon the erudite party turned into a songfest, the same kind that Stanford's hearty, roughhewn president frequently organizes to enliven student, faculty and alumni get-togethers on his home campus.

Doctor Sterling's versatility, as notable in academic halls as at the keyboard, has served him well since the day, eleven years ago, when he first eased his 215-pound, six-foot-two frame into Stanford's presidential chair, traditionally a hot seat. He had been chosen for the job because the touchy Stanford faculty had been demanding a scholar as their leader. Sterling, a historian, met this specification, all right—but he also had been an athletic coach, newscaster, librarian and musician. And the new forty-two-year-old Canadian-born president soon displayed other remarkable talents not always associated with a pedagogic background: administrative ability, a built-in radar for detecting big money and a flair for sizing up balance sheets at a glance.

Under his leadership staid old Stanford has been overhauled both academically and physically. The university's endowment has almost doubled, to $92,000,000, and its income has almost tripled. By boldly investing in faculty brainpower and by daring raids to corral outstanding personnel from other campuses, Sterling has boosted his institution to a position of prestige among the country's big ten privately endowed universities.

Last September the Ford Foundation singled out Stanford's agile money-raising president for the greatest financial challenge yet, a $25,000,000 grant, unrestricted as to use, the largest ever offered any university. But the grant is Stanford's only if, within the next five years, Doctor Sterling can wangle from other donors three dollars to match every dollar that Ford puts up. Sterling believes he can raise the $75,000,000 in matching money in four years. If he does, it will make Stanford one of the most handsomely endowed universities on earth.

Thus, during the past decade, John Ewart Wallace Sterling probably has been the country's happiest, most fortunate hunter, particularly adept at stalking what he calls "free money"—as distinguished from taxpayers' dollars—in the trust funds listed in the fat *Foundations Directory* which catalogues 5000 philanthropic organizations with aggregate resources exceeding $11,000,000,000. Doctor Sterling says that a head of a private institution of learning must be a "professional mendicant," not averse to "going around with his tin cup"—in his case an oversized pail.

However, the Sterling technique for invigorating his university with large transfusions of money is somewhat smoother and more subtle than this jesting terminology would indicate. In fact, what this astute academic merchandiser sells to money-laden foundations, ranging in size from small family charities to giants such as Ford and Rockefeller foundations, is an opportunity to back one or more of Stanford's "shows." A show, in scholastic parlance, is a project in which a team of highly gifted scholars is working to penetrate some frontier of knowledge. And under President Sterling, Stanford has launched, often on a shoestring, many exciting shows which have achieved breakthroughs to new knowledge in such things as chemistry, electronics, outer space and medicine.

"The least pompous president who ever wore a cap and gown," is (Continued on Page 54)

Photographs by Jack Fields

President Sterling at the keyboard. Left to right: Son Bill, daughter Judy, daughter Susan and Mrs. Sterling. The Sterlings live in the house donated to the university by Herbert Hoover, one of Stanford's first graduates.

Doctor Sterling with Bill, a Stanford senior, at their cabin in the redwoods a few miles west of the campus.

Stanford academic procession at last September's freshman convocation. Behind the faculty marsha
(in white) are President Sterling (left) and the chaplain, Robert Minto (right)

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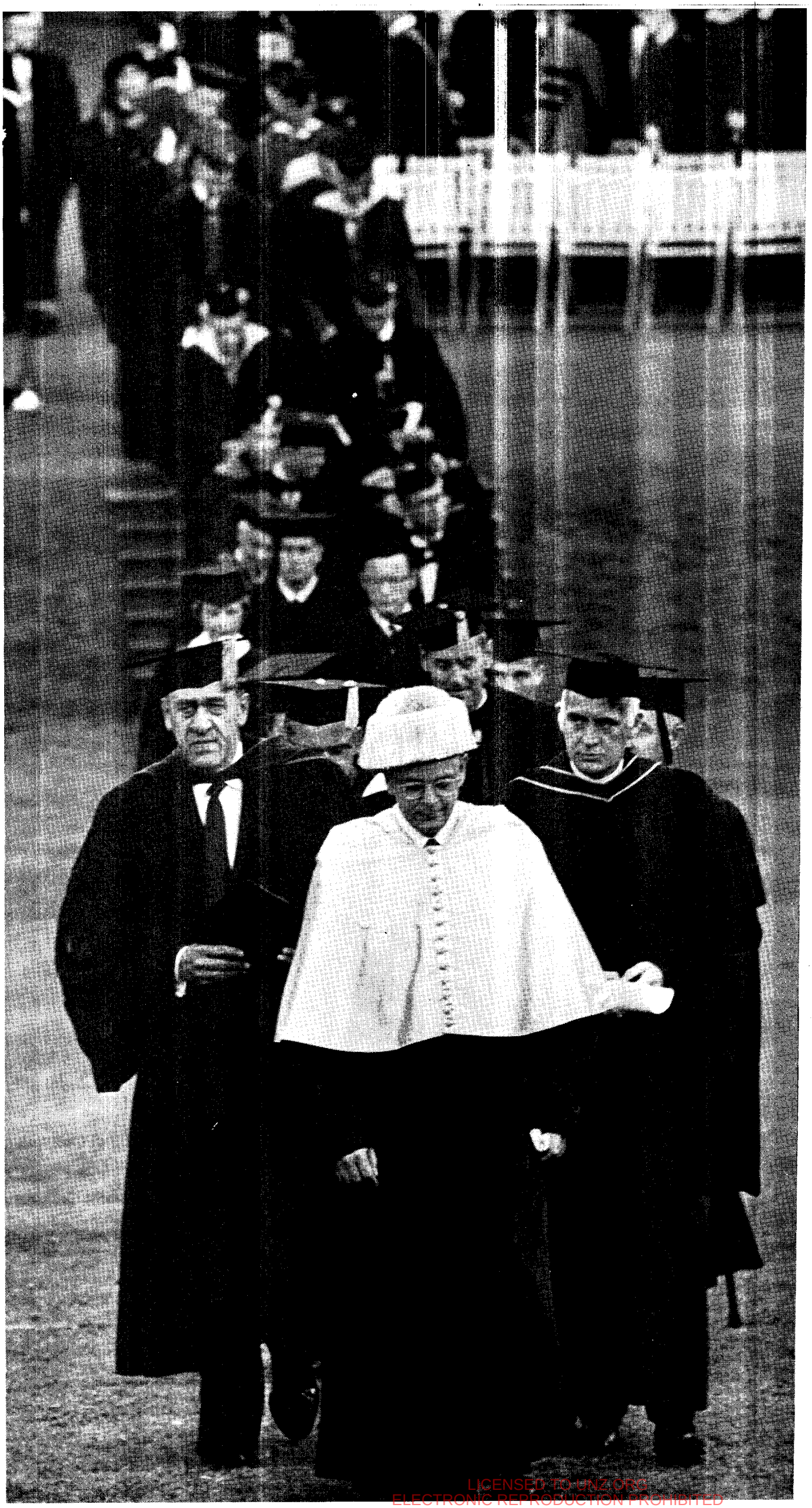
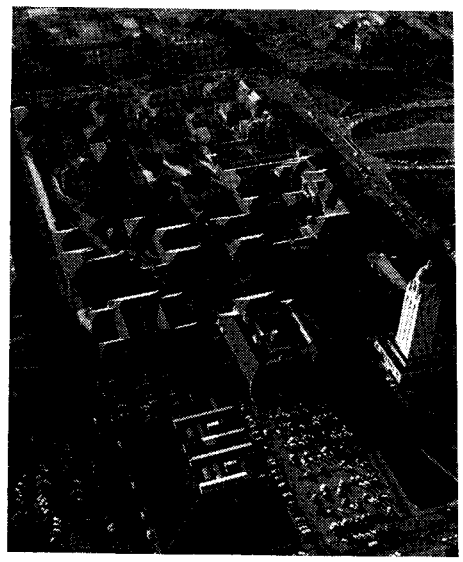
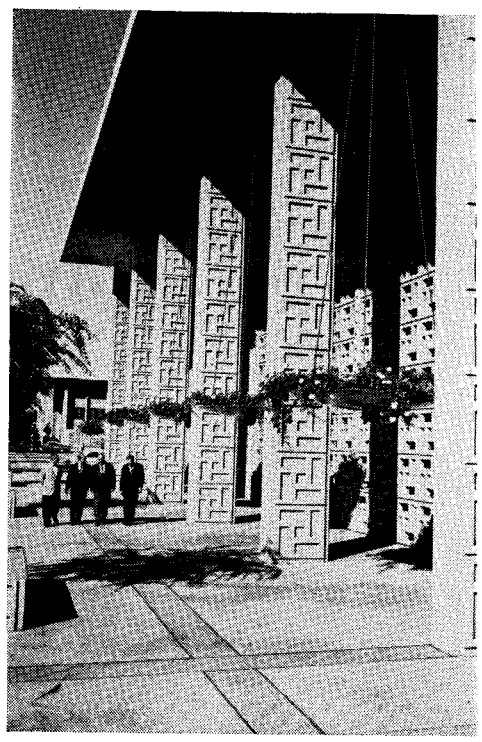




"The Quad" (the block of buildings at upper left) will look the same to old grads, but the interiors are being altered to provide more classrooms. At right is the Hoover tower.

Two Nobel prize winners, Dr. Joshua Lederberg and Dr. Arthur Kornberg, with university Provost Frederick Terman and Dean Robert Alway of the medical school.



"Wally's Folly": Sterling was ridiculed because he had only $500,000 when he launched plans for the $22,000,000 Medical Center (above), designed by architect Edward Stone.

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MORESBY'S GODDESS

BY ERIC HATCH

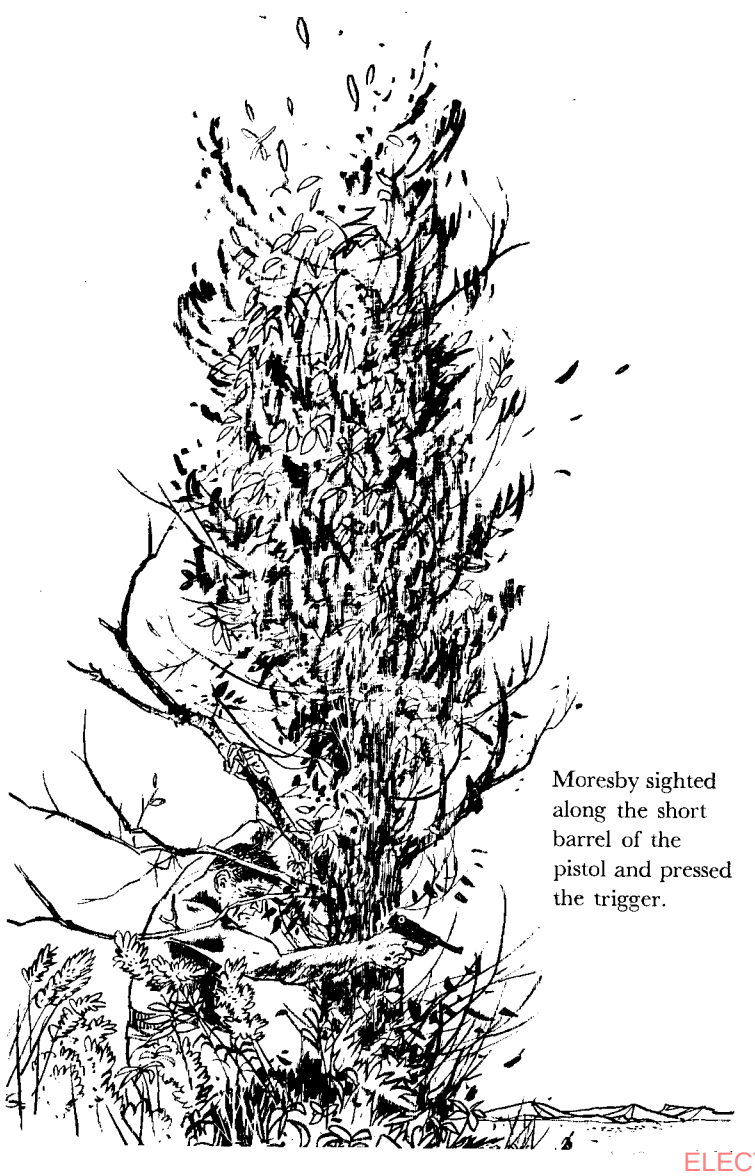
WHEN THEY STUMBLED ON THE LOST TEMPLE, THE KIDNAPERS WERE ONLY MINUTES BEHIND.

Henry Parsons of the American Athenian Bank asked his friend, Paul Moresby, to find out why a movie extravaganza, financed by the bank, was costing a fortune. Moresby discovered that racketeer Sal Rocco was cutting himself in on the pay of thousands of extras. He also learned that the disgruntled extras were causing costly production slowdowns.

Work stopped completely when producer Wally Waltham went to Athens in answer to a cablegram purporting to be from Parsons. Soon after Waltham left, someone drugged and kidnaped Moresby, Niles Gregory and the beautiful French actress Marianne while they dined at a Candia café.

IV

Wally Waltham walked across the hot asphalt apron of the Iraklion airport toward the twin-engine airliner. His Irish face was flushed. His square chin was thrust out. He had gone to the American Athenian Bank when he had arrived in Athens the day before. There he had been told, somewhat curtly, that Henry Parsons had definitely not sent any cablegrams to anybody lately and was currently out of town. Now, after a long, boring twenty-four hours, most of which he had spent in the air-conditioned bar of his hotel, he was on his way back to Crete on the afternoon plane.



Moresby sighted along the short barrel of the pistol and pressed the trigger.

He reached the steps leading to the plane. A uniformed attendant standing at the foot of the steps accosted him. "Mr. Waltham?"

"Yes, I'm Mr. Waltham."

"I have a message for you from Mr. Parsons."

Wally Waltham scowled. "I'm not terribly interested in messages from Mr. Parsons right now," he said.

"Mr. Parsons wishes you to come to the American Athenian Bank immediately," said the attendant.

"Nuts!" said Waltham. "Parsons is out of town."

The attendant shook his head.

"No. The message said a Mr. Milzner and a Miss Peak were in his office with him and that you were to present yourself there immediately."

"*What?*"

The attendant permitted himself a smile. "I have already taken the liberty of having your luggage removed from the plane. It is in the waiting lounge, sir."

Waltham turned on his heel, walked back into the terminal building. A porter carried his suitcase to the cab stand. He sat glowering in the back of the cab until it rolled to a stop in front of the magnificent modern structure that housed the bank. As when Moresby had entered it a few days before, whispers of sound rose from the tellers' cages on his arrival. A Hollywood producer passing through on his way to Mr. Parsons's office was an even greater event. He stalked into the big private office. Jerry Milzner, looking out of place in his droopy shorts, was pacing up and down one end of the room. Martha Peak, smartly dressed, was sitting on a settee beside Henry Parsons, drinking coffee. Parsons saw Waltham and rose.

"Ah, Mr. Waltham! I'm glad we caught you before you took off."

Jerry Milzner stopped in mid-stride and spun around. "Wally! We've got to do something! Niles and Marianne have disappeared!"

"With Doctor Moresby," said Martha Peak.

"I'm not in any mood for gags," said Waltham. "Mr. Parsons, would you feel like explaining why I was sent a phony cablegram from you yesterday telling me to get over here, and why I was practically hauled off an airplane just now? Do you want to see me or don't you?"

Parsons made him a courteous bow.

"The American Athenian is always glad to see its valued clients," he said. "Even when they seem to be in a condition bordering on hysteria, which is not infrequently, we still regard them as valued clients. Obviously, Mr. Waltham, since on your own say-so the cablegram you received purporting to be from me was phony, there's no use at all asking me why it was sent to you."

"I beg your pardon," said Waltham. "I—I'm under a good deal of tension."

"He's more than halfway to a crackup, Mr. Parsons," said Martha. "I shouldn't be surprised if this did it."

"If what did what? Please talk sense, Martha."

"Niles and Marianne disappearing with that Moresby character!" shouted Milzner. "I wouldn't put it past that knuckle-brained egghead to have kidnaped them! Listen, Wally. The five of us are having dinner together in Candia. Next thing I know it's morning, and Martha and I are waking up all alone in an empty private dining room in an empty restaurant. I hire a cab, and we drive out to the location. No sign of Niles or Marianne or the Moresby joker. Harry's heard nothing. Martha and I go back into Candia. I go see the cops. They treat me like I'm a psychotic two-year-old! They humor me! I get to see the head cop—the chief. I tell him two of the biggest stars in Hollywood have disappeared with this Moresby guy, and the chief's eyebrows shoot up in the air and he says, 'Paul Moresby?' and I nod and he says 'Son, they couldn't be in better hands!' That's all he says. Right then Martha and I thought we'd better see you in a hurry."

Henry Parsons, who had sat down again and was pouring himself another tiny cup of the strong Turkish (Continued on Page 61)

Illustrated by Bob McGinnis

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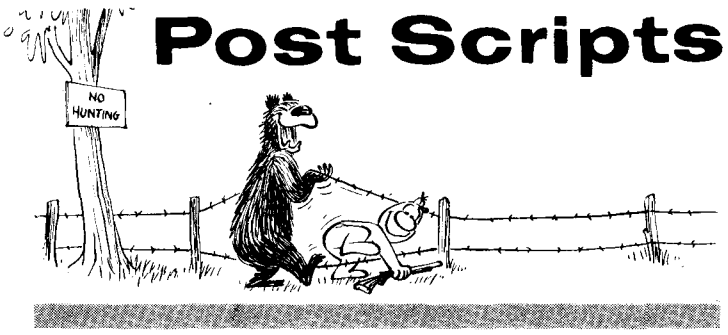
Post Scripts



Happy Anniversary

A-Day minus 5: "Fred, what ever happened to Harry Bush? I haven't seen him since our wedding ten years ago next week."

A-Day minus 4: "Why, this is the very casserole the girls at the office gave me ten years ago just before our wedding!"

A-Day minus 3: "You don't look almost ten years older than when we were married, Fred. Do I?"

A-Day minus 2: "Look, Fred, I can still get into my wedding dress."

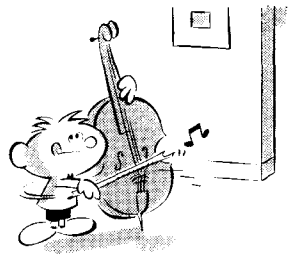
A-Day minus 1: "Remember how nervous you were at our wedding rehearsal ten years ago tonight?"

A-Day: "For me? Why, Fred, darling, you remembered!"

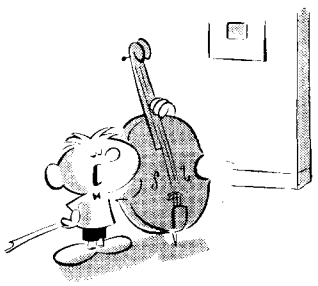
BETTY SWORDS

"This may take a while. I don't know her last name."

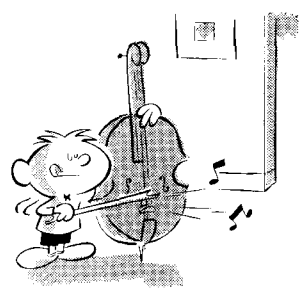
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Zoom, Zoom, Zoom!"



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup." "That's all right, sir, he won't eat much."



"Zoom. Zoom. Zoom. Zoom."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FORM LETTER

(To the parents of a college girl: Send this to your daughter. It may save you a costly phone call.)

December __, 19__

Dear Mother and Dad,

I've been so busy with _____ and _____ and _____, I haven't had a minute to write! Honestly, darlings, this college life is simply _____. At the moment, my grades are _____, but they'll get _____, I think.

The food is positively _____. Say, Mother, would you please bake some of your _____ and send them to me? Also, some _____ and some _____ and maybe a few _____?

Guess what — I've met a new _____! He is really a _____. He asked me to _____ _____!!! What do you think of that? Of course, I'm still seeing _____, and _____, and occasionally, even _____(!!) But _____ is currently in _____ place. He has _____ eyes and _____ hair, is __'__" tall and drives a _____ (19__ model).

I bought ___ new sweaters: __ cashmere, __ wool. While I was in the store, I happened to see _____, _____, _____ and _____, which I charged. Okay?

Daddy, my bank account is absolutely _____! Would you be a _____ and send me about $____? I'll pay you back next _____.

Love and kisses,

_____

P.S. Maybe you'd better make that $_____.

KAY NELSON

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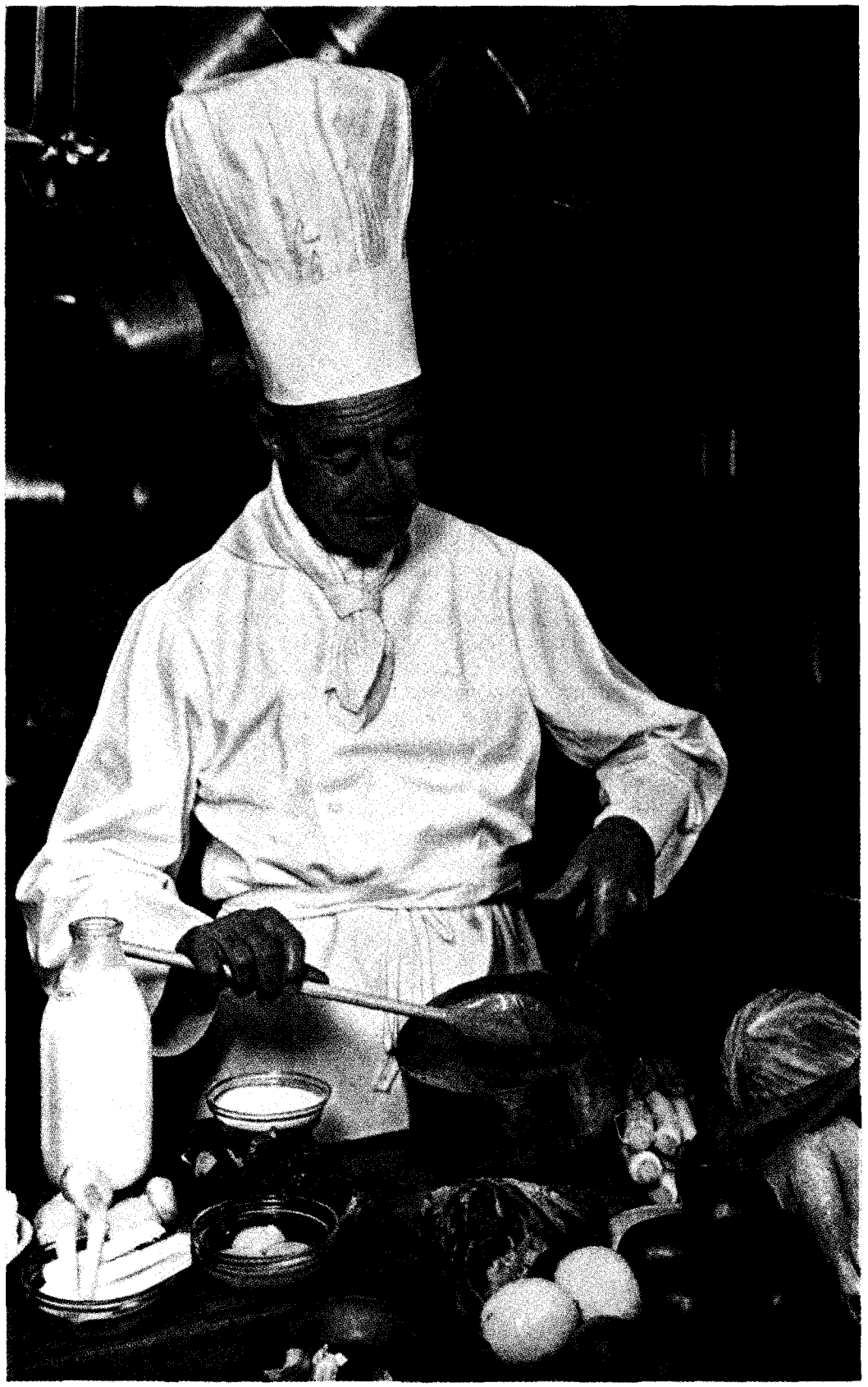
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care"

Why Campbell won't take yes for an answer

Last year, we made over 500 improvements in the foods we bring you



We hope you are one of the millions of people who think that foods from the Campbell Kitchens taste just fine. But we keep working to make them even better in every way possible, and to keep bringing them to you at the lowest possible price.

The search that never stops

Of course, our continuing search for better ways to please you is exactly the reason more and more of our foods keep going into more and more homes. We never intend to let up. Just like our chefs, who keep at it, trying to improve what already are favorite recipes, other Campbell specialists are constantly seeking other improvements. We literally cover everything from seed all the way to simmer.

The results are gratifying

And nearly always with happy results. Last year, for example, over 500 improvements were made in our Campbell, Franco-American, V-8 and Swanson products. Some of these were big improvements, some were so small you might not detect the difference. But *we* know they're there, and that gives us a good feeling.

You might well be surprised that Campbell spends all this time and effort to improve foods you already find very satisfactory, indeed. But it's the very spirit of the motto we work by: "*To make the best, begin with the best —then cook with extra care.*"

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The Soldier

There was a good chance they could take the island. But one Jap battery was in the way.

By RICHARD POWELL

Lt. Col. William Farralon was assigned to supervise the evacuation of the besieged American troops on Moon Island. But when he arrived, he found the commanding officer dead, the two battalions decimated and evacuation impossible because of intense shelling by the Japanese.

Farralon took command and worked out a bold plan. He had evidence that the enemy forces were weaker than they appeared, so he decided to gamble on an attack. The biggest obstacle facing Farralon and his men was the Japanese 70-mm. gun battery on the island's mountaintop. For the offensive to succeed, the Jap battery had to be captured.

V

The company commanders got it, but they didn't look happy about it. They didn't see how they were going to break the Jap lines.

"We will set up three small battle teams," Farralon said. "Battle Team A will consist of one squad drawn from Able Company, under the command of Lieutenant Campbell. Its mission will be to crawl down that little ravine Lieutenant Campbell described and attack the Jap positions on each side of the ravine in the flank and rear, wiping them out.

"Battle Team B will consist of twelve volunteer riflemen and B.A.R. men plus eight of the best cannoneers—if we still have eight left—from what used to be the antitank platoon. I will lead Battle Team B. After Battle Team A clears the route through the ravine, I will take Battle Team B through and up the mountain and knock out the battery. We will then turn the captured guns on targets of opportunity.

"Battle Team C will consist of sixty men under command of Captain Jerrold. Its mission is to follow Battle Team B through the ravine, swing right and begin rolling up the Jap lines. George Company will supply six men, Fox Company forty-two, Easy Company nineteen, Charlie Company none, Baker Company thirteen and Able Company ten.

"It is now just about noon. Assembly area will be the command post of Lieutenant Campbell of Able Company at 1400. H Hour will depend on when the destroyer begins its bombardment of the Jap beachhead on the north of the island. The start of the bombardment will be H minus fifteen. We may hear it start, but in any case, I will receive a signal from the destroyer.

"During the fifteen minutes after the bombardment starts I expect that the battery on the mountain will swing around to defend its beachhead. H Hour will be signaled by the mortars and machine guns of Able Company opening up on the Jap positions along its front. Battle Team A will then move out through the ravine under cover of this fire. The noise of the attack will be the signal for all other companies to open fire along their fronts to pin down the enemy. Now, what questions do we have?"

He studied their faces. Lieutenant Campbell was with him all the way. Charlie Company's lieutenant—the one who had known how to describe the Jap defenses—was with him, but unfortunately Charley Company had only fourteen men and would play no part in the operation, other than that of pinning down the enemy on its front. Captain Jerrold had one of those (Continued on Page 90)

© 1960 by Richard Powell

"Fire!" Farralon yelled.

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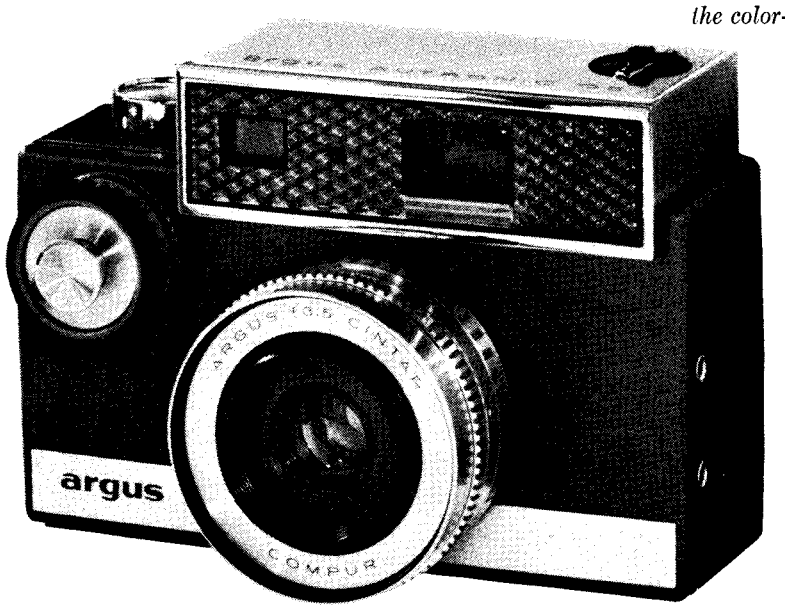
the color-picture specialists



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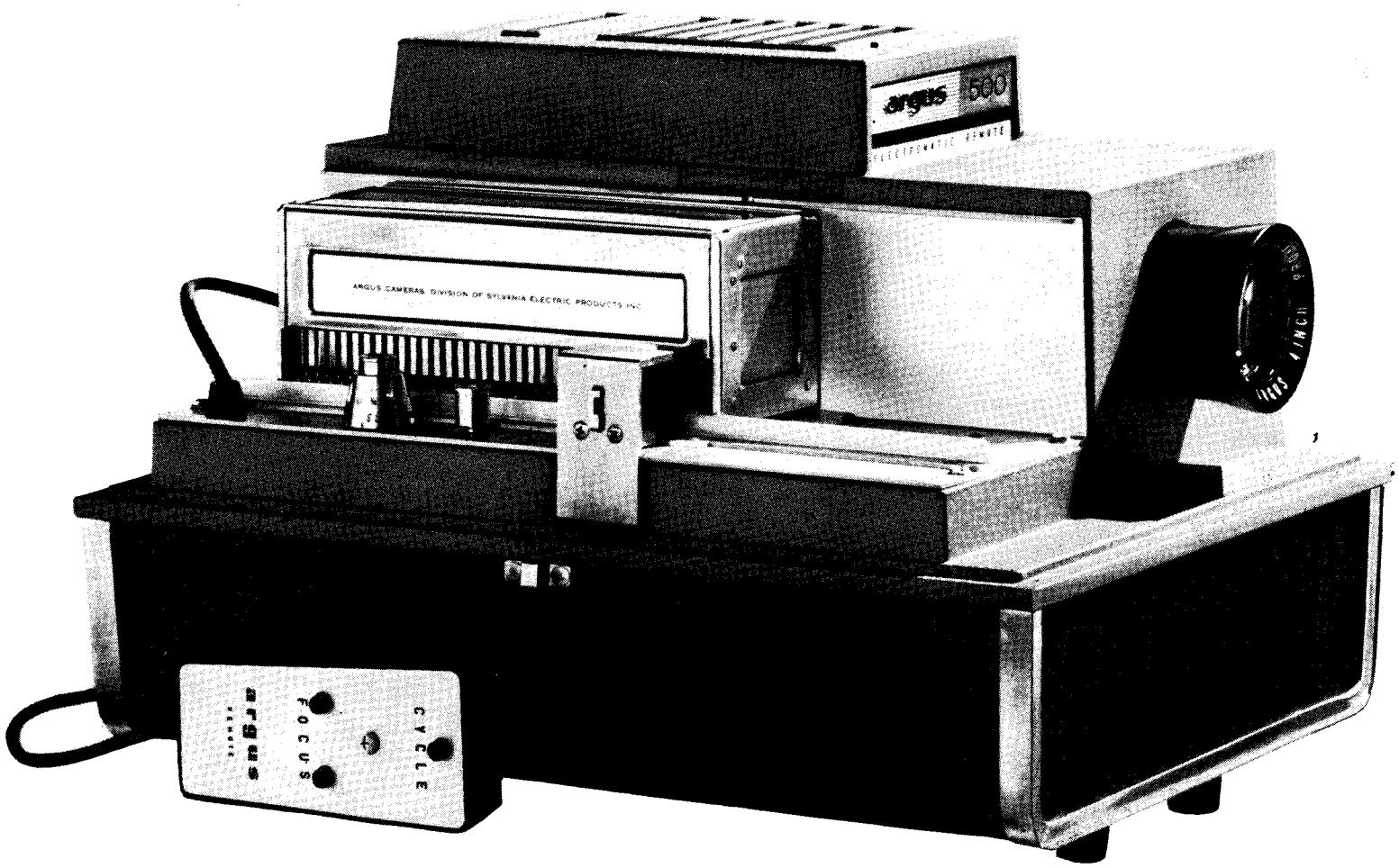

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Stop Light on Love

(Continued from Page 22)

dust motes floating lazy and golden in the sunlight. He should have taken her in his arms and said, "*We love each other; that's all that matters. Please don't be afraid of it, everything is going to be all right.*" But again he had remained too long silent, a fool searching foolishly for the right words, and not finding them. Lisa had shivered suddenly and said, "It's very late, and I'm tired. Please take me home now."

When he had said, at her door, "I'll call you in the morning," she shook her head.

"No. Not tomorrow. I'm—going to be busy." Then her voice softened. "But it was a lovely evening. Thank you." She lifted herself on tiptoe and brushed her mouth against his, in a whisper of a kiss. "Good night," she said, only in his ears it had the sudden sound of good-by. Before he could move or touch her, she was gone inside, the door closing softly.

This morning he lay and cursed himself for an idiot. Now the things that needed saying were clearer in his mind. Maybe Lisa had decided she didn't want to hear them, but he would make her listen, he'd hold her in his arms and say them over and over, until she believed them.

When he went down to the breakfast room, his mother was at the table, pouring orange juice. The fragrant greeting of ham and eggs drifted from the electric skillet on the sideboard. The Fosters had a housekeeper, but Pete's mother always arose to prepare his breakfast herself, just as she had done for his father.

She looked up at her tall son as he bent to kiss her cheek and said, "Sit down and drink your juice. I'll pour your coffee." She brought a steaming cup and set it before him. "You were out very late," she said, and there was a barely discernible sharpness in her tone. Pete looked thoughtfully at her, carefully masking his surprise. He was long past the age when he had been expected in by a certain hour. Moreover, his mother—the kindest and gentlest of creatures—was not normally a prying or possessive mother.

"Special occasion," he said cheerfully. "Lisa's birthday." He ignored the slight tightening of her lips. She had said little, but for weeks he had been aware of how deeply she disapproved his dating Lisa Raines. It was another of the things which wanted straightening out.

She brought him a plate of ham and eggs, then she sat down opposite him. "You've—been seeing rather a lot of her, haven't you?"

Pete set his glass down carefully, drew a slow, temper-steadying breath. "Not as much as I'm going to," he returned evenly, "if she'll have me. I'm in love with her, mother. Is that what you want to know?"

She gave him a troubled look. "Peter, nothing would make me happier than to see you married and starting a family of your own." She put a faint emphasis on the last word, and Pete winced slightly. "I don't say there aren't a great many happy couples, one or the other of whom has children by a previous marriage. But—this isn't quite the same, you know."

Pete's jaw tightened angrily. "I know it made better teacup clatter for the busybodies in this town to believe Lisa was never married at all."

"Well, dear, Lisa herself never made any attempt to explain, or set it straight in anyone's mind. Charlotte was the only one who did, and I suppose it's only natural some people should have believed she was only trying to—well, to shield Lisa ——"

"Charlotte's the one I blame for a lot of the talk. People were so sorry for her, and she ate it up! Made a big, heroic thing out of doing her 'duty' by her poor, dead sister's child. Frankly, I think she's a sanctimonious, self-martyred old ——" He checked himself, and said more quietly, "Anyhow, if you'll remember back, Lisa never went anywhere nor saw anyone for months after she came back. I suppose the disgrace of it all was enough for poor Charlotte to bear up under, let alone having Lisa go out in public where people could stare at her."

"I'm not trying to sit in judgment on Lisa. She does seem a lovely sort of person now, and I quite agree with you that Charlotte Williams might be a very trying woman to live with. I've known her for years, and she is tiresome. But Maystown is small, and everyone knows everything that goes on ——"

"Or think they do," Pete countered, and she nodded soberly.

"Or think they do. Still," her tone was diffident, "surely you and Lisa have talked ——"

Grimly Pete interrupted her. "If you mean, have I tried to pry into her private affairs? I have not. And I won't. It wouldn't make any difference in the way I feel about her. I don't think Lisa is capable of doing a *bad* thing. If she has never made a mistake, then that sort of makes her too good for me, doesn't it?" He tried to grin at his mother then, but she gave an unhappy little sigh.

"You're right, of course. Whatever it was that happened, it's not fair of people to bring it up now. But, of course, there is Timmy. It's not quite as if he were—an ordinary child."

Timmy. Aye, there's the rub! An eight-year-old holy terror. At his tender age he had already achieved the distinction of Public Enemy No. 1 among the mothers of other kids his age. He was, Pete thought gloomily, a little monster.

As if she followed his thoughts, Pete's mother said, "There's hardly a mother in the neighborhood who'll let her children play with Timmy. Why, only last week he struck the little Simpson boy with a board, or something, and the doctor had to take eight stitches. People say ——"

Pete muttered, "People say too much," then sat staring down at his plate. The trouble was, when people said about Timmy Raines, they were apt to be telling the truth. Sullen and uncommunicative with grownups, Timmy was aggressive and bullying with other kids. He was the despair of his teachers and the other parents, and it seemed to Pete that even with Lisa, who loved her child with a bewildered, frightened tenderness, his relationship was seldom anything better than an armed truce. People were careless about the things they said in front of their own offspring about "that awful Timmy Raines." The kids taunted Timmy with it, and it only made him worse.

As for Pete, he'd never been able to get near the boy. He had tried. "Hey, Tim," he'd say, "how about us watching TV together? Here's a Western that looks like it might be pretty good." Or:

"Do you like horses? I've an advertising client out at Waverly stables I've got to drive out and see. I thought you might like to go along and have a look at the Thoroughbreds."

Maybe he'd get an indifferent shrug, or an "I don't care," or maybe the kid would look at Lisa and say, "Do I have to?"

Lisa would answer helplessly, "No, of course you don't *have* to, dear; it was only that Pete thought you might enjoy it."

Once Pete had overheard something not meant for his ears, Lisa saying in a low, troubled voice, "Timmy, Pete tries so hard to be nice to you. Why is it you never want to do the things he asks you to?"

Timmy's reply was flatly uncompromising. "Because I don't like him."

"But dearest, *why?* He likes you."

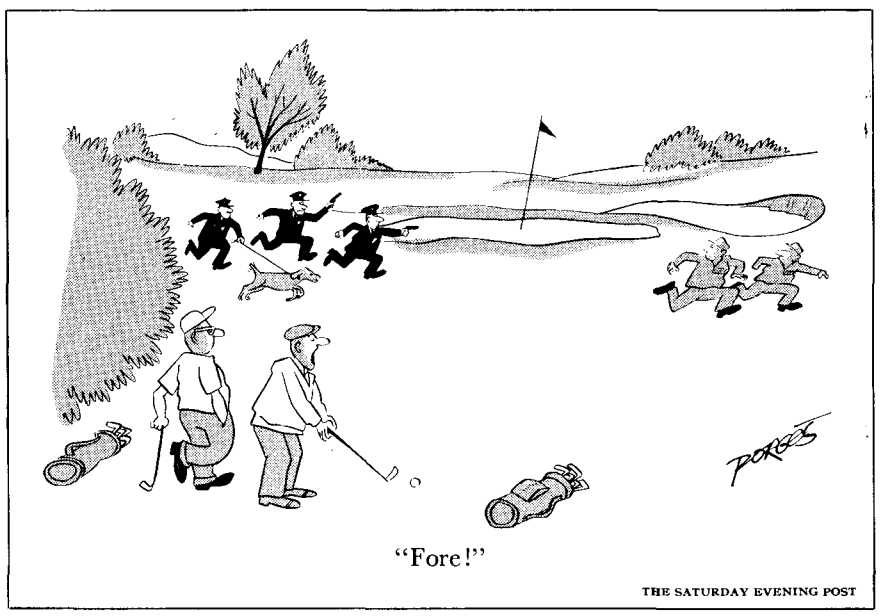
Timmy rejected that scornfully. "He don't neither."

The trouble, Pete thought with painful honesty, was that the kid was right. He kept telling himself that for a grown man to dislike an eight-year-old kid was outrageous, but it didn't help. Timmy was only a child, hardly more than a baby. There was something wrong, and if Pete Foster wasn't wise enough to figure what it was, and what to do about it, then he had no right to meddle in Timmy's life. Or Lisa's. This was what had held him silent when his love for her wanted to come bursting out of him in a torrent of words. *Darling, darling, how can I ask you to marry me until I know what sort of father I'd make for your child?*

Pete's mother said, out of the long silence, "If you're angry with me, dear, I'm sorry. It's only ——"

"I'm not angry," Pete said, but he pushed back his chair and arose, leaving his breakfast untouched. He went outside and stood on the high veranda of his mother's old-fashioned house, looking down at the roofs of other old-fashioned houses, at the trees, bare-limbed, warming themselves in the bright spring sun.

Pete Foster had lived all his life in this town, save for his years away at school and in service. He loved it. It was old-fashioned in many ways—and now it came to him that maybe there were times when "old-fashioned" became a synonym for "stagnant." People thought they'd been very charitable and kind, where Lisa was concerned, but the truth was they'd never really given her a chance. After that boy, whoever he was, died, she'd had to come back; there hadn't been much choice there. But she should never have stayed after the baby was born. She was eighteen then, and free to do as she chose, and the talk had it that she had wanted to go away then and make her own way, for herself and her son. Somehow Charlotte talked around her. She'd probably spoken of Lisa's "duty"—that was a word she was long on, and she wielded it like a staff and a sword. She hadn't even wanted Lisa to take a job in Maystown. It was her "duty" to stay at home and take care of her child.



"Fore!"

Even if Lisa had permitted herself to be dominated by Charlotte in those first years, she had spirit of her own, too, and she was looking to the future. She sent away for extension courses from the university and studied them at home. Bertha Dowling, the librarian, took an interest in her, and Pete himself had heard Bertha say not long ago that she could name more than one college graduate in Maystown who didn't have a third the real education that girl had given herself. After a while Bertha had given Lisa part-time work in the library; then when Timmy could be put into kindergarten, she'd got her a full-time job. She lived very quietly, buried herself in her work, and her life at home—Pete thought that must have been a cheerless sort of existence, in the dreary shadows of Aunt Charlotte's ever-presence. And she rarely went out with anyone.

Although he'd known her casually for practically always, Pete had never really known her at all until one day about six months ago when she came to the radio station. She and Bertha had decided the children's section of the library was inadequate, and they wanted Pete to put on a little public-service campaign for people to contribute books and material. That was the beginning of it. Fifteen minutes of listening to Lisa's soft voice—he'd asked her more questions than necessary, just to keep her there a little longer—watching the play of light and shadow in the wide gray eyes, and he'd known he had to see her again.

She'd been reluctant at first, and she made all sorts of excuses. She was very busy, and she had Timmy to look after in the evenings. One by one he had overcome her objections. He was sympathetically aware of all the reasons she might have for being doubtful of him, and he had been careful not to say or do anything that might put her on her guard against him. There came, in time, the moments when his love for her made his pretense of just friends hard to keep up, but when his arms ached for her, his heart said, *Take it easy, you fool. This is for keeps.*

He had tried not to think too much about Timmy. Maybe with a lover's optimism he'd thought that was a situation which would take care of itself when the time came. First, he'd make the kid like him. *Hah!*

Of all the things they had talked about in those long, lazy afternoons together, there was one thing of which they had never talked—Lisa herself. He could guess at the uncertainties in her, but how could he put them at rest when she gave him no opening? How could he say, *Darling, I don't know what happened to you away back there; I only know that it doesn't matter; I love you, and I want to love your child?* What if he just said, *I love you?*

Pete drew a long, ragged breath, and without even going back into the house for his hat and coat he went charging down the steps toward his car.

(*Continued on Page 48*)

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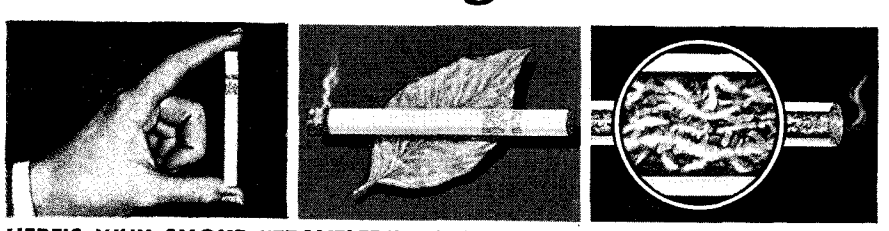

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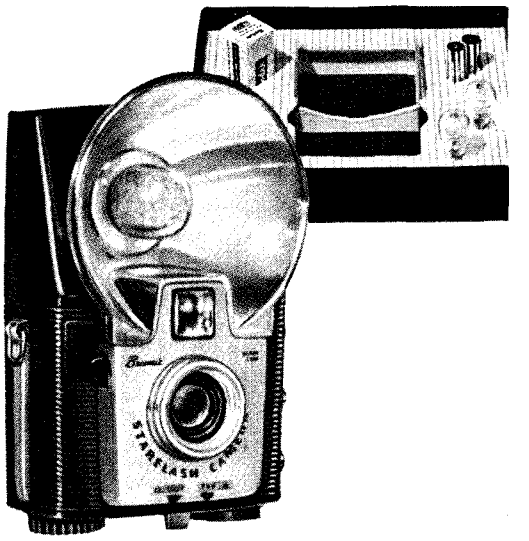

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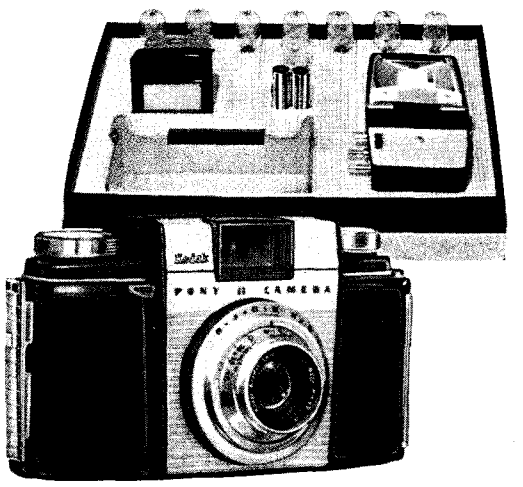

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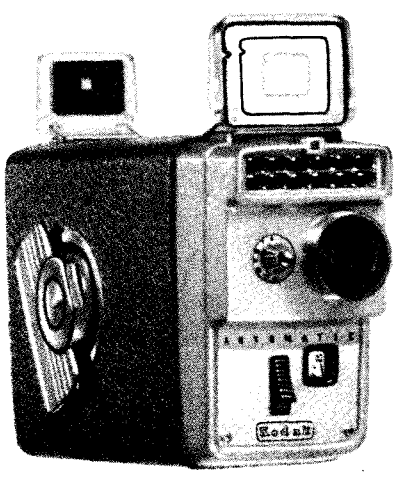

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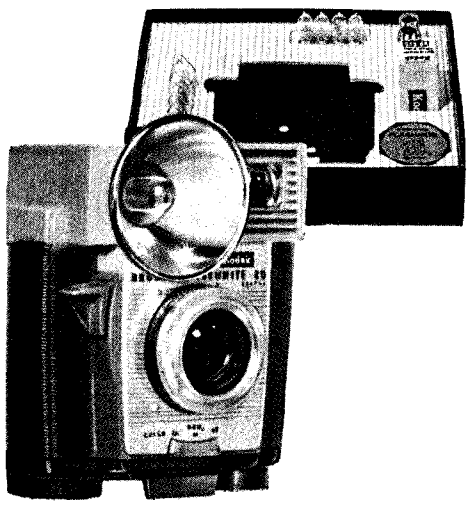

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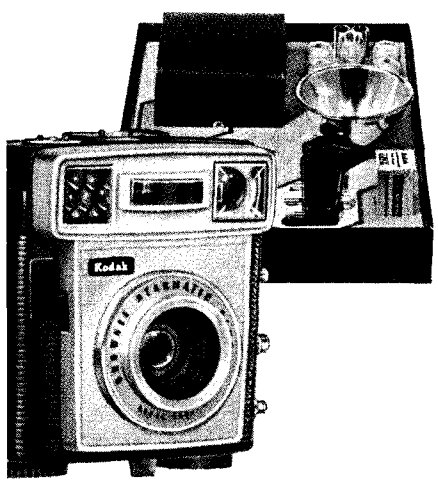

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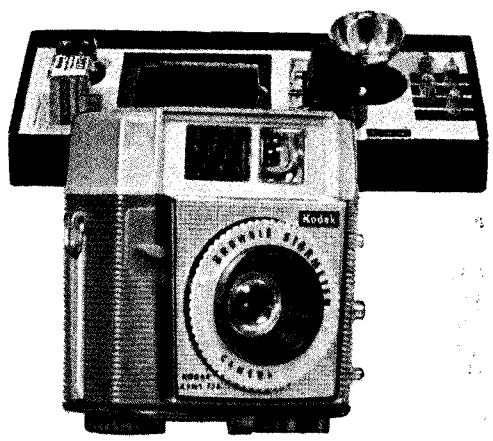

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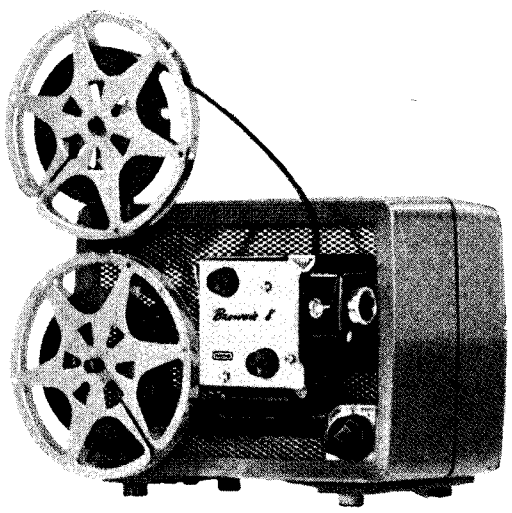

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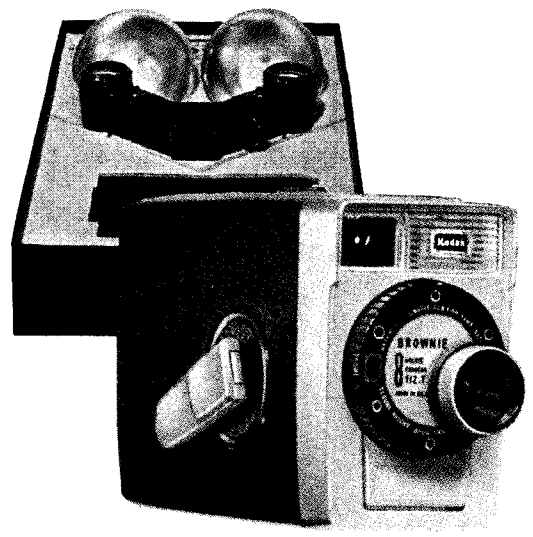

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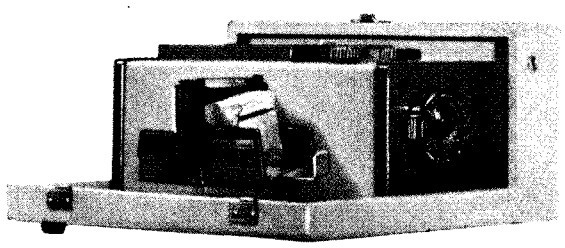

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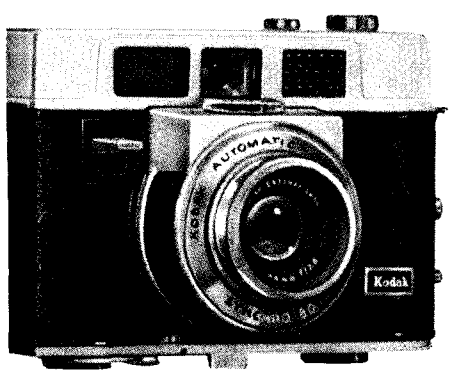

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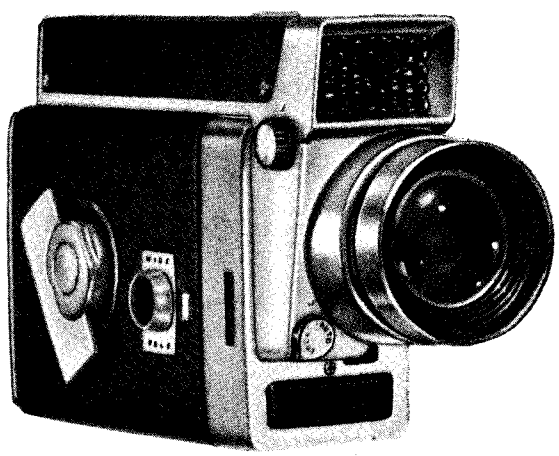

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(*Continued from Page 44*) He had never gone to Lisa's house so early before. Charlotte let him in, and he noted fleetingly that her face looked grim and a little startled at sight of him. He'd never known, nor really cared, whether Charlotte liked him. Peter Foster was not a conceited young man, but he had been obliged to side-step too many matchmakers' snares to be unaware of his own "eligibility," and he had vaguely hoped that Charlotte was aware of it, too, so she wouldn't throw any obstacles in his way. Thus far she had voiced no protest over his friendship with Lisa, that he knew of.

She said now, "Lisa is in the drawing room, but I don't think ——"

It wasn't polite, he knew, but he threw a vague smile in her general direction and brushed past her. His head was spinning with the things he wanted to say to Lisa, and if he didn't get them said here and now, he might explode.

The door to the big, old-fashioned drawing room was ajar, and he pushed it open. Lisa was standing before the hearth, her back to the fire, and when she saw Pete, she gave a little gasp. Pete felt his heart leap painfully, because his girl's face was dead white, and her eyes were as anguished as if someone had just dealt her a mortal blow. Timmy was crouched in a chair nearby. His face was pale, and his eyes had a squinched-up, sullen look. He was a thin kid, too tall and gangling for his age, and the way he looked now, with his legs drawn up and his arms around them, he looked as if he was trying to roll himself into a tangled little ball. There was sheer trouble in the air; it met Pete like a solid wall, and he said, sobered, "I'm sorry to burst in like this. But I—had to talk to you."

For a long moment Lisa looked at him. Then she said quietly, "Timmy, go to your room. I'll come up in a little. Please don't leave the house; I'm not through talking to you."

Timmy looked at Pete too. "Glared," Pete thought bewilderedly, that was the word. Then he untangled himself, got up and ran out, his sneakered feet making no sound on the worn carpet. Lisa stayed where she was, beside the hearth, and Pete saw her taking deep, slow breaths. She said in her soft voice, "I'm sorry. I wasn't expecting you, of course, and we're—having a little family crisis."

"Is there anything I can do to help?"

"No, I'm afraid not. There doesn't seem to be much anyone can do."

Pete said evenly, "What I *should* do, I suppose, is say I'm sorry I barged in and that I'll come back and talk to you later. Only what I've got to say won't wait. It shouldn't have waited this long. Lisa ——"

She interrupted him, and now her voice was steady and clear. "Let me say it for you. You love me. I know. I've seen it in your eyes, heard it in your voice." When he would have gone to her, she said quickly, "No, please don't touch me. Let's just talk it out now, shall we? I love you too. I'm not afraid to say it. Or ashamed."

"Darling, for heaven's sake, do you think I'm ashamed to say I love you?"

"No. Not ashamed. Afraid, maybe. Of me, of marriage to me." She looked at him thoughtfully. "It's Timmy, isn't it? More than—anything else. That's why you haven't asked me to marry you."

Her wide, candid eyes would accept nothing but the truth from him, and he said painfully, "I suppose it's why I've waited. I love you very much, Lisa. I want to marry you. But I'm not sure how much good I'd be to Timmy."

"I know." She began to move restlessly about the room, picking up things, putting them down again. Pete watched her, wanting achingly to take her in his arms, not daring to move toward her. "Please," she said tonelessly, "don't blame Timmy. The fault is with me, of course. I can't have been a good mother, can I? I wanted to be, I wanted that terribly, Pete, to be a good mother. He's only a *baby*," she put a hand to her throat, as if it hurt her, "but he seems to hate everyone. Sometimes I think he hates me most of all."

"Lisa, don't. Darling, *please* don't do this to yourself."

"Don't pity me," she said sharply. "I couldn't stand that. Only help me to be sensible."

"Tell me what I can do. I want to help. I want to understand the boy."

She gave him a faint, wry smile, and he winced at the suffering in her eyes. "I don't understand him, so how can I expect you to? Twice this year I've been called to the school to discuss Timmy's 'problems.' His teachers say he causes trouble among the other children, that he tells—'little untruths,' I think that's what one called them. Aunt Charlotte's not so charitable. She says he's a born liar, and if I did what she thinks is right, I'd try to beat the truth into him."

Pete watched her. "Does she say that sort of thing in front of him?" he demanded, and Lisa made a small sound short of laughter.

"You know Aunt Charlotte. She prides herself on calling a spade a spade. Oh, Pete, I've been such a fool, and I've blundered unforgivably. Darling, it kills me to have to hurt you, but—I'm going away. I've got to. I've got to take Timmy away. I should have done it long ago."

Pete could feel the blood leaving his face. He said hoarsely, "But you don't have to take him away! You and I together ——"

"No. You can't help me with Timmy, darling, let's face it. It's something I must do. I'm not sure yet just quite how to go about it, but I know that first I must get him away from her. From Aunt Charlotte." She drew herself up straight, standing very erectly, her hands by her side. "Just before you came, Mr. Painter was here. You know, the little old man who runs that secondhand, junk sort of shop down by the canal? He said that Timmy was there yesterday afternoon, and that he—stole some things." She swallowed hard, with a little gulp that was audible to Pete, but her gray glance did not waver. "I don't know what the things were—some sort of medals or something. Mr. Painter said he absolutely knows it was Timmy who took them; he didn't see him, but that Timmy has taken things before. He said he had warned him to stay out of his store, or he would—come to me."

Pete asked quietly, "What does Timmy say?"

"He says Mr. Painter is a liar, that he took the things and hid them and then accused him of stealing them because he hates Timmy. I was out in the back garden when Mr. Painter came, and he talked to Aunt Charlotte first. I heard her shouting up to Timmy to come down immediately, and when I came running in, she had Timmy by the shoulders and was calling him *little thief*, and ordering him to get the things and give them back, and Timmy was screaming at her that they were both dirty old liars and he hadn't taken anything."

She closed her eyes for only the fraction of a second, then continued, "Mr. Painter said it wasn't the value of the things, but only that it had happened before, and he felt I should know, before he got into serious trouble. Aunt Charlotte kept ranting about harboring a thief, until I told her that unless she was quiet and let me handle it, I'd pack Timmy's and my things and we'd leave at once. That calmed her down a little. She doesn't want to be alone, and the more painful her 'duty,' the more she enjoys it. You see," her lips moved mirthlessly, "in these past years I've learned to understand her far better than I do my own son.

"When I talked to Timmy afterward, I realized suddenly that there were so *many* things I should have known. That Timmy hates people because he believes everyone hates him. Aunt Charlotte has told him that, that everyone hates a bad boy. So he was—more bad than ever, and maybe trying to force people to love him no matter how bad he was, and, of course, they didn't." She made the little gulping sound again, then said dismally, "Oh, Pete, I can't explain it, I'm only just beginning to have the vaguest notion what it's all about—it's why he doesn't like you, of course, because he knows I do, and he says that I don't love him. Pete, can he possibly believe that?"

(*Continued on Page 53*)

"About this zip-out lining . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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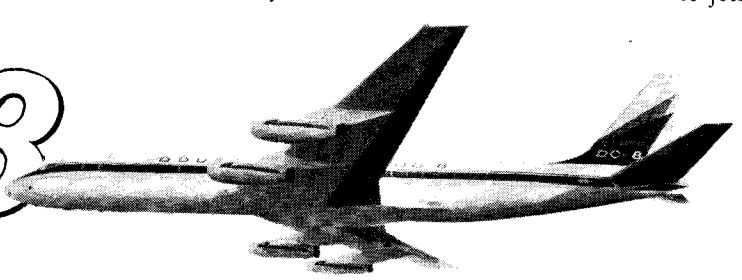

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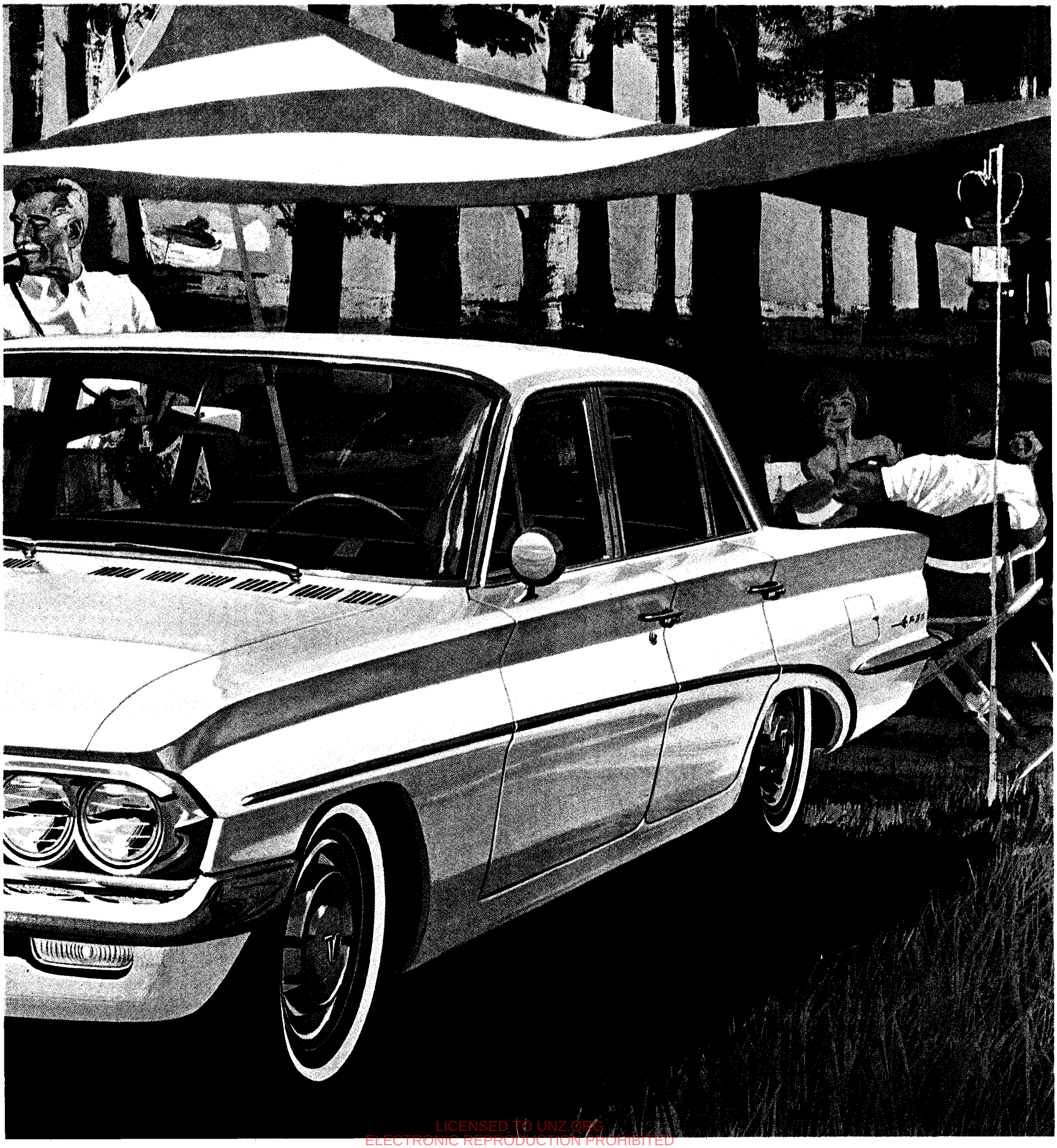

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(*Continued from Page 48*) "I don't know." He was angry and sick at the helplessness in him. "Darling, I just don't know."

She said unexpectedly, "I've never talked to you about my husband, have I?" And at his startled look she smiled faintly. "Oh, Eddie and I were married. By a justice of the peace. We had to keep it quiet for a little, because he hadn't got permission from his commanding officer; so when he was killed, four days later, of course there was nothing in their records. Aunt Charlotte saw the marriage certificate, but it hardly counted with her, because we were married outside the church. She never even saw Eddie, so I doubt he ever seemed real to her."

"Were you—very much in love with him?"

Her eyes were wide and candid. "How could I have been? I'd known him such a short while. I liked him very much. Eddie was nice. He was very young, too, and lonely. That's a rather bad thing for a young person, to be lonely. Aunt Charlotte would never let me do any of the things the rest of you did. Whenever I did, I had to slip around, and then she'd complain to other people, and I—guess I was tired of having a name for being willful and disobedient. I never wanted to be like that; I only wanted to be happy, like the rest of you were. I feel—oh, sorry for Aunt Charlotte, in a way. You see, she was much older than my mother, and when their parents died she had to take the responsibility for mother. She never approved of her marriage to my father; actually I don't think she has ever approved of many things in her whole lifetime.

"She used to talk about blaming herself for being too lax with my mother, and how she meant to make certain I wouldn't throw my life away like mother had. I suppose my father was young and a little irresponsible. I remember mostly that he and mother laughed a lot, and that they loved each other.

"Anyway, I met Eddie, and we were both lonely. We talked a lot—I don't know, maybe I thought I was in love with him. I knew if Aunt Charlotte found out, she'd find a way to end it, so we ran away. We got a little apartment in Bay City and spent a weekend there, and I tried to be happy, only I wasn't, because I knew Aunt Charlotte could have it annulled and make me go home, because I was a minor.

"On Monday Eddie had to go back to the base, and I—never saw him again. He was supposed to telephone me every night until he could get a pass; only he didn't, and it was Wednesday before I knew what had happened. It was on the radio about the plane crash. Our rent was paid for a month, and I had thirty-five dollars. I was bound I wouldn't go home, and I tried to find work, but there were a lot of service wives working in Bay City, and I didn't know how to do anything, and nobody would hire me. Then, after a while, I knew I was pregnant."

Her voice went thin and listless, and Pete said anguished, "Cry. For heaven's sake, sweetheart, *cry*."

She shook her head. "I haven't cried since it happened. Maybe I never will again. I had to come home, of course—Eddie had left very little insurance, and he didn't have any people I could turn to. When Timmy was born, I knew it wasn't good to let him grow up here, but I had only a high-school education, and I had to learn to do something, so he'd have some sort of security when I took him away. I waited too long, I know that now. I made too many mistakes. My baby has no father and no friends, and I can't possibly know yet just how badly I've let him be hurt. But I'm going to take him away, from this town, from Aunt Charlotte. I'm going to make it up to him." He saw her small chin come up proudly, and she smiled at him. "Pete, thank you for loving me. It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, and I'll always remember."

"Lisa, please ——"

"Now," she said in a very clear voice, "I would like you to say good-by and go away."

"I won't," said Pete. "I can't."

"Now," she told him, and looking at her, listening to her, he knew she meant it. He said numbly, "Good-by, Lisa," and he went out, closing the door softly behind him. The big hallway was quiet and deserted, but at the sound of Pete's footsteps Charlotte came through the doorway which led to the dining room. Her face was still tight with indignation, but she tried to be cordial to Pete.

"Peter, I'm sorry you came at such a bad time. Did Lisa tell you about ——"

"She told me."

"That boy. He'll be the death of me yet. I just hope you won't think too badly of us ——"

"I could tell you"—rage constricted Pete's throat, so that his voice sounded thick—"what I think of you, but what good would it do?"

Now indignation tightened her face still more, so that the flesh seemed stretched and shiny across her gaunt cheekbones. "Well, I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that, Peter Foster," she said shrilly. "Heaven knows I've never expected any thanks for what I've done for Lisa or her child, but thank heaven I can at least say that I've been a *good* woman. If you think for one minute ——"

"I'm sorry." Pete cut off the rising tide of words. "Of course you're a good woman." Of course she was, a good woman who had never learned to be really kind because she had never been happy. He added suddenly, without knowing quite why, "Where is Timmy?"

"In his room." She was still staring wrathfully at him. "Why?"

"I thought I might speak to him before I go." He turned and went up the stairs, wondering as he went just what in the devil he thought he could say to Timmy. He knew which door was Timmy's in the upper hallway. He turned the knob quietly. Timmy was sitting on the edge of his bed, and there were things spread out on the coverlet. A pair of Air Force wings, a Good Conduct Medal—Timmy looked up and saw Pete, and his skinny young arms made a protective gesture, as if he would draw his treasures to him.

Pete said in a carefully casual voice, "Say, those are nice. Where did you get them?"

Timmy's hands drew the things together in a little heap and covered them. He slid off the bed, not taking his hands away from the objects, and his small body was half crouching, his towhead bent forward, his eyes—not until this moment had Pete realized how much like Lisa's they were, gray and intent—challenging the man. "From my dad," said the reedy young voice. "He sends me stuff like this all the time, and sometimes he comes to see me and brings me things."

"Oh." Pete stared at him, not knowing quite what to say next. "He must be quite a guy, your dad. I—d'you suppose I could meet him sometime?"

"No," said Timmy. "He doesn't let anyone know he's here. Aunt Charlotte doesn't like him, so he just comes at night when she's in bed."

"I see." The man cleared his throat. "Well, what about your mother? Does she see him?"

"No." Carefully Timmy gathered the clutter of objects and began to tie them up in a piece of cloth. "She's afraid of Aunt Charlotte."

A little silence fell. Timmy stood clutching his treasures and looking at Pete. The latter fumbled for words. "Look, I'm sorry I won't get to meet your dad. I think I'd like him." He stopped, because Timmy's face was puckering up.

"You don't believe it," he said loudly. "None of the kids do. I show 'em the things he sends me and everything, and still they don't believe it. You don't believe it, either; you don't think I've got a dad!"

Never again would Pete Foster feel quite what he felt then, the sudden blinding rush of comprehension, the awareness that buckled his knees and tied something in the pit of his stomach into a hurting knot. He said, trying to make his voice steady, and swearing for the first and last time, in the presence of a child, "You're wrong, son, I know damned well you have." Then he took a deep breath and said, "You put those things away where they won't get lost, Tim. They're pretty valuable, and your dad wouldn't want you to lose them." *We'll pay the guy for them*, he thought. *We'll make it right somehow, and somehow we'll find a way to make Timmy understand that happiness isn't something you have to steal.*

He went downstairs again and pushed the drawing-room door open. Lisa was still standing before the hearth, staring at nothing. Pete said firmly, "I've talked to Timmy. I know what's wrong with him. It's not something I can quite put in words, because I've still got to be sure I understand it myself, but it's got to do with loneliness and shame and a lot of things a little guy can feel, even if he can't comprehend them. Lisa, are you listening?"

"I'm listening," she said, wide-eyed.

"You need me," he told her. "Timmy needs me. And I need both of you. You're not going anywhere; you're going to stay here in Maystown, in my house, and be my wife and kid, and everything's going to be fine ——"

She began, "Pete, please," but he said firmly, "Come here," and she came to him obediently. He took her in his arms. She was trembling, and her mouth was quivering.

"Cry," said Pete, and he held her tightly when the quiet, releasing tears came. THE END

• • • •

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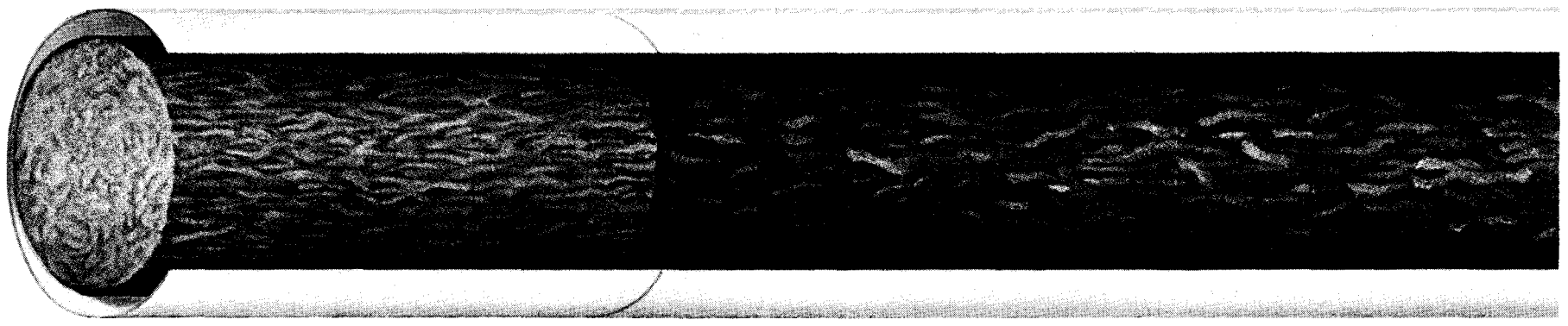

All-Tobacco Taste

Stanford's Man With the Midas Touch

(Continued from Page 36)

the way one faculty member describes the many-sided man behind the total Stanford show. Sterling dropped the use of his first two given names long ago and is known as "Wally" to his friends, many alumni, most faculty people and his staff. Born in Linwood, Ontario, on August 6, 1906, the son of an England-born Methodist minister, he hustled his way with an impressive array of jobs through the University of Toronto, where he earned his B.A. in 1927, and through the University of Alberta for an M.A. in 1930.

Sterling was a man of many callings in his youthful years. He pitched hay, strung telephone lines, worked on a construction gang, sold furniture polish, served as advance man for a Chautauqua show and played professional baseball, among other jobs. For a short spell to please his devout father, he rode circuit as a pinch-hitting preacher, an experience that convinced him he was not cut out to be a minister.

A challenging mentor, Prof. A. L. Burt, head of the University of Toronto history department, "who taught me how to dig and like it," influenced young Sterling to become a historian. He delved deep into first the Puritan, then the French revolutions. This pointed him toward Stanford, where he longed to dig into the documents on the Russian revolution housed in the Hoover Institution library.

A star football player for Toronto until he injured his back permanently, Sterling paid his way by coaching while studying for his master's degree at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. His teams rolled up such impressive scores that the football-mad city of Calgary nearby asked him to coach the town's pro football team. Sterling was about to spurn the lucrative offer for the monastic life of a scholar when pert Ann Marie Shaver, a teacher of dietetics who had been vice president of the Toronto student body while Sterling was president, undertook to straighten him out on the economic facts of life.

"If you coached at Calgary during the fall, you could study at Stanford during the other three quarters," she pointed out, adding that they then could get married.

This logic persuaded Sterling to coach the Calgary team in the fall of 1930, after which the newlyweds took off for the Stanford campus, thirty miles south of San Francisco. They arrived shortly before Christmas, and just in time to get word from Calgary that the depression had put an end to the pro football schedule. The services of Coach Sterling were no longer needed.

Taking stock of a situation which couldn't get much worse, the young couple decided to stay on at Stanford and test the historic thesis that two could live as cheaply as one. That first Christmas, knowing that her husband wanted some expensive history books, Ann Sterling borrowed them from the Stanford library and wrapped them in gay Christmas paper. Wally Sterling read and returned the books, but thanks to a prodigious memory the contents are still his.

Impressed by the plight of the eager young Canadians, Library Director Harold Fisher found part-time work as research assistant for Sterling. His bride, a trained dietitian, soon connected with a paycheck as assistant manager of the dining hall in the freshman women's dormitory. In 1935, Sterling was appointed instructor in history and by 1938 he had collected his Ph.D. in time to become an assistant professor at California Institute of Technology in Pasadena.

Sterling rose rapidly in the scholastic world while at Cal Tech. By 1941 he was secretary of the faculty, by 1942 a full professor, from 1944–46 he served as chairman of the faculty, the equivalent of assistant president. On the side, from 1942 to 1948, Sterling served as a C.B.S. news analyst, putting the day's news in perspective in the light of history, an assignment that enabled him to watch history in the making at political conventions and the United Nations charter meeting in San Francisco. Unable to say "no" to any kind of public service, he gathered up memberships on sixteen government, educational and civic boards. The Sterlings became naturalized United States citizens in 1947. They thought they were fixed for life when, in 1948, he was appointed director of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, one of the coziest scholastic ivory towers in the country. The directorship offered plenty of spare time for newscasting and history writing. Their son, William, and two daughters, Susan and Judy, were thriving in the Pasadena schools. The lean days were gone for good.

This idyllic existence was shattered shortly by the appearance of Paul C. Edwards, chairman of the Stanford board of trustees. Edwards explained that Stanford was rocking along with an acting president while the trustees searched for a man of the scholastic cloth. Edwards offered Sterling the position. The Sterlings looked at each other somewhat aghast.

"It meant that we'd have to be in public when we both preferred to live private lives," explained Ann Sterling, who for once refused to help her husband make a decision. No man to say no to a challenge, he accepted. With some misgivings, the Sterlings left their quiet surroundings and dived into one of the most turbulent academic cascades they could have found anywhere. At that time, 1949, Stanford had reached a point at which just about everything connected with the university had become a problem. The sixty-year-old plant was antiquated. The original endowment of $22,000,000 for the first enrollment of 559 students was too little, even with later gifts, to train properly a student body of more than 8700. The faculty needed an infusion of new blood, difficult to obtain because of inadequate salaries. Stanford also was suffering severe athletic pains.

One unique dilemma was founder Leland Stanford's proviso in the university's grant that not a single acre of the 8800-acre ranch he bequeathed for the campus could be sold. But it all had to be governed and maintained. Stanford's president was to all intents a benevolent duke of a sizable domain. He had his own police force; he was head of a nondenominational church; he had a hundred miles of roads and parkways to keep in repair. Thus, while any university president is a man of many hats, Stanford's president had more than others, and each hatband covered a special headache. Doctor Sterling decided to sit tight under his mortarboard for a while and listen to professors, alumni and even students before taking any action.

"The first year after I came back, I didn't know what it was all about," he explains. "Then I realized that what you need to get a university rolling is dollars, and the way to attract dollars is to get some shows going.

"There were plenty of grants available for exotic studies of various kinds," he added. "But we didn't want them. We

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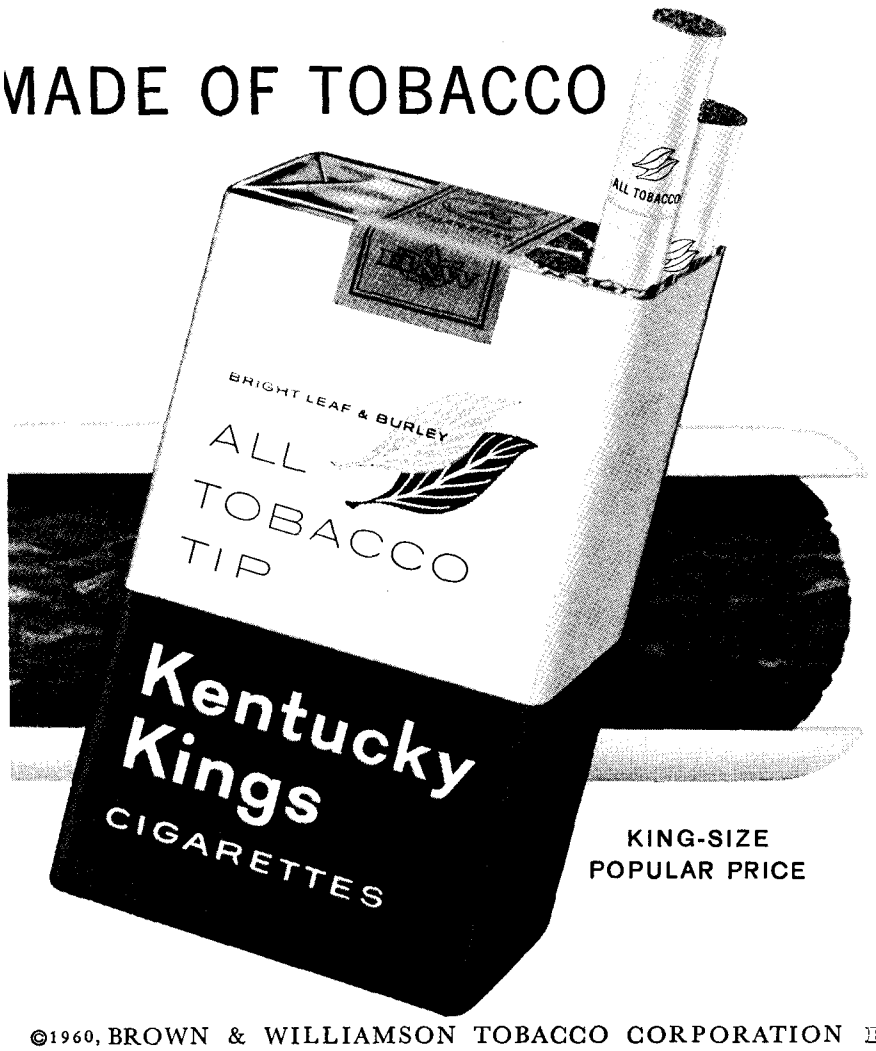

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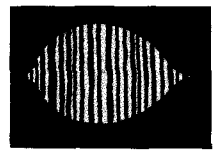
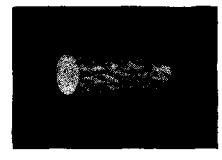
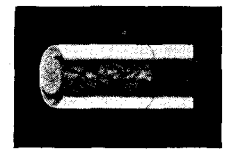


See how the amazing all-tobacco filter is created from golden tobacco cut filter-fine.



Filter-fine tobacco is made into the all-tobacco filter by patented filter machines.



Kentucky Kings filters the smoke the same way others do—yet never dulls the taste.

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wanted to build in strength on what we had. Free funds, with no strings attached, are the lifeblood of a private university."

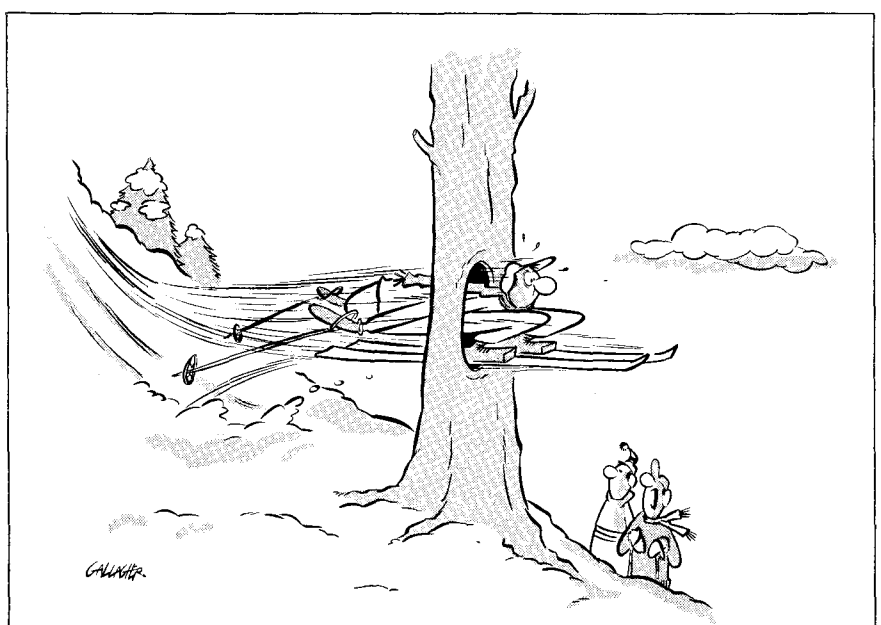
When Sterling decided to take action, he displayed his financial deftness by parlaying a small grant from a soap company into a million-dollar chemistry show. Here is the way it worked: The project was launched by a $20,000-a-year fund from Procter and Gamble to underwrite the salary of an outstanding professor of chemistry. Sterling and his provost, Dr. Frederick E. Terman, decided to comb the country's campuses for a savant to succeed the retiring department head. Their search narrowed down to Dr. William S. Johnson, of the University of Wisconsin. Johnson wouldn't switch universities for money alone, but was willing to come west if he could have a new laboratory and a staff of his own choice, including Dr. Carl Djerassi, a dynamo at Wayne State University. Djerassi would come to Stanford if Johnson would, and if he, too, could have his own lab staff.

This meant nothing less than a new chemistry building. With no cash on hand to pay for it, Sterling and Terman centered on John Stauffer, head of Stauffer Chemical Company, who by fortunate coincidence was in a mood to invest $600,000 to help crack the barriers of chemical science. That took care of the new buildings and laboratories. Then the Sterling-Terman radar picked up a blip which grew into a $200,000 Federal Government grant for research. The next scanning turned up $135,000 of Rockefeller Foundation money to train students from backward lands in chemistry. Contributions from several chemical companies, among them the original donor who felt that the $20,000 starter might be lonesome, ran the play over the $1,000,000 mark, largely because, as Terman puts it, "everyone likes to be in a successful show."

Another rule in Sterling's book is that one show leads to another. A spectacular example is the chain of gaunt antennas, one a sky-scanning "dish" 250 feet in diameter, stretching across the rolling hills back of the Stanford community. This electronic array is known as "Mike Villard's million-dollar show in outer space."

Prof. Oswald Garrison Villard, an electronics expert, was losing sleep over some weird wolf whistles he had heard in equipment designed to detect aircraft. Naval Research gave him a grant several years ago to solve the mystery. His first antenna in the Stanford hills began scanning the sky just in time to pick up electrical waves from a massive shower of meteorites. Villard had the answer to the celestial wolf whistles—they were emitted by fresh young meteorites streaking across the sky.

The discovery had an unexpected practical value. Villard found that he could bounce electronic signals off the meteorites, a clue to the feasibility of the Echo balloon satellite several years later. The meteorite study in turn led to a dozen other shows, with one Federal grant after another to learn more about aurora flashes, to scan the moon's face, to study the red-hot tentacles dangling from the sun, to mention only a few. The International Geophysical Year found Stanford researchers scattered from the Strait of Magellan to the arctic with their electronic dishes trained on outer space.



"Now, there's a very difficult maneuver."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The beehive of electronic research spawned a thriving industry, built largely by graduates, on the perimeter of the campus. The availability of ample acreage on which to set up testing equipment, only fifteen minutes from the university laboratories, lured many different kinds of money. Last year the acreage as well as the large supply of faculty and graduate-student talent led the Atomic Energy Commission to select the Stanford campus as the site for the two-mile-long, 45,000,000,000-volt linear accelerator, the most powerful electron energy machine yet designed. When completed, this behemoth will have cost more than the entire university as it stands today—something over $105,000,000.

The extraordinary success of Stanford's forays for money and talent points up two truths. As one dean put it, "The big foundations are great gamblers, and they want to bet on something big. Wally realized that Stanford was a good package to sell, and he sold it."

Sterling himself hasn't hesitated to take some huge gambles—as with the new $22,000,000 Medical Center, a recent addition to "The Farm," as the Stanford campus is known. It succeeds the old off-campus medical school, with free clinic, in San Francisco, an institution which was sapping the university's lifeblood by devouring one sixth of the total annual budget to train just 240 out of Stanford's 8700 students. The situation was so bad that many faculty members urged Sterling to abandon the training of doctors.

Sterling believed that medical training and research was a Stanford responsibility. But because the antiquated San

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Francisco plant required rebuilding at great cost, he decided, in the face of bitter opposition of the majority of the Stanford med-school faculty, to start at scratch with a brand-new school and hospital in a grain field on the campus. The plan was promptly dubbed "Wally's Folly"—a mild term in view of the fact that Sterling was brashly launching a multimillion-dollar medical center with a half-million-dollar gift from the Commonwealth Fund of New York. This particular grant had been made to finance an exhaustive country-wide survey and blueprint the ultimate in facilities for medical learning.

The plans for this dream medical center looked so good that the Stanford trustees approved them—but that didn't provide the funds. Doctor Sterling dedicated practically all of his time for a year to "playing the big chips" to make the dream shape into reality. His success can be measured by a $3,000,000 unrestricted endowment from the Ford Foundation, followed by $4,000,000 from Federal agencies in research and rehabilitation funds. Commonwealth put up another million. A drive coaxed $6,000,000 from alumni, friends and other foundations. The adjoining city of Palo Alto raised $4,000,000 to replace its old hospital with a new wing in the Medical Center.

In fact, for a time "Wally's Folly" was attracting dollars so fast that the university was in danger of going broke, a calculated risk a merchant of learning must take. Most large grants are for specific purposes, such as erecting of buildings or laboratories, without accompanying endowment to pay for their operation. Fortunately Sterling was able to round up three kinds of money—building money, salary money and research money—for the Medical Center by the time the handsome plant opened in 1959.

When he plays for such big chips, Sterling remembers the advice—or rather, warning—that he received early in the game from the head of a major foundation. "Don't send me any of your professional money raisers," the man said, "or I'll throw 'em out. I want to deal with you or your deans or professors." Sterling has followed this rule faithfully, calling the signals for his formations of deans and professors, the provost and his assistants, as they promote various shows. Not only does it bring the needed money in but he also has found that bringing the faculty into the game has boosted academic morale to new heights.

The move of the medical school from San Francisco to "The Farm" set in motion a number of exciting events, in addition to the monetary problems. For one thing, the majority of the old medical-school staff resigned rather than migrate. This turned out to be a unique opportunity to build a new faculty. President Sterling picked an energetic young dean, Dr. Robert H. Alway, to head the medical school, and a large-scale hunt for faculty got under way. Now, raiding other campuses for talent is considered entirely ethical in academic circles but the way the Medical Center faculty was recruited is known as "The Big Raid."

It began with the appointment of a Stanford faculty committee, augmented by several University of California professors, to conduct a safari for the head of the new biochemistry department. Out of some fifty suggestions, the hunt narrowed down to Nobel prize winner Arthur Kornberg of Washington University in St. Louis. Doctor Kornberg was willing to move to Stanford only if he could bring along his research staff. Stanford obligingly agreed to lift five staffers, leaving a large hole at Washington University.

"It wasn't the money, but the opportunity," explained Kornberg.

The safari next took after Dr. Joshua Lederberg of the University of Wisconsin, a brilliant young bacteriologist and also a Nobel prize winner. "If Stanford's good for Kornberg, it's good for me too," said Lederberg. Another raid at the University of Chicago added Dr. J. Garrott Allen as head of surgery.

Before long Dean Alway had what he wanted, a faculty of medical stars. "It's so dynamic around here that it's almost intoxicating," says Alway, his eyes sparkling.

Faculty raiding is a two-way operation, of course. Stanford has a nonraiding agreement with its big rival across San Francisco Bay, the University of California, but Doctor Sterling has to be on the alert to fight off other talent hunters. His main defense has been to hoist faculty salaries 60 per cent in the decade since he took over as Stanford's head. Another weapon is "The Fighting Fund," an emergency war chest from which Provost Terman can immediately match bids of other institutions for top Stanford professors, without waiting for the cutting of the next budget pie. The fighting fund also gives a dean extra chips if he gets into a bidding contest for a professor Stanford wants.

"We used to offer salubrious climate and living conditions as part of a professor's reward," explained Doctor Sterling "Not any more. Now we meet the competition with dollars and throw in the sunshine."

The ultimate return from all this drive to revitalize the university is not measured in new buildings and shining laboratories, nor even in professorial brain-

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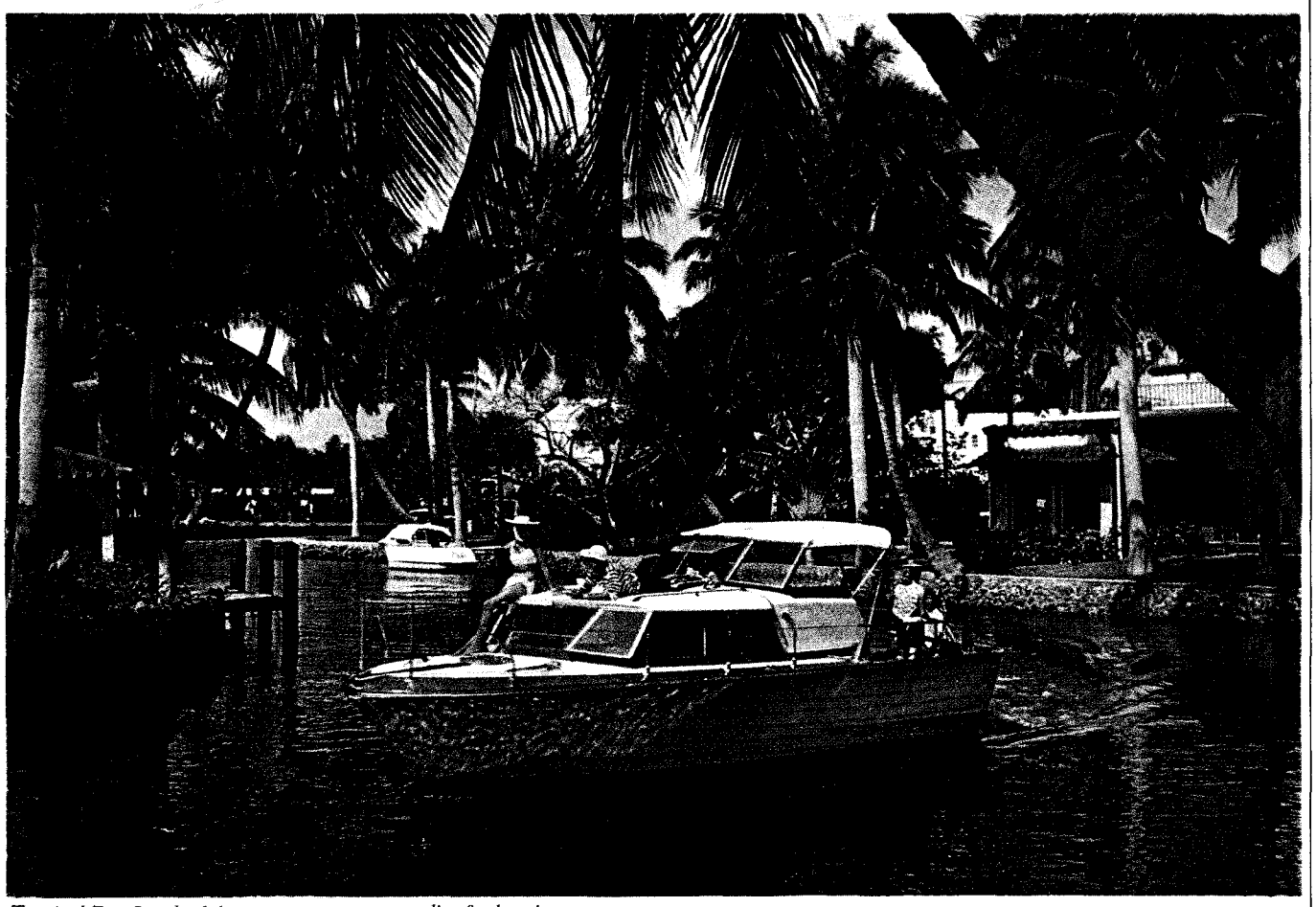

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power, but in the quality of students these attract. This year Stanford was in the enviable position of being able to winnow 1288 freshmen from 6500 applicants qualified by College Entrance Board examinations. Most of those admitted were interviewed personally. About a third of the students need scholarship grants or loans to meet the $1005 per year tuition. Stanford's capacity is 6500 men and 2200 women, a ratio that delights the minority. Where previous administrations paid particular attention to the 3300 graduate students, Doctor Sterling has overhauled the curriculum with the needs of the 5400 undergraduates uppermost in mind.

"I have a preference for education in depth," he explains. "The pattern in the United States today is concerned with wide coverage. The educated man or woman is someone who is authoritative in at least one field and informed in other areas."

The most spectacular Sterling innovation in undergraduate training was the opening two years ago of the first overseas Stanford branch campus at Beutelsbach, near Stuttgart, Germany. Nicknamed "The Burg" by students, this miniature Stanford abroad was the happy brain child of language professor Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Strothmann. Sixty-eight students, half of them women, carefully selected from more than 300 applicants, were flown by chartered plane to Europe along with three professors and their wives, a teaching staff supplemented by language instructors employed in Germany. Housed in a remodeled sanitarium surrounded by a thirty-acre campus, the lucky students squeezed their regular home-campus studies into four days of each week, then utilized the three-day weekends for field work in Rome, Florence, Vienna, Paris, Berlin and other European centers of culture. The university paid their transportation to Europe, and provided board and lodging for the same price as tuition, rooms and food on the home campus. At the end of six months, stuffed with culture and adventure, the first group returned, paying their own fares back and taking the long way home, while a second contingent was flown over to replace them at Beutelsbach.

This first overseas campus proved such a stimulating success that the Sterlings, in person, launched two larger eighty-student centers in Florence, Italy, and Tours, France, in October of 1960. The three European campuses enable 456 Stanford men and women to study abroad each year without losing pace in their customary classwork. A smaller center for advanced students specializing in Far Eastern studies opens in Tokyo, Japan, in April, 1961. Doctor Sterling estimates that after 1963 one third of Stanford's undergraduates will have had their horizons widened by firsthand overseas experiences.

"These overseas study centers are a permanent and important feature of Stanford life and the best thing we could devise to put more appeal into the study of foreign languages and cultures," says Doctor Sterling.

Without venturing overseas, Stanford's gregarious president has encountered more than enough challenges to keep him hustling. One of his more painful duties has been the defense of the credo on the Stanford coat of arms—"The winds of freedom blow." The academic-freedom issue was touched off unwittingly by Stanford's most distinguished alumnus and trustee, Herbert C. Hoover, who has poured wealth, time and energy into endowment of the Hoover Institution, stacked from basement to tower with documents on war, revolution and peace. It was among these stacks that graduate student Sterling labored when he first came to the campus.

In a booklet outlining the Institution's objectives, Mr. Hoover, whose distaste for the Communists is unlimited, stated that the purpose of the library was "to expose through research the inequities of Communism." His fellow trustees read the Hoover text into the minutes at one of their meetings, thus making it official. Then the voice of the faculty rose in protest. Most of the professors go along with Mr. Hoover in his opinion of Communism, but they contend that no scholar coming to the library for research should be pre-prejudiced in his conclusions.

This scholastic hairsplitting may be amusing to laymen, but to scholars it is holding the line for dear old academic freedom. Scholar Sterling was on the spot. The trustees invited him to write a new resolution spelling out the library's purpose. He did, defining its aim as "to expand knowledge of the great movements of this century in the hope that knowledge of the past will serve as a useful guide to the future and that human welfare may thus be enhanced in liberty, dignity and peace."

Former coach Sterling has had some rough going on the football gridiron, despite his (*Continued on Page 60*)

The Perfect Squelch

Fresh from the United States and fresh in every other respect, the young American tourist rented a car in London and drove out into the lovely English countryside. Remembering an unstamped and unmailed letter in his pocket, he halted at a village store which also served as a post office.

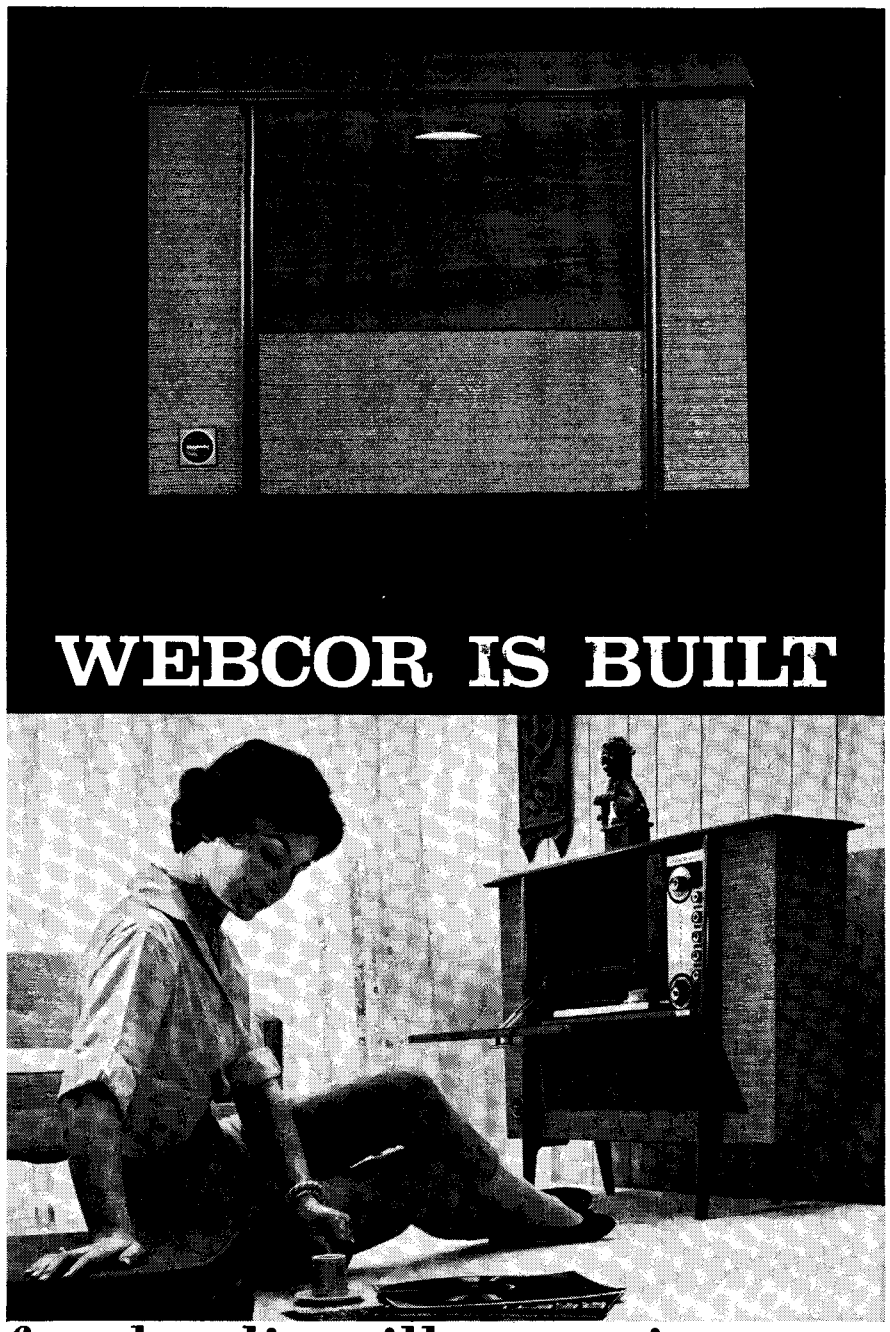
Pushing unceremoniously past local shoppers, the young American asked the little old lady behind the counter, "What is the postage to God's country?"

"To where, sir?" the lady said.

"God's country—the good old United States."

"Sixpence, sir," came the reply. "The same as to all the colonies."

Anthony B. Harris



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GOODYEAR

WHERE RESOURCEFUL RESEARCH ASSURES LEADERSHIP IN TIRES—CHEMICAL PRODUCTS—FILM PRODUCTS—FLOO

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December Day at the Supermarket

GOODYEAR

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(*Continued from Page 57*) liking for the game and his habit of lunching now and then at the training table with the Stanford varsity. It happens that he holds strictly to the philosophy that "intercollegiate games should be played by bona fide students." Some loyal old grads who have scouted long and hard for ball-carrying talent feel that the president is entirely too demanding of proof of bona fideness, so to speak.

When the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Conference fell apart two years ago over such matters, Doctor Sterling laid down two conditions before Stanford would join the new association. One was that the presidents of the other institutions in the league also assume responsibility for enforcing scholastic requirements of their players. The other was that each member of the association furnish its rivals with scholastic records of all its players. Sterling took a drubbing in the sports pages of the newspapers for this heresy, and for a time it seemed that Stanford might be the only member of a Pacific Coast Ivy League. Fortunately the other presidents came around, and the exchange of players' records began with the 1960 season. Doctor Sterling's wounds have been salved somewhat by the record, not of glittering Stanford victories on the gridiron but a more erudite score which reveals that more than half of all Pacific Coast varsity athletes who won Phi Beta Kappa keys last year wore the Stanford block *S*.

Putting Stanford's idle acres to work was one of Doctor Sterling's more complex nonacademic accomplishments. He had to do it, he points out, because "when I went around with my tin cup asking for funds, prospective donors were always asking me what we were doing to develop our unexploited assets."

As usual, Sterling began operations with a committee, this one a faculty advisory group on land development. Then he persuaded the trustees to employ a landscape architectural firm to lay out the future of the old Stanford "Farm" with an elastic master plan that stretches yearly. As of now, 4800 acres are reserved for academic and scientific use, with roughly 1000 acres already occupied by the university plant, dormitories, faculty homes, athletic fields, landscaping and parking areas for 10,000 automobiles, one of the incidental troubles of a university in the country.

In real life, crime is usually followed by punishment; on TV it is followed by a commercial.

THOMAS J. MULLEN

Other acres are being put to work to produce income. Already a forty-four-acre shopping center at one corner of the Stanford property earns $500,000 a year in rentals. A 300-acre industrial park for electronics, engineering, publishing and other businesses without smokestacks brings almost as much. Roughly 2000 acres are set aside for future homesites on long-time leases, such as the university has made for many years to its faculty people. The homeowners own their houses, but pay rent for the lots.

The architecturally antiquated academic plant known as "The Quad" turned out to be an asset in disguise. The two picturesque brownstone quadrangles, one surrounding the other and connected with arcades inspired by the arches of Mission San Juan Bautista, were erected in an era when materials and labor were cheap. They had lofty ceilings to make them cool and airy. Architects discovered that if the insides were removed, leaving only the stout outer shells standing, the single-story interiors could be rebuilt as modern two-story structures and the loftier halls could be converted into three- and four-story buildings. The payoff of this double-decking is twice as much classroom space in The Quad, which looks just as it always did to sentimental old grads.

At Stanford the Lou Henry Hoover House, which former President Hoover donated for the official home of the university's president and his family, is sort of an academic goldfish bowl through which an endless procession of distinguished visitors, trustees, alumni, faculty members and students stream in groups ranging from a dozen up to a thousand. The Sterling family's escape is a cabin in the redwoods in the coast range beyond reach of the telephone. Here the president's assigned chore is to handle the wood chopping.

The Sterlings, who are seldom at home alone for the evening meal, gather for family conclaves at breakfast time. President Sterling's hobby is growing trees and shrubs from seed in a small greenhouse. He gives the saplings to faculty members moving into new homes, often with his favorite house-warming gift, a sack of fertilizer.

Recently two inquisitive sight-seers, looking for the Pueblo-type former Hoover home on Faculty Hill, spotted a husky rustic in dirty khaki togs and battered Panama hat spading in the garden and asked if they might look around.

"Sure, come on in," said the gardener. Abandoning his shovel, he escorted the couple around the place; then, after the female tourist asked if they might peek inside the house, he showed them through the main rooms.

"You must rate pretty high around here," the male tourist said appreciatively.

"Oh, no, but I've been around a long time," replied their host, who waved them on their way without revealing that their guide was President J. E. Wallace Sterling himself.

Arriving home after a rugged day of care and feeding the university, pianist Sterling often sits down and plays whatever music comes to mind, with younger daughter Judy occasionally accompanying him. The music-loving president was taught by his mother, a fine church organist. His deftness at swinging without pause into just about any song anyone can name has turned many gatherings at the Sterling home into lively sings.

"There just isn't any pretense about him," explained one dean. "He seems to use his size to be gentle, but if he thinks you are wrong, he can be the most monolithic immovable object you can encounter. He has put me in my place with his little lecture on gradualism, which is the art of doing easily tomorrow what could be done today only over a dead body. But the most unfair thing he does is to be right most of the time."

The Sterling genius for selling Stanford hit its apex some time ago when he caught a taxi at the Palo Alto railroad station. During the fifteen-minute ride to his home, the president and the cabby engaged in a fast discussion of the university's future, both on and off the football field. The following day Doctor Sterling received a ten-dollar unrestricted gift from the cab driver. The next week brought another ten-dollar bill. The Stanford prexy is as proud of these grants as he is of any of the big chips he has garnered from the great foundations.

THE END

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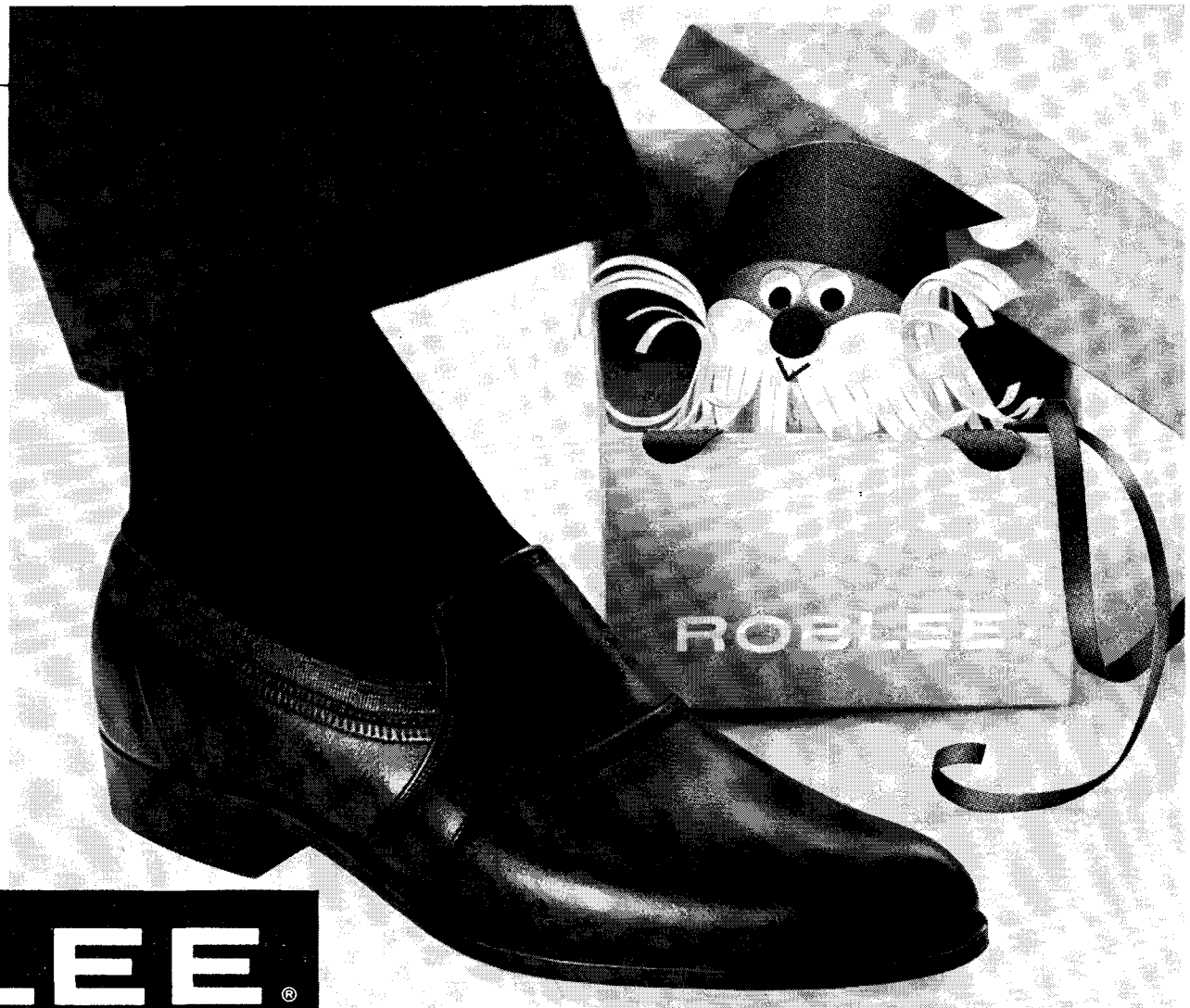

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Moresby's Goddess (Continued from Page 38)

coffee he fancied, smiled. "You know of course," he said, "the chief of police is right."

Milzner seethed. Martha got to her feet and, holding him by one wrist, began massaging the back of his neck with her free hand. Waltham, who had been digesting the news and finding it indigestible, broke out in perspiration. At home in Hollywood or at the location, he would have created a scene that would be long remembered for its violence and the language that accompanied it. But there was something about Henry Parsons's quiet elegance that made him hold himself in check. When he felt he could trust himself to speak, he spoke in a voice that shook with controlled anger.

"I know damn well Moresby's your man, Mr. Parsons. But I got a right to express my opinion. My opinion is he's crazy as a bedbug." He snorted. "Arriving at location on a horse!"

"I know," said Parsons; "one of his few weaknesses, horses. Fortunately, though, not the kind one bets on."

"Not only that," shouted Waltham, "but the stuff he dreamed up about my personnel manager over here!"

Henry Parsons was lifting his coffee cup to his lips. He paused, holding it suspended in the air. His eyebrows raised.

"Now tell me about that," he said. "I'd be interested."

Waltham told him. When he finished, Parsons nodded and said, "Now you know, Mr. Waltham, I should have been able to work that out. Ah, well, the forest and the trees. Sometimes we don't see things that are right under our noses."

Waltham looked at him, hard. "You mean you go for that, Parsons?"

"If you mean do I believe it, yes, I do. I can understand your not wanting to. After all, it doesn't speak too highly for your executive ability, does it?"

Martha Peak, trembling like a terrier, stepped forward. "Mr. Parsons," she said, "Wally's a wonderful executive. You just ask anybody in Hollywood!"

The banker smiled. Loyalty among employees was a thing he admired enormously. "My dear young lady," he said, "I did. I asked several people in Hollywood and, of course, they agreed with you." He sighed. "Crete, unfortunately, is not Hollywood. . . .By the way, Mr. Waltham, what do you propose to do about getting our two stars and our—er—technical director unkidnaped?"

"Your—er—technical director can stay kidnaped, and the longer he does the better I'll like it! I'll hire somebody to find Niles and Marianne. Hell, if I have to I'll hire the whole Greek Army."

Henry Parsons sipped coffee, put the cup down and looked Waltham in the eye.

"What will you hire them with, Mr. Waltham? As I recall it there was nothing in our agreement that requires the bank to furnish funds for any such proposition as that. And at the moment your corporation's balance with us is not in a condition to justify any additional expense."

Wally Waltham bit his lower lip as though to make sure he kept his mouth closed. A light blinked on the desk at the opposite end of the room. Parsons walked across, picked up a telephone receiver, said, "Yes?" listened, smiled and said, "By all means, show him in." He spoke for a moment in rapid Greek, then turned back to Waltham. He was having difficulty concealing secret amusement.

"Your personnel manager—that Mr. Rocco—is coming in to talk with us," he said. Waltham's florid face blanched. Parsons went on. "Perhaps he's going to suggest hiring the whole Greek Army too. He already has everybody on the island of Crete on our payroll, so why not? Did he fly over with you, Mr. Waltham?" The producer shook his head. Some color had come back to his face, but he still looked bewildered—and frightened. Parsons smiled. He said quietly, "This should be a most interesting conversation!"

When Rocco was shown into the room, Henry Parsons looked at him in open surprise. He had expected something ill-dressed and strictly thug type. The man who came into the room looked as if he had just stepped out of the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. In fact, Parsons thought, he looked as if he owned it. He was of medium height, wearing a blue suit as finely tailored as his own, an obviously handmade tie and a creamy silk monogrammed shirt. In his early thirties, with dark, neatly cut wavy hair and a chiseled face that hinted of the profiles on old Roman coins, he was handsome. Henry Parsons's lip curled in distaste.

"Hello, Wally. . . Jerry. . . Martha." Rocco's voice was a rich baritone. . . . "Mr. Parsons?"

"Yes. How do you do?"

Rocco started to hold out his hand, but Henry Parsons just happened at that moment to be reaching for his silver coffeepot. Rocco flushed and tried to look as if he had not been snubbed, but his dark eyes blazed with sudden, revealing anger. "I came here on very important business you should be knowing about."

"I know all about it," said Waltham.

Rocco gave him a deceptively gentle smile. "I know you know about *some* of it," he said. "After all, you ——"

"Let's knock off the superfluous wordage," cut in Waltham. "You came here about Niles and Marianne, didn't you?"

Rocco nodded soberly. "I have been with the police in Candia," he said.

"And they let you go?" said Parsons.

Again the dark eyes flashed. "You should know, Mr. Parsons. I went to see them. It happens I am not without influence in the—the Mediterranean."

"This is the Aegean," said Parsons.

"I am not without influence in the Aegean either," said Rocco. "The police were wanting to be most helpful to me. I learned that Niles Gregory and Marianne and the man Moresby had been seen very drunk going on board a boat that is usually used for taking tourists out on skin-diving parties."

"They could actually walk?" shouted Milzner.

Rocco smiled. His smile affected only his lips. It was like a smile painted on a portrait, cold. "With assistance," he said.

"They were drugged," said Milzner.

"No!" cried Rocco. "Drugged?"

"You're all that surprised?" asked Henry Parsons.

Rocco looked thoughtful. He squinted his eyes and twisted his mouth in the effort. "No," he said presently, "I guess I am not. After all, they were kidnaped, so it is natural they would be drugged. No?"

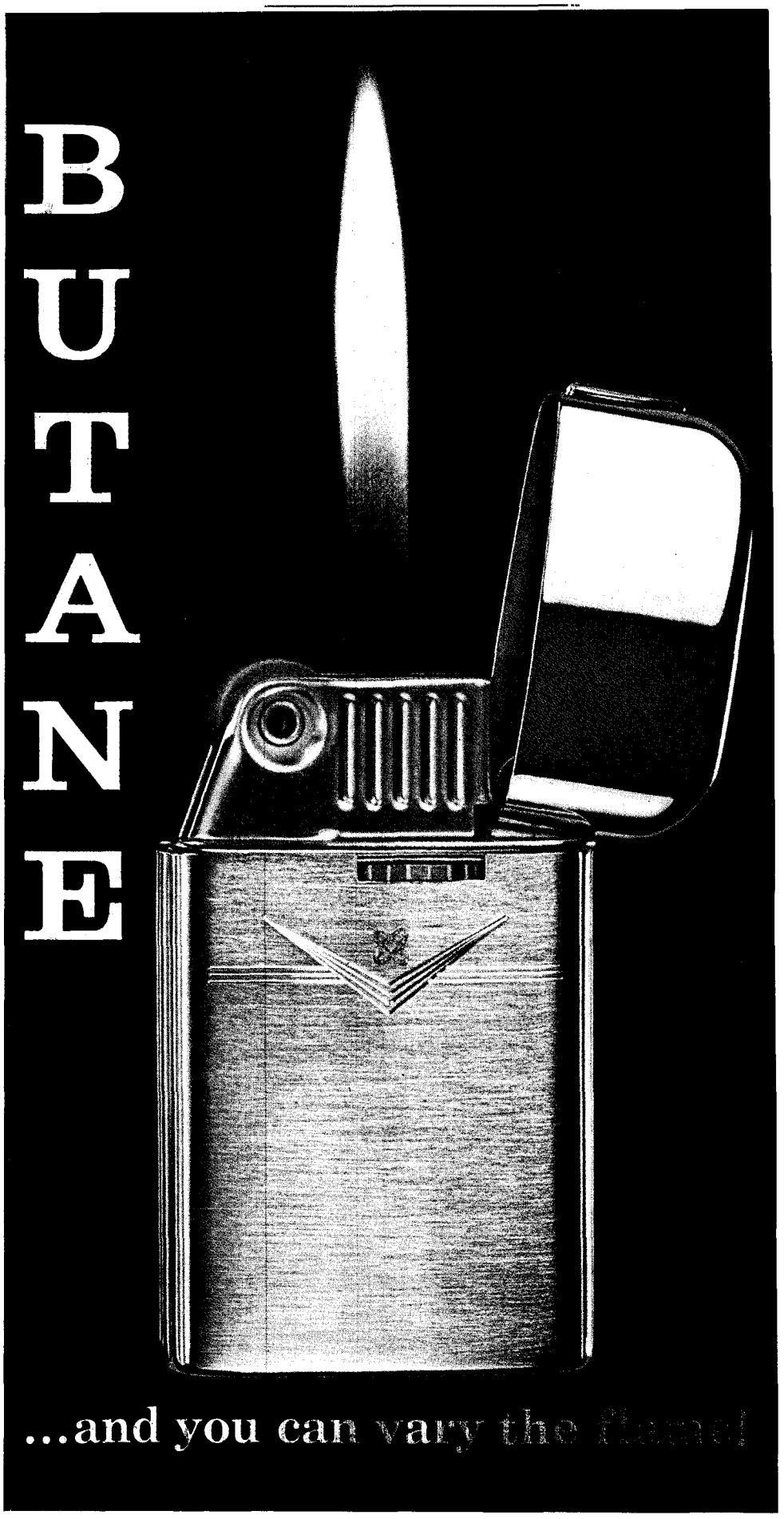
Henry Parsons stepped forward. He towered over Rocco, who was not a small man. "You're wasting my time," he said quietly, "with a lot of words that have so far utterly failed to convince me you're not back of this entire business."

Rocco's face took on a hurt expression. "I am sorry you seem to dislike me, Mr. Parsons."

Parsons spoke again in the same disarmingly quiet voice. "I dislike anybody who robs banks," he said. "According to the best information, you have been robbing my bank right and left."

Rocco permitted himself a smile of genuine amusement, tinged with pride.

"Anything I have done, Mr. Parsons," he said, "has (*Continued on Page 64*)



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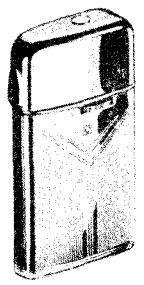
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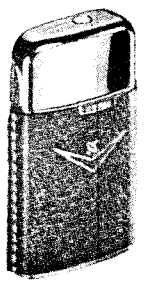
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NEW TEMPEST DRIVEN ROUGH AND HARD BY
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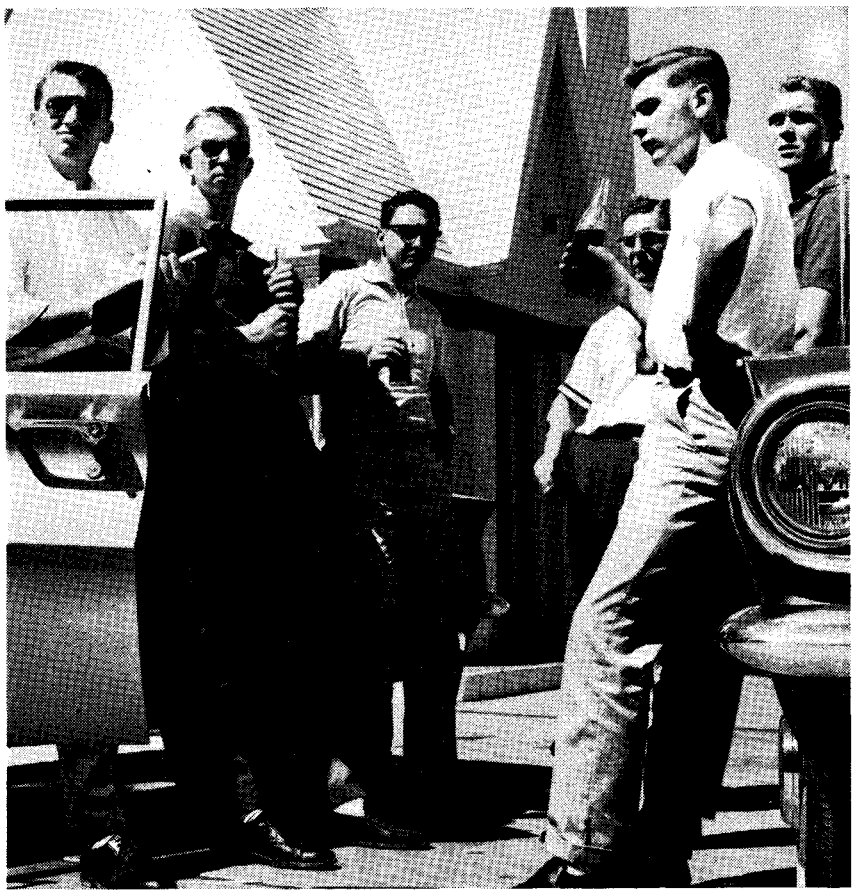

Six of the teenagers photographed at a rest stop in Denver, Colorado. Left to right: Roger Anthony, John Sheffler, Jay Hall, Larry Weber, Jim Bader and Bob Quaid.

THE HOT TOPIC IS THE NEW
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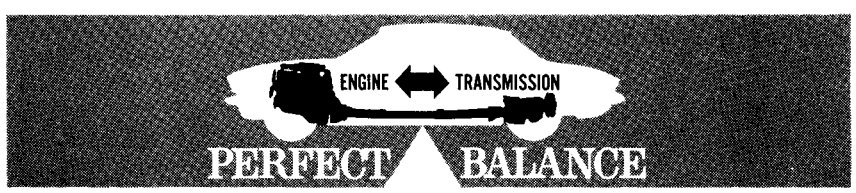

When you turn a couple of new cars over to a team of teenagers, you know the cars will get a real test of performance and durability. That's exactly what Pontiac did last July 1 with a Tempest Sedan and a Tempest Safari! The only instructions: "Keep them moving 24 hours a day. Treat them rough! Pile on the miles! Drive safely. Stick to the traffic laws."

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PONTIAC RELIABILITY PROGRAM PAYS OFF!

The test ended on October 15, 1960. The durability run proved conclusively that the new Tempest (with the 4-cylinder engine up front . . . transmission in the rear . . . flexible, triple-alloy steel drive shaft . . . 4-wheel independent suspension . . . integral body and frame) gives the others something to shoot for on ride, economy, performance and reliability.

THROUGH 48 STATES, CANADA, TOO!

Supervised by three Pontiac engineers, these teenagers really man-handled the Tempest through 48 states and 7 Canadian provinces. They rammed the cars over back country roads! Held it at the legal limit on expressways! Breezed it up and down Pikes Peak with no sweat! Scooted across scorching deserts.

EQUAL TO SEVEN YEARS OF DRIVING

Day and night the miles piled up. 100,947 on the Sedan; 101,002 on the Wagon. Roughly the same as 7 or 8 years' driving. The cars got no special care. The protective maintenance procedures recommended in the Owner's Manual were followed—and it paid off! Plugs, points and fuel filters were changed every 12 to 15 thousand miles. Brakes were adjusted a couple of times but *never needed relining!* Tires were changed twice.

(*Here are the other repairs. Sedan: 19,194 miles—starter solenoid changed. 20,701 miles—windshield cracked by stone. 40,094—left rear back-up light replaced. 62,765 miles—fuel pump replaced. 96,492—generator brushes replaced. 98,549—radiator leak repaired. Wagon: 4,576—light switch replaced. 16,192—stone chip in windshield. 40,591—heater switch connector loose. 51,368 miles—flying rock pierced gas tank. 96,527—generator brushes replaced. 97,210—rear wheel bearing replaced.*)

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101,002 TOUGH MILES!

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100,947 RUGGED MILES!

FROM COAST TO COAST, BORDER TO BORDER

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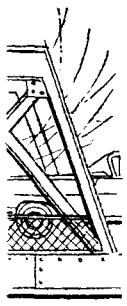
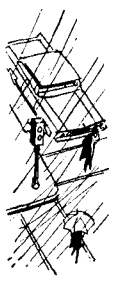
ARE YOU A GOOD WINTER DRIVER?

Check your habits against these tips



1 LOOK OUT FOR BRIDGES IN COLD WEATHER

Bridges are exposed both top and underneath. When temperatures drop, ice can cover the roadway over the bridge before it forms elsewhere. Reduce speed, brake carefully while crossing bridges.



2 TAKE EXTRA CARE WHEN RAIN STARTS

The first few raindrops mix with surface oil and dust to form a slippery film. Driving is much more hazardous at this time than later, when continued rain washes the film away. Lower speeds and careful braking will help prevent skids.

3 MAINTAIN CAR IN SAFE CONDITION

Make sure windshield, mirror and lights are clean; lighting, braking and steering are in good working order. Get a Brake Safety Check every 5,000 miles. In the long run, you save money and avoid trouble.

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ASK THE MAN WHO DOES YOUR BRAKE WORK

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(*Continued from Page 61*) been of the highest order of legality. Surely Mr. Waltham has told you that!" Parsons glanced at Waltham who, looking slightly sick, nodded agreement. Rocco went on. "And as for accusing me of kidnaping three people, that is really funny. Sal Rocco is too well known in Hollywood to play those games. They are silly, and it is silly to accuse me of such a thing when I have hired a plane just to come here to help you."

"You have my permission to go right ahead and start helping me," said Parsons. "I'm listening."

Rocco's gleaming teeth flashed in another smile. "After it became known in Crete that I had been with the police," he said, "and because of who I am it became known very quickly, a sponge fisherman brought me this." He reached into his breast pocket and drew out an envelope. "It was addressed to Wally, but I thought I had better look at it under the circumstances."

He handed the envelope to Henry Parsons, who took from it a single sheet of white paper. It was a standard, run-of-the-mill-type ransom note printed in block letters in English. It said:

MISTER WALTHAM IF YOU WILL BRING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS TO THE DELOS CAFE IN IRAKLION AT NINE O'CLOCK TOMORROW NIGHT AND FOLLOW THE MAN WEARING THE GREEN HANDKERCHIEF TO THE PLACE HE GOES, AFTER YOU GIVE HIM THE MONEY THE TWO ACTORS WE HAVE CAPTURED WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU IN A-ONE CONDITION IF WE HAVE ANY TROUBLE THEY WILL BE KILLED DEAD SO YOU WILL SPEAK TO NO ONE ABOUT THIS LETTER AND YOU WILL COME ALONE.

Henry Parsons read the note carefully several times. It did not impress him. In the course of his many years in banking he had seen innumerable threatening letters asking for money. This one struck him as lacking in sincerity. He had a hunch deep down inside that this one was not even meant to be believed but was simply a step in another negotiation, like an opening bid in bridge. He looked up at Rocco.

"You said you'd come here to help me. Of course you mean you've come here to help Mr. Waltham, I imagine. How do you propose to do this?"

Rocco sat down on the edge of Henry Parsons's desk, took out a gold cigarette case and a gold matching lighter. He exhaled twin jet streams of blue smoke through his nostrils.

"As Mr. Waltham can be telling you," he said, "I have many, many contacts. That is how I was able to provide him with three thousand extras. I am sure that I can handle this matter for much less money than is demanded here."

"How much less?"

Rocco looked thoughtful. He took another deep drag on his cigarette, blew a series of interlocking smoke rings. The others watched the rings intently as though they were here to watch this exhibition and nothing else.

"If you will give to me a hundred thousand dollars, I believe I can guarantee to return Niles Gregory and Marianne within forty-eight hours."

"And Moresby? Is he included in your package deal or will that be a separate negotiation?"

Rocco smiled. "Mr. Parsons, please!" he said reproachfully. "This is not my deal. This is a deal between you and Mr. Waltham and the kidnapers of your actors. This must be plainly understood, or I cannot agree even to attempt to handle the negotiations for you!"

Wally Waltham stepped up to Henry Parsons. "Mr. Parsons," he cried. "Give him the money! Take it out of my share of the profits! Parsons, you don't want those people killed! It would naunt you the rest of your life!"

Henry Parsons smiled. "You both forget," he said, "I'm already paying a man to—er—represent the bank's interests in getting this picture back on the rails—a very capable man."

"Yeah!" said Rocco. "He's so capable he let himself get slipped a powder. He's so capable if it hadn't been for him there wouldn't have been no kidnaping!"

"Why not?" asked Parsons.

"Because ——" Rocco's handsome face suddenly paled. Henry Parsons had baited a trap, and he had almost walked into it. He shrugged. "Figure it out for yourself," he said. "What's it matter? The boys have probably knocked him off by now anyhow—if he made trouble. And he's a troublemaker."

"What trouble did he make?" asked Parsons in his disarmingly quiet way.

"Plenty," said Rocco. "Look, Parsons. You want these people back, or you want 'em taken for a ride?"

Henry Parsons looked at Rocco.

"What I want," he said, "is for you to leave this office at once. You see I have an idiosyncrasy. I despise rudeness, and I have a positive allergy to blackmailers. Now," his voice was as sharp as a stiletto, "get out!"

Rocco flushed scarlet. His eyes snapped. An explosive word spoken in his native tongue passed his lips. He got up from the desk and left the room. Henry Parsons turned to the others.

"Oh, damn," he said. "That is a dreadful chap, Mr. Waltham. He has a mind like a snake. I had that whole conversation recorded, and though I almost had him trapped twice, there isn't one word on it I could use to have him hanged!"

Waltham, Milzner and Martha Peak were staring at him, scalding accusation plain in their eyes.

"Of course you know what you've just done, Parsons," said Milzner. "If that guy's the gangster you think he is, you've just signed a death warrant for your pal Moresby—and maybe Niles and Marianne as well."

Henry Parsons sighed again, as though weary of the whole subject. "In his time Paul Moresby's had innumerable death warrants signed for him," he said; "by the Germans, before that by the Italians. He has a knack for taking care of things like that. As for the others? Be logical, Mr. Milzner. Alive they're quite valuable. Dead or even injured they're worthless for our purposes, and they become a liability to whoever harmed them."

Martha Peak stood very straight. "Mr. Parsons," she said, "I shouldn't tell you this, but I think you're nothing but a penny-pinching stinker! You've let Wally down and you've let Niles and Marianne down, but worst of all you've let your own friend down."

She left, followed immediately by Milzner. Waltham stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, staring at the thick Turkish carpet that covered the mosaic floor. Henry Parsons sat on the corner of the desk where Rocco had been a moment before. He took a pair of rimless pince-nez from his pocket, swinging them to and fro on their thin black cord.

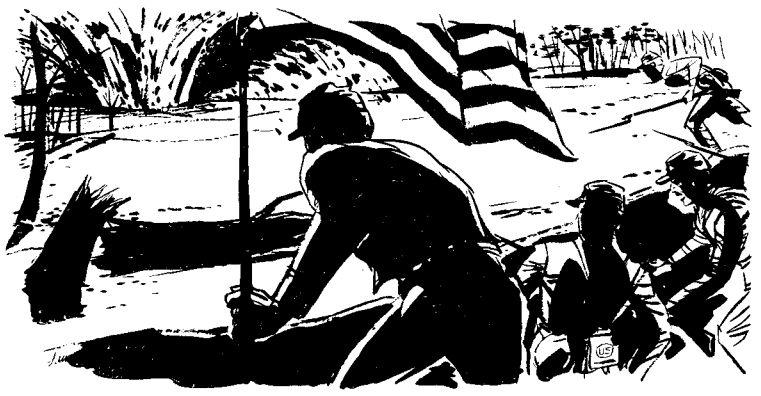
"Whenever we surrender to the Roccos of this world," he said slowly, "we're surrendering some of our birthright—some of those freedoms so many of our boys have died trying to preserve."

Waltham raised his head. "You sound like the sheriff in a TV Western," he said.

"And is that really a bad way to sound? Fundamentally, I mean, not artistically."

"You're actually not going to lift a finger to help these people?"

"I never said that, Mr. Waltham. In fact, when my secretary told me this Rocco person was here, I told him to have our security police take him over the moment he left." He smiled. "Whatever Mr. Rocco may be for the next few days, he won't be lonely, though, of course, he may not know that. My security people are all either ex-FBI or ex-OSS. They do know their way around."



What's Going On Here?

Federal and Confederate forces, deeply entrenched, face one another a stone's throw away in a deadlock. Three frontal attacks by Federal troops under Gen. U. S. Grant have failed to crack the defenses of a key city of the Confederacy and have been repulsed with heavy losses. As a last resort, coal miners in the Federal Army tunnel through the red clay soil. Bravely they plant more than a ton of explosive under a Confederate stronghold. The Confederates meanwhile can be heard countermining nearby. But the Federal mine is exploded successfully. Assault troops rush forward. Where was the mine exploded, and what was the result?

Richard Q. Rodgers

(*Answer on Page 67*)

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Waltham breathed in relief.

"Of course," Parsons went on, "that will only keep Rocco from issuing any of those death warrants that Miss Peak was talking about. But I'm afraid if Paul has got himself into a jam it won't help him much." Once more he sighed. "On the other hand, neither would a hundred thousand dollars. Nothing you nor I could do can help him one iota."

Waltham looked sharply at the banker. "You're fond of this Moresby, aren't you?"

Parsons looked down. "His family was killed early in the war," he said. "I've tried to—to be around whenever he needed me. This time—this time ——"

The words trailed off, and he turned his head away to hide the emotion he never allowed anyone to know he felt.

The waters of the lake parted. Marianne cried out. Then Paul Moresby was beside her, his eyes brilliant, glowing with excitement. Marianne felt her stomach turn over with relief at the sight of him; then furious anger for the worry he had caused her made her own eyes flash.

"You are a beast," she snarled. "You are a beast, and I wish to have nothing further to do with you!"

She flipped around in the water and struck out for the shore. She felt his hand seize her wrist and hold her back. She struggled to free herself, but he would not let go. The physical effort drained the anger within her. Panting, she floated quietly beside him.

"You are too strong for me," she said. "Have you been drowned and come back to life? You frightened me to the point of madness."

His flashing eyes met hers. "I'm sorry," he said. His voice took on a far-off, dreamlike quality. "No, I haven't been drowned and come back to life, but I've been in another world."

She wrinkled her small forehead and squinted. "How you mean?"

"Take a deep breath and follow me. A good deep breath. You'll have to hold it about a minute."

Obediently, fired by curiosity, she followed him as he dived and swam downward. Perhaps ten feet below the surface she saw through the water the shape of more columns like the one she had stood on. They were quite close together. Another stroke and she saw a stairway rising from the invisible bottom of the lake and ending at the sheer rock of the wall. Moresby leveled out, and she followed, and saw directly in front of them a high, wide portal. They passed through it into darkness that felt thick and filled with menace because of the water pressing all around her. Though she had held her breath for less than half a minute, she felt as if she were suffocating. Panic seized her. She began to thrash in terror; then she felt Moresby's strong hand take her wrist and draw her upward. An instant later the pitch blackness gave way to deep twilight, and she realized with a start that her head was out of water and that she could breathe again. Moresby drew her along beside him. A few seconds later he spoke with a soft chuckle.

"You don't really have to swim here," he said. "After all, the priests never did. Why don't you just push your feet down and stand up?"

Unbelieving, she lowered her feet, felt the touch of smooth stone beneath them, straightened and found the water was only waist-deep.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried. Her eyes grew accustomed to the twilight. She could see a stone ceiling above them. On the walls at each side of the stairway she could make out dimly the once-violent reds and blues of faded frescoes. A few more steps carried them out of the water. She saw another portal ahead of them with light coming through it. Her spine began to tingle. She held tightly to Moresby's hand. They reached the portal and stopped beneath its marble lintel. She stared, lips parted in awed amazement.

Before them was a vast room of superb proportions with a high-vaulted ceiling and frescoed walls. Like the throne room in Minos's palace at Knossos, a shaft of sunlight coming through a cleft chiseled through the side of the cliff above them fell in the exact center of the room, touching the only two objects it contained. One was a raised stone bench covered with dark rust-colored stains. The other was a gilded statue of the goddess Hebe, cupbearer to the gods of Olympus. Her figure was naked above the waist, her arms were extended, and in her hands she held a solid-gold chalice. Her painted eyes, still blue after all the lost centuries of time, were turned upward, staring into the shaft of sunlight and beyond it to the sky and the gods who left Olympus to dwell there.

Moresby spoke and his voice was hushed. "This is the thing I have dreamed of finding all my life. I knew it had to be somewhere. And I knew that when I should find the statue it would have to be on this island. I thank God for leading me here."

His simple earnestness touched Marianne deeply, so much so that it brought tears to her eyes. She blinked them away.

"There are so few statues of Hebe that have survived," she said, "that this one and that golden urn must be worth a fortune, Paul. You—" she paused "—you are a rich man now, Paul."

He smiled and shook his head. "No," he said softly. (*Continued on Page 67*)

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(*Continued from Page 65*) "The Greek Government has given me the right to offer my finds for sale to the museums, but this statue—this room—stay here, untouched, for as long as I live."

She took a step away, but gave him a sharp glance of concern.

"You speak as if this—this graven image—were something holy. Something to be sanctified! Look at those stains on the stone! They are blood! The blood of human sacrifices! This is a wicked place! Are you not a Christian?"

"Marianne," his voice was still hushed, but vibrant now with intensity, "that was never human blood. It was animal. Hebe didn't operate that way. She was the goddess of youth, remember? She had the power of restoring youth—at least the heart and hope of youth—to the aged. This place is already sanctified, Marianne, by the people who worshiped here. By the aged and infirm who struggled up those stone stairs from the lagoon—and more stairs that must have followed the path of the gully we climbed—kept going by hope; who rested by what was then a miniature lake under the Doric columns, and then came here and worshiped and went away a little stronger, carrying the weight of their years and loneliness a little more lightly. Was that a wicked thing to do to them—giving them strength and hope? To me that was a very Christian act." He smiled. "No, my dearest, Hebe was undoubtedly very lax about her social life and personal habits, but as goddesses go she was tops; lovely, sweet and kind. Like you."

She took his hand again. "Paul," her voice was a whisper, "you are making me cry, and I am sorry I was so wrong in what I said." She smiled. "After all, I suppose people could be Christians just from the way they think and act and live without even knowing that they are Christians."

Moresby smiled now. "Well," he said, "when you come right down to it, Marianne, that's how it was with Christ himself, wasn't it?"

Marianne nodded and crossed herself.

"Paul, I think we had better go back and tell Niles we are all right. If he did not go to sleep he would be terrified about us. We can come here later."

He looked at the statue of the goddess with the sunlight flashing on it and chuckled. "Well," he said, "she's waited at least three thousand years for us to find her, and I don't imagine she'd mind waiting a little longer." He turned, and side by side they went down the stairs into the water. "Just swim until you see daylight, then coast on up. O.K.?"

He dived, and once again she followed. A moment later they surfaced in the lake. Niles was standing at the water's edge, peering out, his hand raised, shading his eyes against the sun. When he saw them he did a comedian's double take, then beckoned frantically for them to come ashore. When they reached him, Moresby saw his face was taut with worry.

"Sorry if we scared you, Niles. You see I just happened to find a long-lost ancient temple and ——"

Niles interrupted him with an impatient gesture. "You didn't scare me," he said. "The four chaps who're going to arrive here in about two minutes scared me. I only got a glimpse of them, but one of them looks so much like Rocco he must be his brother, and they've all got guns, and if you ask me we're dead pigeons. Temple shwemple! We're trapped!"

Moresby's eyes narrowed. He looked at the gun lying on the ground beside his folded clothes and bent down and picked it up. "We're trapped, are we? Well, we'll just see about that!"

Niles stepped close to him, put a hand on his shoulder and gripped it hard.

"Moresby! No! If it were just the two of us—but it isn't." He nodded his head toward Marianne. "We can't fight them, old chap. Besides, even if we did, we wouldn't stand a chance. I couldn't sleep, so I was prowling around and I heard something and went and leaned over the edge of the cliff. The guy who looks like Rocco has some kind of submachine gun. We've got to give up, Moresby."

Moresby turned. Marianne was standing very straight and stiff, but her eyes showed that she was forcing herself to look brave—that inside she was quaking with dread. Moresby felt sick at the thought of what the gangsters would do to her. His jaw jutted out and his mind raced. A second later he snapped his fingers.

"Damn!" he said, "why didn't I think of it right away! Niles, get all the clothes and shoes into one bundle—quick. . . . Marianne, you take the bag of food. I'll take both guns and run around to the opposite side of the lagoon while you take Niles down into the temple. I'll fight a quick rear-guard action, and as soon as they start around the lake after me, I'll dive in. I can make it to the temple underwater. O.K.? Let's go!"

Niles Gregory gave him such an expressive look of friendly contempt that Marianne laughed. "He thinks you have flipped, Moresby. You, Niles, he knows what he is saying. Come quickly!"

Niles shrugged, handed Moresby the gun that was thrust into his belt and swiftly bundled the clothes. Marianne picked up the gunny sack, and together they slipped into the water.

At the far end of the lake Moresby crouched behind a tree. Through the trees he could just see the mouth of the gully. He waited. He thought: *They'll shoot to kill. Because I'm armed it would pass for self-defense. They'd get away with it.* He shook his head. He grimaced. *How typically Rocco!*

He waited. He remembered the times when he was with the Partisans in the war and how often he had waited just like this, in ambush, for the enemy. Another thought made him smile.

"This'll be the first action I ever fought in my underpants," he murmured. "What a perfectly ridiculous position for me to be in! I guess I should stick to my archaeology."

For a second he let his eyes rove over the lovely serenity of the lake. *I'd hate to kill anybody here*, he thought. *This is a place of peace, but* ——

Motion at the mouth of the gully caught his eye. He tensed, raised the pistol in his right hand. The mouth of the gully, as far as he could guess, was nearly 100 yards away, almost out of accurate pistol range. He saw one by one, three young Italian-looking men emerge from the gully. They wore slacks and sport shirts that even at this distance were obviously expensive. The first man carried a Tommy gun; the other two, automatics. Behind them, carrying his knife, came one of the bearded men they had met on the lower plateau. They stood for a moment looking about them.

"*Bella, bella laguna,*" cried the man with the Tommy gun, nodding toward the lake.

Moresby pressed his lips together, sighted along the short barrel of his Luger and pressed the trigger. The roar of the gun crashed the silence. As the echoes reverberated from the rocks, he saw the man with the submachine gun fall backward, sit up and clutch his thigh. The second man picked up the Tommy gun, and Moresby flung himself flat as it coughed a half dozen times. He heard bullets thudding against the trees around him.

When the burst was over, he got to his feet and, crouched double, ran east toward the temple end of the lake. Halfway there he stopped, fired a volley, dropped behind a boulder and tossed away the empty gun. He peered around his shelter. Through a gap in the cypress trees he saw three of the men stalking with the exaggerated gait of Hollywood Indians at the far end of the lake.

"Ha!" he exclaimed under his breath and, snakelike, wriggled toward the shore. But he was not snakelike enough. Just as he reached the water he felt a stinging, searing pain in his left shoulder. Another bullet smacked the water beside him, sang off in a whining ricochet. Moresby filled his lungs and dived. Ignoring the pain in his shoulder, he swam toward the temple portal. But before he could reach it, his lungs gave out on him. He surfaced.

Once again bullets spattered the water. Once again he filled his lungs, dived and swam on fast and deep.

Man! he thought, *I hope I'm on target when I get there!*

The darkness of the solid rock wall loomed in front of him. He thought, *I can't surface again without giving all of us away. A child could find this place if he knew where to look!*" Mentally flipping a coin, he swung to the right, swam a dozen strokes, saw ahead of him the deeper darkness of the portal. Fighting the pain that stung him at every stroke, fighting the instinct of self-preservation that made him want to ease his aching lungs with air, he swam deeper. With a sense of overwhelming gratitude he felt the darkness of the temple entrance and sanctuary close around him. He gave a final mighty (*Continued on Page 69*)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 64)

Not the famous explosion of the great mine at Petersburg, Virginia, in the campaign for Richmond, but a blast at besieged Vicksburg, Mississippi, more than a year earlier, on June 25, 1863. As at Petersburg, the Federal attackers rushed into the crater—and got no farther. Confederates under Maj. Gen. J. H. Forney rallied and threw short-fused shells into the crater, inflicting many casualties. The Confederates lost eighty-eight killed and wounded. One Negro, digging in the Confederate countermine shaft, was blown up and landed virtually unhurt inside the Union lines. Someone asked him how high he had gone. "Dunno, massa, but t'ink about t'ree mile," came the reply. Both sides resumed mining, and a second Federal mine, on July first, left the remainder of the Confederate fort "a total wreck," according to Brig. Gen. Andrew Hickenlooper of the Union Army. Vicksburg, already on its last legs, surrendered three days later.

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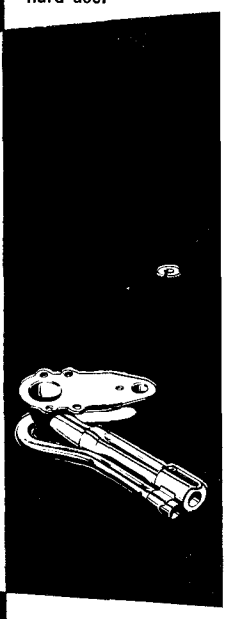

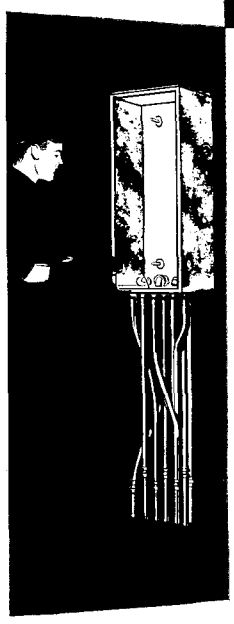

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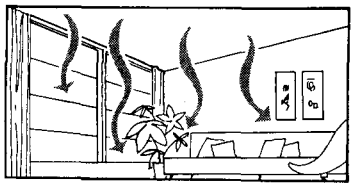
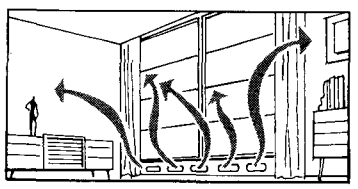
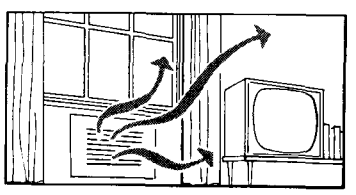


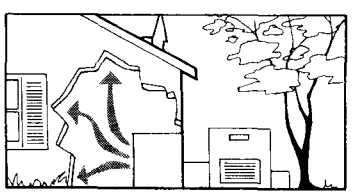
Ceiling cable heat is invisible. Wires less than ⅛" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



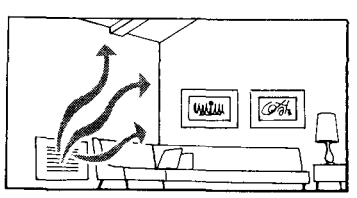
Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.



Wall panel heaters have heating coils behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



Heat pump heats in winter, cools in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year 'round temperature.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning.

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(*Continued from Page 67*) thrust of arms and legs, relaxed and let himself float upward.

For a moment after he reached the surface inside the temple Moresby blacked out completely. He came to lying on the floor of the altar room and saw Marianne bending over him, with Niles Gregory behind her. Marianne's face was white and drawn, her wet hair hung dankly. Her huge eyes were soft with concern; her forehead wrinkled with worry.

"You look," he said, "like a spaniel who's just retrieved something from a river and isn't sure whether it was a good idea or not."

"I am not at all sure whether it was a good idea or not."

He realized that Marianne was doing something to his shoulder—something that hurt. He winced. Niles held the wine jug, which he had somehow managed to get into the temple, to Moresby's lips.

"Spot of anesthesia, old boy," he said. "The chick's practicing first aid on you. I should imagine it's a frightening experience—what? Right now she's swabbing out your wounds with a bit of silk torn out of her slip. All very traditional and picturesque."

Moresby drank gratefully. "How much of a hole is it?"

"It is not a hole," said Marianne. "It is a flesh wound across the top of your shoulder. But it chipped the bone, and that is why it hurts a little."

"A little!" said Moresby and gritted his teeth. "Never mind, you should see the other guy."

"You got one of 'em, eh?" said Niles.

Marianne sat back on her heels. Her eyes held reproach. "You have just now killed a man perhaps?"

Moresby shook his head. "No. Just drilled a neat round hole in him. In his thigh." He glanced up at Niles. "The guy with the submachine gun."

The little half-mocking smile lifted Niles Gregory's lips. "Rocco's brother," he said. "A step in the right direction. Did you put them off the track? I mean are we safe for the time being?"

Moresby sat up, flexed his shoulder and winced again. "Oh, yes. They think I drowned. I guess when they can't find you two they'll think you found some way to scale the cliffs."

Marianne had been tearing more strips from the silk slip. One of them she made into a pad, and with the rest she fashioned a bandage that went around Moresby's shoulder and chest to hold the pad in place over the still bleeding gash. Niles, a thoughtful look on his face, watched her. When she finished, he spoke.

"The cliffs," he said. "I don't like to spoil the whole happy outing by bringing up an unpleasant subject, but just how *do* we get out of here? Obviously, not the way we came. Or do we get out? Or do we just sit here contemplating on the gods of yesterday, hinting from time to time that they perform a miracle?"

Marianne turned to him, her eyes flashing. "It is not like you to be sarcastic, Niles. Particularly not when Moresby has been hurt!"

Niles Gregory sighed. "I'm not sarcastic," he said. "I'm just scared. Frankly, I think old Moresby's done a noble sort of job getting us into this impregnable fortress. But that's just the catch. It's just a wee mite too impregnable. In fact, it's so damned impregnable that we're completely and utterly trapped. In fact ——" He broke off and stared at Moresby. "What are you grinning about?"

The sun had moved past the light shaft. Twilight was settling over the room. It made the statue standing over the great sacrificial stone seem eerily alive. To Marianne and Niles the effect was frightening, but to Moresby it was exhilarating.

"I was smiling," he said, "because I think you've forgotten my profession."

"Eh?"

"Ancient Greek temples just happen to be my specialty," said Moresby. "In fact, it's well within the bounds of possibility that I know almost as much about their construction as the men who built them. I'm very thankful to have found this one—and I'm not the least concerned about getting out of it."

Marianne, misunderstanding, looked at him aghast. "You mean you are contented to stay here until we starve? As a sort of orgy of sacrifice to your goddess?" She shook her head sadly. "I think you are a heathen, Moresby."

"Not a heathen," said Moresby. "Simply an archaeologist. Shall we have some supper before it gets totally dark?"

Niles Gregory looked down with an expression of disgust at the sopping burlap bag that held the food. "A repulsive but sound idea," he said. He picked up the bag and opened it. "Let's all have a wet bread-and-cheese compress."

Marianne rested her fingers on Moresby's knee. "Paul," she murmured. "Paul, you will save us, won't you? You do know how to get us out of here?"

He nodded, but even as he did it he was thinking that a great many things could happen to even the strongest sort of construction work in the course of a few thousand years. Unobtrusively he crossed his fingers.

The three of them ate their bedraggled supper. Then in the rapidly failing light they explored. At the back of the altar room there was another doorway with the rotted remains of a thick wooden door partially blocking it. They climbed over the remains of the door and found themselves in a passage that led to a much smaller room. Like the altar room, it was completely empty. It was much warmer here away from the water. "This is where we'll sleep," said Moresby.

Niles looked at the rough stone floor. "This is where you'll sleep," he said. "I'm going to kick that old wooden door down onto the floor and sleep on that. . . . Unless you want it, Marianne."

"No. I could not sleep in that other room. Perhaps I am superstitious, but ——"

"Right. Well, I think I'll get at it."

He went back along the passage. Moresby said, "Let's explore."

They went through another portal. The passageway outside it was completely dark, but Moresby, putting one foot carefully ahead of the other, wary of pitfalls, groped his way along. The passage turned to the left. He felt stairs under his feet, rising sharply. He frowned.

"These stairs go up," he said. "That's all wrong. They ought to go down. All the ancients were great on subterranean passages and vaults and things—the instinct for climbing deep into Mother Earth for safety." They climbed twenty steps. He stopped. "Wait," he said. "Here's another door."

He felt the touch of wood under his hands. He shoved. The door, long since rotted from its bronze hinges, fell inward with a dull thud. A gust of fresh, warm summer air greeted them. They stepped over the door and were in twilight again and saw that they were in a room perhaps thirty feet square with two wide windows carved out of the rock. They were carved at an angle, so that they pointed upward and from below would be quite invisible. The floor of the room was earth, brought there as dust blown on the winds of the centuries. Compared to the stone floors it felt deliciously soft to their feet.

"What would this room be?"

"The private quarters of the high priest or priestess."

"This is where we will sleep," said Marianne. She sank to the floor.

"We?"

"Surely you do not think I would sleep by myself in a place like this, Moresby? Why, this place must be so full of ghosts I am surprised there is room for us! Sleep alone? Never!"

He sat down on the floor beside her. Once again, as on the evening when he had been alone with her in the private dining tent, he had that feeling of dangerous proximity. Though in the now almost complete darkness he could barely see her, he was as aware of her nearness as though she had been a pillar of fire. He heard a wet rustling sound.

"There!" she murmured. "That is better. This wet lingerie—I was freezing in it."

Moresby, in the darkness, blushed and felt his heartbeat quicken. The sense of her nearness, powerful before, became almost overwhelming. He clasped his hands tightly about his knees, even though it hurt his shoulder, and stared at the floor.

"Paul, will you be coming with us to Hollywood to finish the picture?"

"No, Marianne."

"That is too bad. I have never been there. It would be fun to see it for the first time with you. I understand it is a strange city indeed, so I would like to watch you discover it. If I asked you to come, would you come?"

"No."

"You will be coming back here, I suppose. To this island where we have found so much trouble ——" She broke off, swallowed. "And—and found other things too?"

"If I get you back safely so Henry will finance my work here, I will. That's what I'm trying to accomplish."

She looked toward him fixedly, thoughtfully. Though he could not see it, her big eyes grew dark with angry hurt.

"So, all of this that you have done that I have found wonderful and brave you have done just for money! This single-handed fighting off of four men! You are like a Hessian—a hired mercenary killer! You are just like those gangster men you have been fighting!"

Her voice shook with contempt and disillusionment. He turned, forgetting her nakedness, put his hands on the creamy shoulders, gripped them hard and looked deeply into her eyes.

"Understand this!" His voice was flat and cold. "I was hired to find out who was robbing the American Athenian Bank through Wally Waltham—and to figure out how to put a stop to it. And that's all I was hired for. I got trapped into fighting. And I stayed out there to hold off that gang so you and Niles could escape because you two are valuable to the man I represent, and I'm not. I'm only a headache to him most of the time, begging him to finance this expedition or that. You wouldn't know it, but Henry Parsons has been damned wonderful to me ever since my people were killed when I was a kid. The least I can do is try and help him when he asks me to!"

The anger was fading from her eyes, but it was still there in the determined, stubborn set of the small chin. "So! You fought for me because I am valuable—like a horse? And is that the only ——"

The look in his eyes that were only inches from hers—the trembling of his hands as they gripped her shoulders—stopped her. She leaned forward, pressed her cheek against him, her breast against his chest.

"You, Moresby," she murmured the words through tears, "will you forgive me, please? It—it was only that when I thought what I was thinking of you—it was destroying something that was most beautiful to me. The something I thought we had found here together, and I could not bear the thought of it being destroyed, and so I felt I must hurt you!"

She raised her tear-streaked face. The lips still lush, though devoid of lipstick, parted. He kissed her, long and tenderly at first, then with fierce, crushing passion.

"Oh, Paul," she murmured softly. "I need you. I think maybe I need you very much."

TO BE CONTINUED

"Now here's a"—bang!—"nice"—clunk—"quiet"—clunk—"attractive"—clunk—"apartment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Escape From Fear (Continued from Page 26)

getting intense over a mixture of gin and politics, the usual ration of Chelsea girls with Bardot hair styles, and two people looking hopelessly out of place.

I noticed the man first—big, with a face like raw beef and little hot blue eyes, a thick, already heavy body cunningly disguised in a very expensive tweed suit. He could have been a young country squire up in town to buy a new pair of guns and see the shows—not a bad type at all. And I wondered for a moment why I felt a shiver of distaste for him—until I noticed his mouth. The lips were thin and small and yet bent into an exaggerated Cupid's bow—a little rosebud of a mouth in that great red expanse of face, like a worm in a rosy apple.

And then I saw the girl. He was standing beside her chair, half masking her from the room, as if he were guarding her. I saw a great sweep of impossibly fair hair, a pale, carved face that seemed in the shaded lighting almost transparent, like alabaster. She had long legs, with her feet drawn back to one side and the ankles crossed, exactly as the books of etiquette require. And suddenly every other girl in the room looked like a grubby, sprawling doll. But they looked free, and this girl didn't. Not free—that was it. The man was standing too close to her, too much over her. And she was too tense, too rigid, as if she were praying under her breath that this would soon be over. I found John Heron and asked him who she was.

"A nice girl," he said vaguely. "Isolde Stewart."

"And the gruesome Mameluke? Husband? Boy friend?"

"Some kind of third cousin. Something military, I gather. I don't know why she brought him."

"Take him away from her," I murmured. Show him your etchings."

"You haven't a chance," he said. But a few minutes later I saw him lead the red-faced man away almost by main force and I'd drawn a stool beside her chair before anyone else could move in.

"Peter Chisholm," I said and noticed that before she answered she glanced very swiftly over her shoulder, toward the doorway through which John Heron and her escort had disappeared. Only when she saw that he was really gone, her tenseness relaxed a little, her mouth smiled.

"I'm Isolde Stewart," she said a little breathlessly, a little huskily; and I knew that if any other girl should ever tell me that her name was Isolde, I'd call her a liar to her face. Within five minutes we were friends. And within another five I knew how to reach her on the phone. I was just getting out my notebook to write the details down when a sudden movement of her head stopped me short. Her escort had come back. I got slowly to my feet, and he looked into my eyes without any attempt at pleasantness at all.

"This—this is Peter Chisholm, Mark," Isolde said, almost as if she were begging him for something. "Mr.—Mr. Chisholm, my cousin, Mark Tarrant."

"How do you do," he said, and then immediately, almost without a break between the words, "I think we should be moving, Isolde. We've been here long enough." She came to her feet instantly; and within what seemed a minute, they were gone.

"You owe me a bottle of whisky," said John Heron at my elbow. "Ten such minutes I will not spend again. An ego like an armor-plated truck. I feel as if I'd been run over. Did you find out why she brought him along?"

"His father is her guardian."

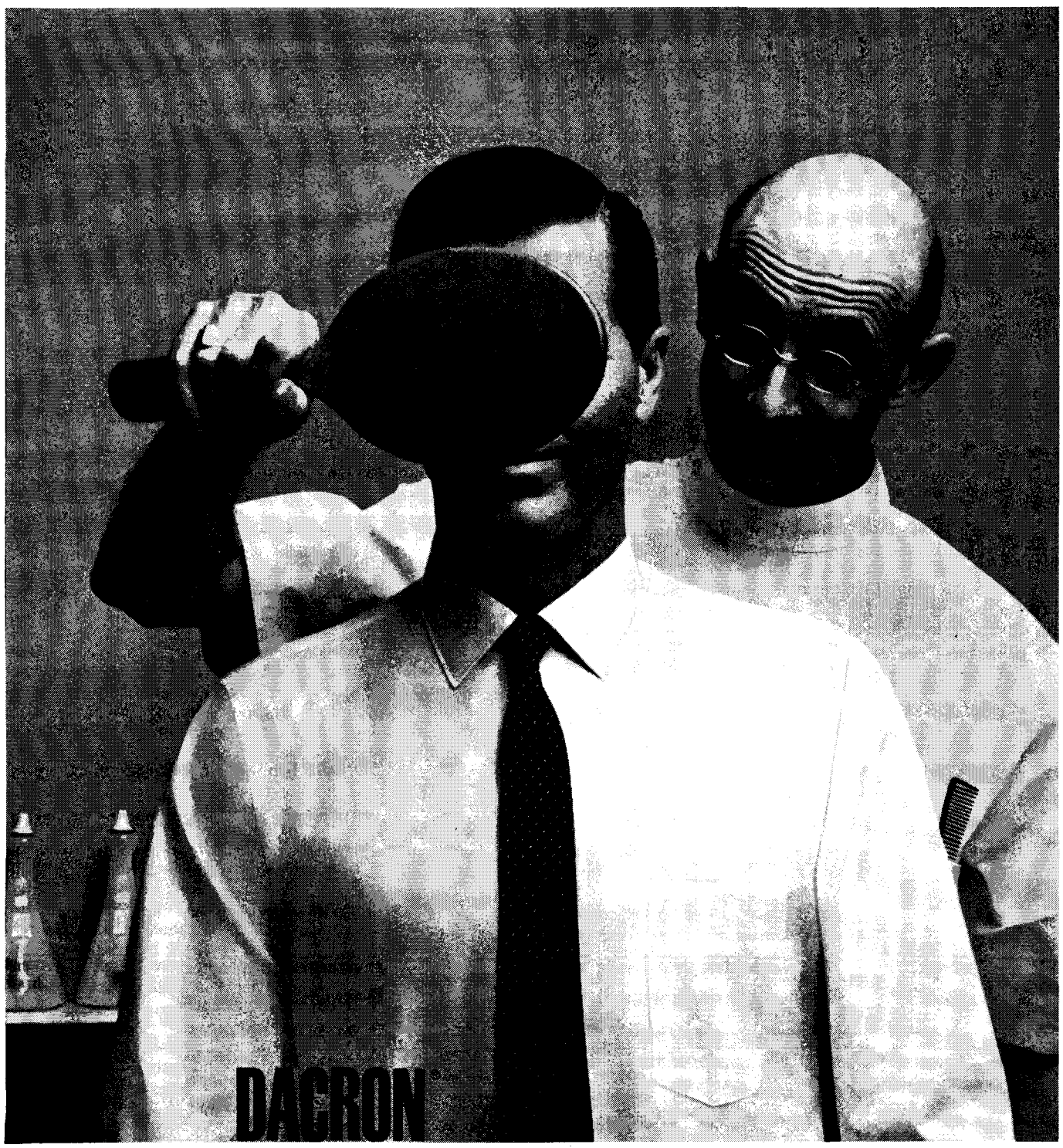
"I didn't know," John said. "She's Mary's friend really. They met at some hairdresser's. Keep me posted how you get on."

But within a few weeks the thing had gone beyond anything I'd discuss with John Heron. I loved her, and I thought she loved me. Although it was very difficult to tell what she was really feeling—always that tension in her like the strings of a violin. Only sometimes, when we'd meet for a late lunch in Soho, or tea somewhere, she'd relax a little, smile, even laugh—until it was time to go; then the tension would come back.

"I'm supposed to be having my hair done," she'd say—or it'd be buying gloves or a dress. And with that strange suddenness of hers, she'd be gone. I knew that she was unhappy, of course. But I couldn't understand why. And it was like prizing pearls from oysters to get her to talk about herself. Books, yes, music, plays, me—but almost never her own life, except the first ten years of it. Then she lighted like a star at night.

"We lived on the island," she said. It was in the Caribbean—sugar and rum and a sprawling Spanish house, servants who believed in voodoo, sunlight like a golden curtain all day long. And her parents coming back from Miami or New York or Paris or Rio in a swirl of presents and excitement, turning the island upside down with guests and speedboat races and parties that went on till everyone had passed out. It didn't sound quite the life for a child, but when she spoke of it, her face glowed from within.

"And then one time they didn't come back," she said, drawing her finger



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through a drop of spilled red wine. "It was a long time before I realized they were dead—in an air crash. I couldn't believe I'd never see them again, until my guardian—my father's cousin, Major Tarrant—came to take me to England." She stopped, and when I tried to make her go on, she remembered the time and fled. All our meetings were like that. I was only to ring her at certain times, when she would be by the phone. If anyone else answered, I was to pretend I'd got a wrong number. And whenever we met, there was the same air of secrecy. Then one day I rebelled.

I lay now in the dark, Isolde's sleeping head against my shoulder, thinking of that day, a quarter of my mind still listening to the wind and the shutters. I realized suddenly that there was a difference in the sounds. There was a soft scraping, almost like a rat gnawing metal—or a man with a knife blade trying to force a catch. Very gently I slid my arm from beneath Isolde's head, eased my feet to the floor. There was a scrape of metal on metal—a long pause. I stole across the room, praying that a board wouldn't creak, feeling my way toward the faint bars of starlight coming between the slanting laths of the shutters. I flattened myself against the wall beside them and heard the catch fall back. The leaf of the shutter farthest from me swung softly outward. *Wait for it. Wait till he is half in the room—and then the back of his neck.* The second leaf swung out, and I lifted my hand. Head . . . shoulders . . . one more second ——

And Isolde screamed.

It was piercing, as if the knife were at her throat. The man went back as if he'd been shot. I heard him drop, then run. Before I could look, he was lost in the darkness—a bulk of shadow running. I turned, threw myself on my knees beside the bed, caught her to me.

"Oh, Peter; oh, Peter," she panted, "I thought you'd gone. I woke, and you were gone . . . and then . . . I saw—saw him climbing through the window. . . . Mark ——"

"Mark?" I whispered. *Mark?*

"I knew he was following us. I knew."

"Rubbish," I said. "It was just a burglar."

Outside in the passageway someone knocked on the door and asked what was the matter. I wrestled briefly in my mind, weighing the effects on Isolde of questions, excitement. "Nothing," I called. "Only a nightmare." He went away, grumbling.

"I know it was Mark," she whispered. "He used to do that in the old days to frighten me, when we were children. I know it was him. Peter, I'm so afraid."

It was a long time before I could soothe her to sleep again. *Peter, I'm so afraid.* She'd said exactly that the day I rebelled. But I knew better now what she meant, what lay behind that pathetic whisper of fear—years of the kind of torment that only one child can inflict on another, weaker child. In the seven days and nights since we were married I'd begun to learn a little of it and to guess more—the child arriving from the West Indies, already brokenhearted, lonely, frightened of a world that had grown cold and dark and strange, and her cousin Mark making an endless game out of torturing her mind.

"I had a pet rabbit," she told me once. "And one day when he couldn't think of anything else to do, he made me watch while his tame ferret killed it. He held my wrists behind my back. And every time it was just going to end, he'd save the rabbit—for a little longer. I think it lasted nearly an hour. That must be eight years ago, but I still dream of it."

"And what did his father say?"

"He laughed. He said it'd teach me what life was like. Mark can't do anything wrong in his father's eyes. He was always saying that what he called Mark's teasing was just what I needed 'to bring me out of myself.' Teasing! Even at night sometimes I'd be afraid to go to sleep."

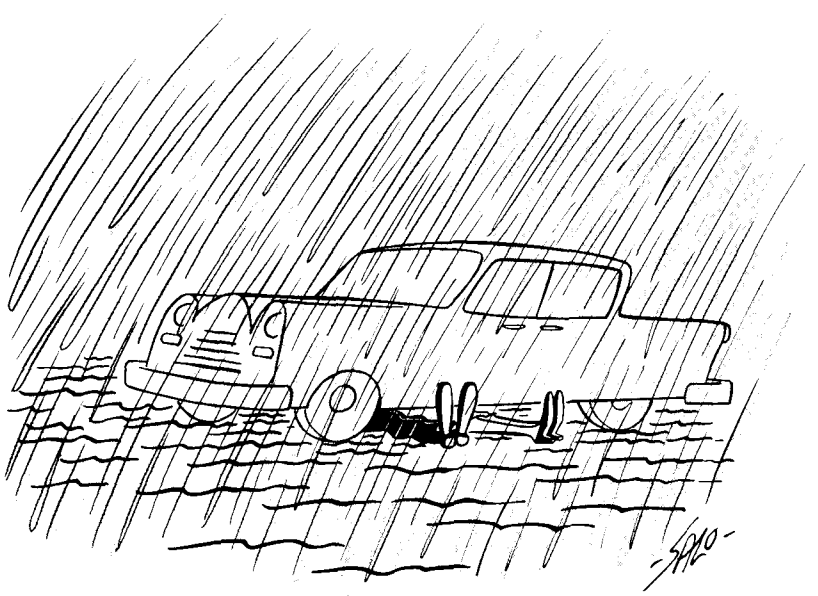
"And yet when we first met, I thought you were in love with Mark."

"If someone tortures you long enough, you grow almost to love him. I read that in a book somewhere, and it's true. You seem to depend on him. He's all that matters in the world. If he smiles, if he leaves you alone for a little, then the day is good. And it gets so that you don't want him to leave you alone. Without him, you feel lost."

But that day when I rebelled I didn't know all that lay behind Isolde's strangeness. I knew only that I was tired of secrecy and hurried meetings and that I loved her and was going to see her guardian to tell him so. That was when she said she was so afraid.

"Of what?" I laughed. "Aren't you twenty-one? What can he say?"

He said a great deal. He was a little bantam of a man, like a miniature, older replica of his son, the same mouth and hot little eyes—only his were bloodshot, and there was an unhealthy tinge of lead under the ruddiness of his face—a white, fiercely bristling (*Continued on Page 74*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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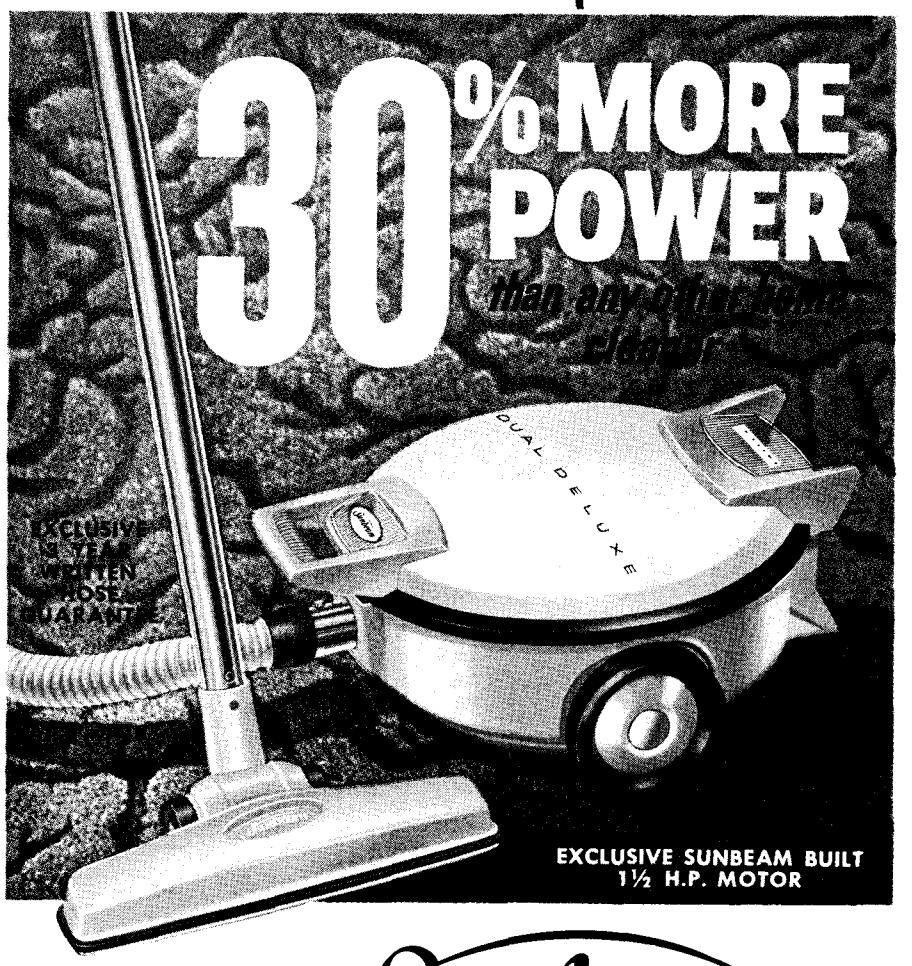

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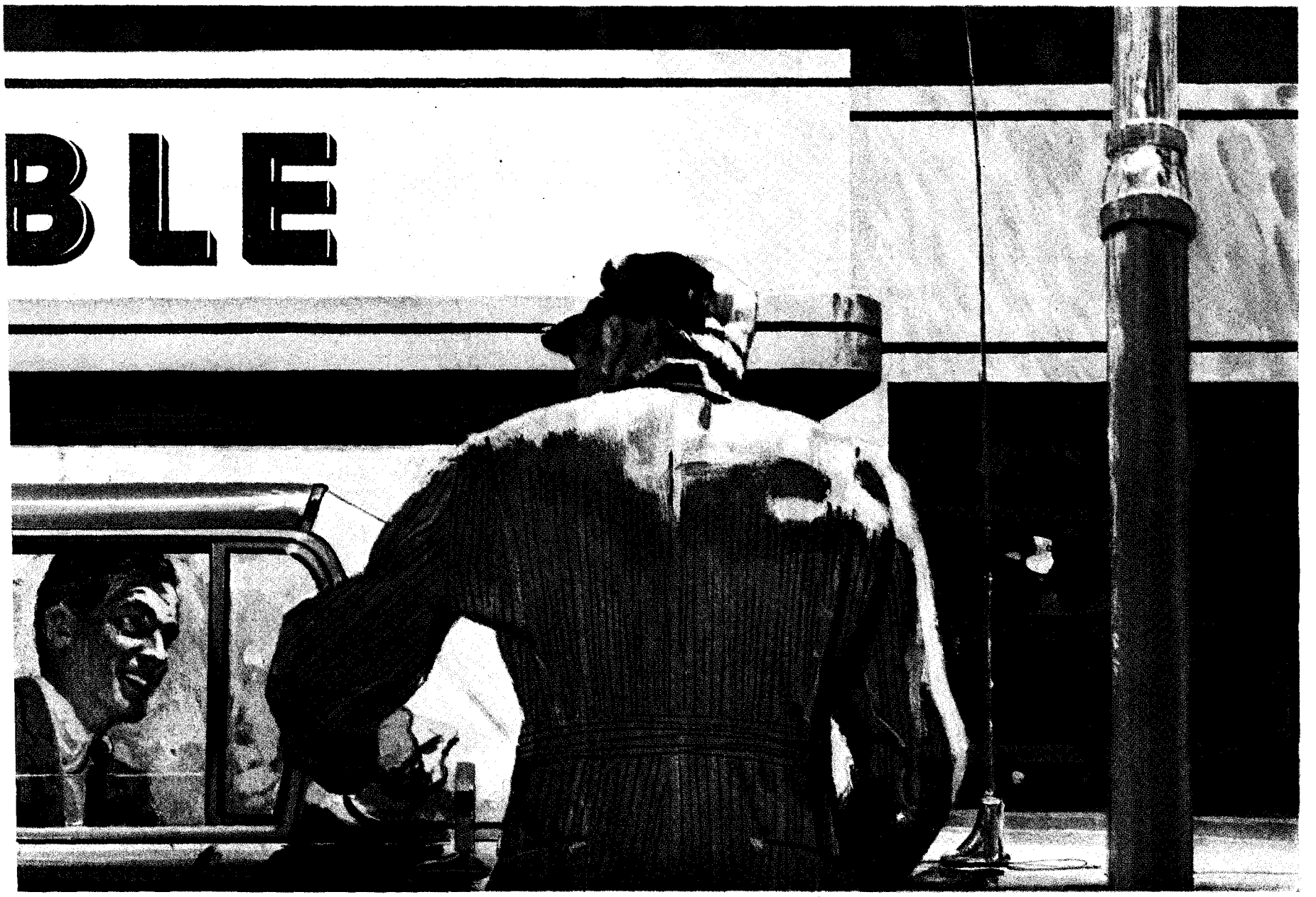

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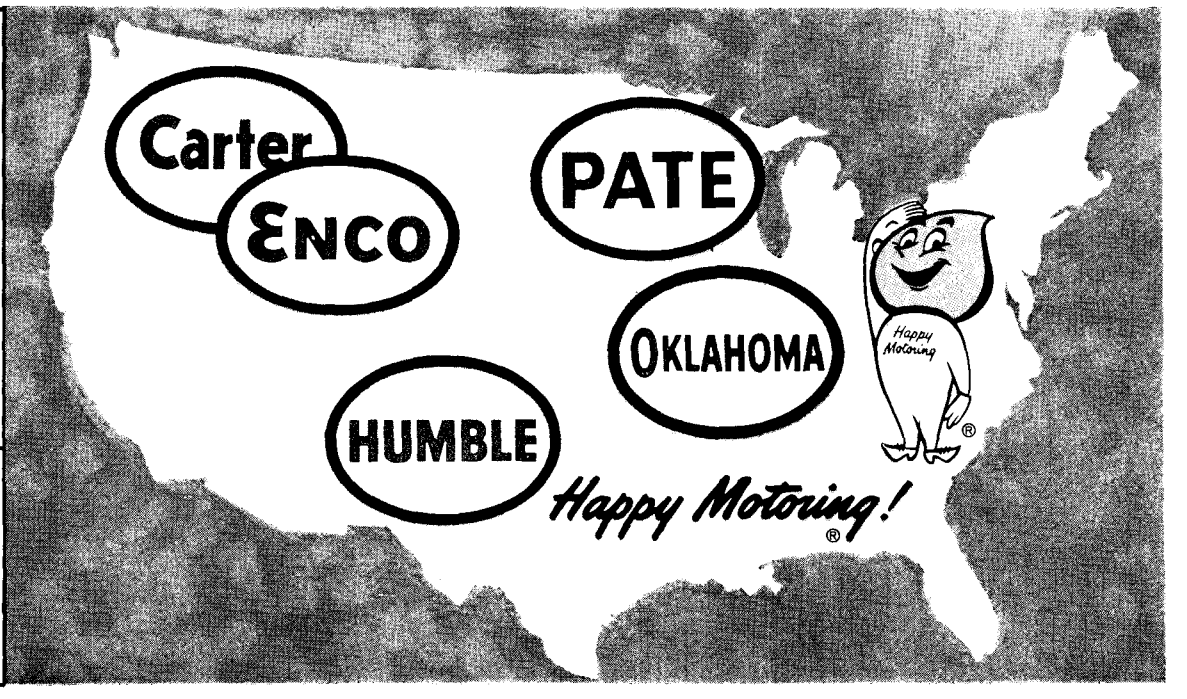

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(*Continued from Page 71*) mustache, a cavalry major's bark that seemed a little too exaggerated to be quite true.

"A blasted fortune hunter!" he shouted at the end of a very detailed summary of my character.

"But you've told Isolde that her estate is a liability rather than an asset. What fortune am I supposed to be hunting?"

He shouted for his son at that, and Mark Tarrant came in, lounging against the wall by the door, as if he were waiting to kick me on my way out. But I didn't go.

"I'm not bandyin' words with your type," the major snarled. "Damned wine-shipper's clerk. Get out. And if I see you sniffin' round my ward again, I'll have the police on you."

"Isolde's twenty-one," I said.

"And I'm lookin' after her estate an' interests till she's twenty-five. . . . Open the door for him, Mark."

"I'm not a lawyer," I said, "but I've an idea that any guardianship of yours, over Isolde personally, ended the day she was twenty-one. It'll be very easy to find out, of course." I thought Mark was going to come for me and that his father was going to have a fit. He gripped the desk with both hands as if he needed to hold himself up, and his face went purple and then lead gray. "In fact," I went on gently, "I have an appointment with a very good lawyer on just that point for this afternoon. I thought if we ran into difficulties, he might be able to help."

"Sit down," the major whispered. . . . "Mark, get me one of my pills." He swallowed it and wiped his face with a big yellow handkerchief. "Now, what's all this rubbish about lawyers?"

That experience gave me the beginnings of a few answers. And inquiries in the city a little later gave me some more. Even with the current prices of sugar and with absentee management, Isolde's estate should have been paying a lot more than nothing, which was the figure her guardian had been giving her whenever she asked. But the final answers would be a lot more complicated to sort out. Major Tarrant had had eleven years to confuse the issue and cover his trail; and however frightened he was at the thought of lawyers, I judged that he'd fight like a rat when he was cornered. The first thing to do was to get Isolde out of his hands—and Mark's.

Even before I learned just what he had done to her in childhood and how he had got his grip on her mind, I realized that the grip was there. And a dozen times between that first meeting and the wedding I felt that the major was holding his son back from provoking an explosion. And whenever Isolde was alone with Mark, she came back to me white and shaking, refusing to tell me why. It was only when the wedding and the bleakly frightful reception were over and we were on our slow, honeymoon journey through France that she began to tell me—at night mostly, in broken sentences, in sudden, still half-frightened bursts of joy at being free.

"They made me feel somehow that I'd never be free, that the only thing that could ever happen would be to marry Mark. . . . I think if I hadn't met you that night, perhaps I would have married him—just to get peace. They made such scenes."

"Why did you bring him to the Herons'?"

"They hated my going out by myself, especially at night. They said something would happen to me. And it did! It did!" She laughed almost hysterically, then buried her face against my chest. And behind the hysteria I knew she was still afraid. I had thought all that would go in a day or so. Instead it got worse, almost as if she felt guilty at each day's happiness. And always there was the thought of Mark.

"Whenever he looked at me, I felt I had to do what he wanted. Part of me stood back, hated him. And yet the other part wanted to go on its knees. Can you understand that, Peter? Am I mad? They used to make me think sometimes that I wasn't quite right. 'You're lucky to have us to look after you,' they'd say and grin at each other. And when I'd make mistakes, do something foolish, they'd look very grave or else get savagely angry, as if no one else ever made a mistake before. People do make mistakes, don't they, Peter?"

"Yes," I said gently. "Everyone makes mistakes."

Perhaps the worst I'd made was in not taking Mark Tarrant down into some convenient cellar and breaking his neck. As far as I could see, nothing less than that was going to free Isolde from his influence. Could it have been him at the window? It was absurd, and yet —— I lay awake almost until dawn, holding Isolde close against me, trying not to think of the nights when she had lain awake, alone and afraid, a child in terror in the dark, and a loutish boy, with a mouth like a cruel rosebud, climbing through her window to frighten her, pretending to be a murderer with a knife, a kidnaper with a sack. And when the pretense was over, the last drop of terror wrung out of her, he would sit on the edge of her bed to watch her crying.

It was bright day when I woke. Knife blades of sunlight through the shutters. A clink of glasses from the bar downstairs. The world as fresh and clean and ordinary as new-made bread. Even the burglar seemed unreal—a dream, a trick of shadows. We had coffee and rolls at a

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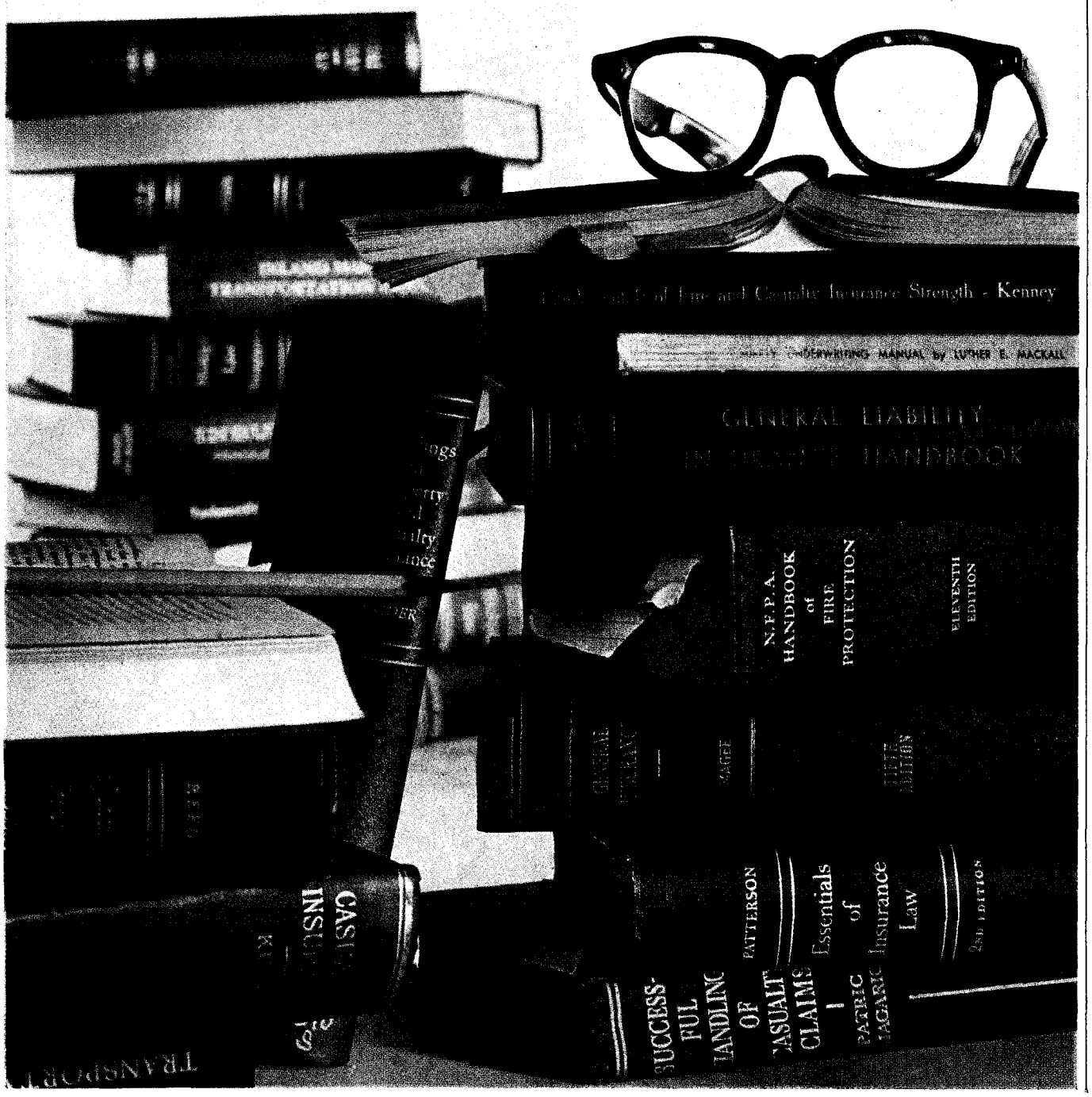

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wine-stained wooden table while the workers in the bar looked at us covertly. We collected a cold chicken and a bottle of wine, some bread and fruit and paid our bill. We were on the road by ten.

"In a fortnight we should be on your precious island," I said. The wind whipping over the screen of the open roadster had flicked away the last of the night's darkness. Somewhere in the small village behind us a local ne'er-do-well had fancied some travelers' checks and travelers' trinkets and had been unlucky—that was all. Now for the border, Spain and then Portugal. We were leaving the car in Lisbon for a month, flying out to Port of Spain. We'd take an island steamer from there. "I'll make you an offer for your rum if it's any good." Major Tarrant's accusation about being a wine-shipper's clerk was accurate enough, except that I'm a partner with my father.

"It will have to be a better offer than I've been getting," Isolde said. I hadn't told her what I suspected about her guardian yet. What was the point? And I might be wrong, although I doubted it very much. We drove for an hour or more, the road climbing steadily, winding through empty valleys, over white mountain torrents, past an occasional stone farmhouse, a pocket of woodland. The air had sharpened, and I reached into the glove compartment for a scarf.

"Why don't we stop here for lunch?" Isolde said. I eased the car to a halt.

"It's very early," I said.

"I know. But it's so beautiful I don't want to leave it." She pointed to a little shelf of grass jutting out from the side of the valley, a few hundred yards from the road. It was surrounded by thick woods, but a path crossed the fields toward it. "We could carry our lunch up there."

"You mean *I* could carry our lunch up there," I said resignedly. "All right."

It was farther than it looked—and steeper, and the path was a fraud, leaving us to fight our way through the wood against thorns and interlacing branches. But it was worth it when we arrived. It was like a theater box, with the Pyrenees for a backdrop to the stage. All that were missing were trolls and giants for actors. The enormous stage of the valley was as empty as Eden—only the road below and our little white car with the red splash of the seats. For a second, out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw a car traveling down the road from the border; but when I looked, it was gone and it didn't reappear over the next rise.

I opened the wine, and we drank to each other and to the island and the future and the day. We ate the chicken and the fruit, and threw down crumbs of bread for a colony of ants to carry enthusiastically away, and lay back in a pleasant drowse of sunshine and content. The night in the Inn of the Golden River, the sounds, the shadow at the window were a thousand years away.

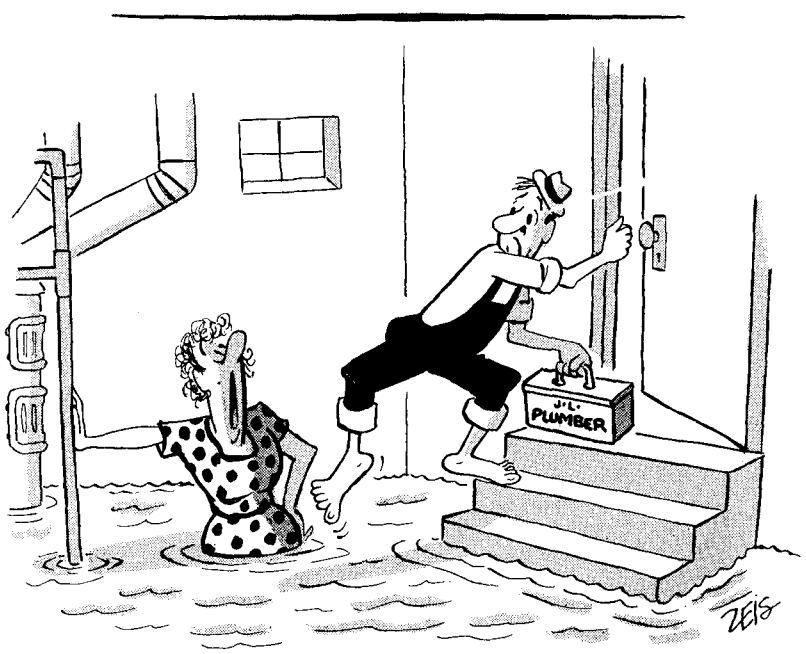
"Happy?" I said. Isolde touched my cheek, and I rolled over to kiss the palm of her hand—and saved my life. The thud of the bullet into the turf and the sound of the shot came almost together. And for what seemed like seconds I froze, head lifted, the skin crawling on my back, waiting for the second bullet, my mind paralyzed with shock and unbelief.

"Wh ——" Isolde began, and I could move again, gripping her shoulders, almost throwing her to the edge of the little shelf of grass, scrambling after her. The second shot came as we went down the slope, sprawling in a heap at the bottom, rolling into the bushes among the trees. A third shot crashed in the still echoing silence, and a leaf floated down, brushed its pale green blade against Isolde's shirt and fell to the ground. I pulled her deeper into the wood, into the darkest shadows.

"Mark," she whispered.

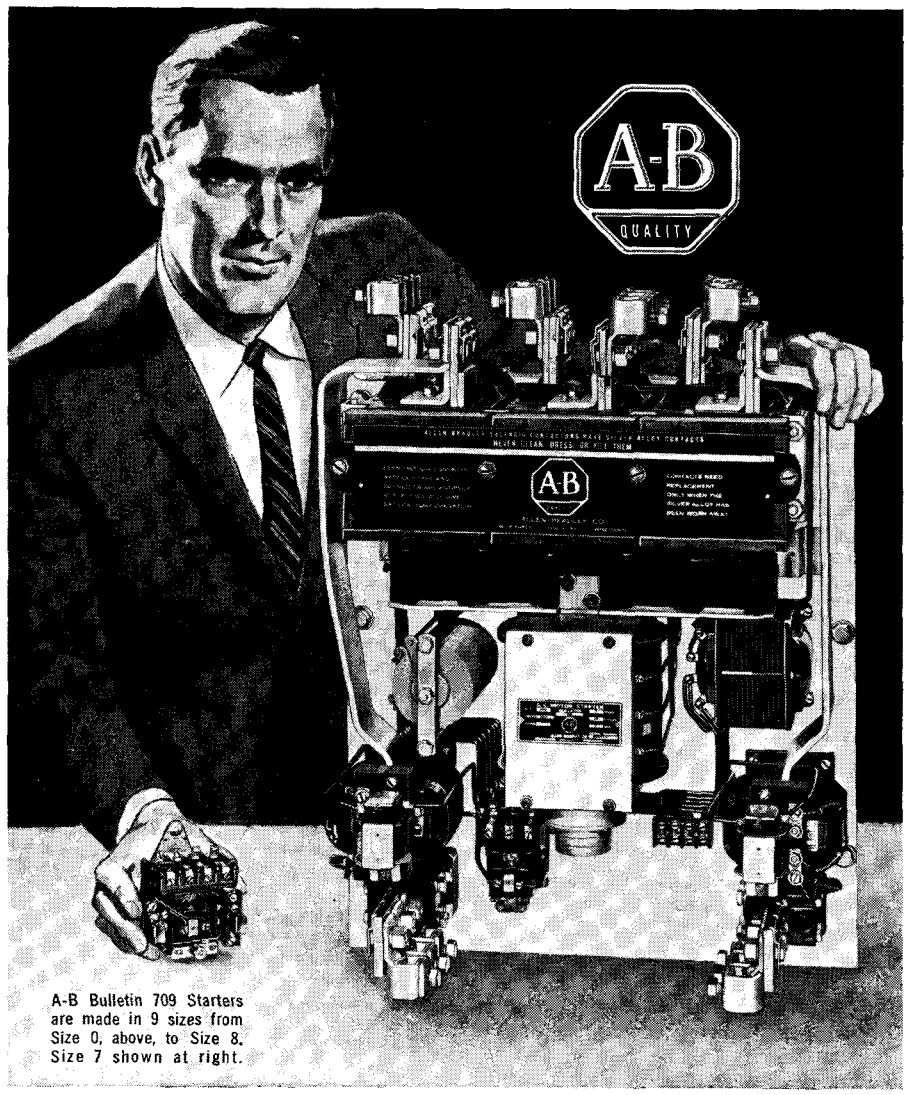
"We must get to the car," I breathed and thought of the half mile of open turf between the wood and the road. Where was he? And where had he come from? The shots had come from the far side of the wood. That must have been his car that I'd seen. He'd gone on ahead of us this morning, watched us coming through field glasses. He had come back when we stopped. I listened. The echoes had grown still. It was so quiet that I could hear the beating of my heart, the breath shuddering in Isolde's throat. Where was he? In front of us sunlight fell in a gold curtain on the open shelf of grass. Beyond it were more trees. Was he somewhere among them? But the trees surrounded the shelf, a hundred yards deep, a thick horseshoe of woodland lying against the mountainside. He could be working his way round. I strained my ears. A leaf rustled. A twig snapped. There? Or there? Trees surrounded us, darkness; there was no way to move without making a noise, giving ourselves away. He needn't move at all—just wait, wait till we moved.

Suppose we went back, away from everywhere he could be, to the farthest side of the wood. Then ran? In my mind I could see us running—along that narrow path, half a mile, and Mark running behind us with a gun. But in sight of the road? Would he dare? I tried to remember if a car had passed in the hour that



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's not bad once you get in."



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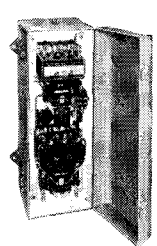
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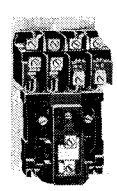
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we'd been there. None. The valley slept under the sun. Beside me, very slowly, Isolde folded down onto her knees and put her face into her hands.

"It's Mark," she whispered again, hopelessly, as if it weren't any good to run from Mark. And I knew that if we ran, if we got away, the fear would stay with her, worse even than before—in her mind, in her sleep, in the dark. Even if we proved that it was him, closed him between stone walls, still she'd lie in the dark and wait for him to come. She'd watch the window for a shadow, listen—as I was listening now, my body suddenly cold. I knelt down, held Isolde against me, felt her shaking.

"Can you stand?" I whispered. "We've got to move." She shook her head slowly, as if all her life she had been waiting for this moment, to be killed here in the wood.

"It's no good," she said dully.

I stood up, pulled her to her feet, put my arm round her waist. She didn't resist, didn't help. How many nights of fear, how much terror had been needed to do this to her? I turned and started dragging her up the slope of the mountainside—not really planning, not even thinking, except that we couldn't make it to the car. Then we would go away from the car—the way he wouldn't expect. The trees were thinner here. Rocks jutted between roots, out of the thin brown soil. We were above the grass shelf, above the green roof of the main body of the wood. Higher again—only a few trees now, the rocks tangled, leaning. The horseshoe of the wood spread out below us like a map, almost enclosing the small green apron of the grass shelf. I drew Isolde into the shelter of two rocks, lay beside her on the flat, sloping surface of one of them. Her eyes were open, staring at the sky. I pressed a finger against her lips and looked down at the wood.

Nothing moved. A long way off, the car stood white and small by the road, belonging to a different world. I barely recognized what it was. I looked down again, and below me, twenty, thirty yards down the slope, Mark Tarrant stepped out of the wood onto the green grass. He was wearing workman's clothes—blue denims, a black beret. A revolver hung loosely from his right hand. He walked across the shelf and stared down into the wood. "Come out," he said. "It's no good hiding. Come out, Isolde."

Beside me Isolde stirred, lifted her head. I put my hand over her mouth.

"It's no good, I say," his voice echoed. "I know where you are. Come out, Isolde. Come out to me."

I leaned sideways, putting my lips against her ear. "Don't move," I whispered. "Don't make a sound. Don't look."

She caught my hand, looked at me; and for the first time since the shots, her eyes were alive, seeing me.

"Don't leave me," she whispered. "Don't go down—don't. He'll kill you."

I pressed my hand to her mouth again and looked over the rock. He hadn't heard, hadn't moved except to squat down, cradling the pistol in his lap. But would she keep quiet when I was gone? Very slowly I took my hand away. She lay staring at me, her eyes wide with fear. But was I imagining that it was a different kind of fear? For me? Not just blind terror?

"It'll be all right," I whispered stupidly. "Just stay quiet and still." I edged away from her, watching her face, her mouth. She stared back at me, but her lips didn't move. Then I was round the edge of the rock, out of her sight. Now was the test. If she screamed, cried out after me, we would both be dead. I waited a long second and another, my heart not seeming to beat. Below, Tarrant's wide, heavy back bent forward. He thrust out his legs behind him, lay prone on the grass and rested the barrel of his revolver across his left forearm. I dropped five yards down the slope while he was moving, another five as he hitched his great body forward. Fifteen yards to go.

"I'll give you ten seconds to come out, Isolde. Then I'm coming after you. Do you remember how we played hide-and-seek at Shepley? In the house? In the woods? You could never hide from me for long, could you, Isolde? And the longer you hid, the worse it was when I found you. Wasn't it, Isolde?"

I was down to the edge of the open ground, the little shelf of grass ten yards across. Would she stay quiet?

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." He was dragging out the count of seconds. I imagined his mouth as he was counting, savoring the terror that Isolde would be feeling. I gathered my feet under me. ". . . five . . . six . . ." *When he reaches eight.* ". . . seven . . . eight ——"

My knees took him in the small of the back, and my right hand gripped his gun wrist, jerked it up and away. I saw the gun go in a black curve against the brightness of the sky. I slid my left arm round his throat, felt for his right shoulder with my left hand. And with that, his body whipped, arched like a salmon, and I was cartwheeling through space, sky and woods and valley circling. I hit the slope with my shoulders, felt my breath go out of me like a door slamming, saw him coming. I doubled up, knees against my chest, lashed out with my feet, and he went over me and down, hit a tree trunk and sagged onto all fours.

We both clambered to our feet in the same second and stood swaying. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw Isolde running down the mountainside.

"Peter," she called, and Mark turned.

"Isolde," he shouted. "That gun—by your feet. Bring it to me." I saw her check, stop. Her face stiffened, lost its life. "Bring it here," said Mark, as confidently as a man speaks to a dog he has trained. I saw her stoop, pick up the gun. I saw him hold out his hand, saw his mouth curve. And I jumped. I hit him as if hatred had turned my fist to stone. I caught him in the mouth. I felt it smash under my knuckles. It wouldn't smile that Cupid's-bow shape again. I ducked my head, and his fist brushed my skull. Then we locked and fell on the ground. My left hand was at the back of his neck, the heel of my right under his jaw. His body arched as it had before, but I was ready this time. I let him go so that he stood almost on his head. And as he went over, I chopped the side of his neck with the edge of my hand. He came down and lay quite still, his breath rattling, the whites of his eyes showing. I knelt on all fours, getting my breath, clearing my eyes. And saw a movement—Isolde, holding the gun in both hands, the muzzle lifting. Her face was very white, unconscious as a mask of stone. And for the length of a held breath I saw the black ring of the muzzle pointing at my heart.

"Isolde," I said, afraid to breathe.

"Peter," she said—as if she could hear me but not see me, a familiar voice whispering to her from the dark. Her knuckle grew whiter, whiter. And then the muzzle swung—away and down. I lashed out and struck her hand as she fired. But for that she would have blown Mark's face away. As it was, the bullet hit his shoulder like a blacksmith's hammer. It seemed an enormous length of time before he screamed. She let the gun fall from her hands, stared at him.

"Have I killed him?" she whispered.

"No," I said. She buried her face against my coat and began to sob. Beside us, on the ground, Mark had stopped screaming. He was trying to touch his ruined shoulder with his left hand.

"For heaven's sake," he begged, "help me." I stared at him without answering. It was Isolde who moved.

"You'd better bandage him," she said. "I'll go for the police." She walked away without looking back. She pushed into the wood as if she were sleepwalking and vanished. For a little while I could hear branches rustling—then nothing for a long time. Then I heard the car. I sat down to wait, while the torn rags of his shirt reddened on his shoulder where I'd roughly bandaged it.

"I took your gun from you in the fight," I said after a while, "and shot you in self-defense. If you say anything different to the police, I will kill you when you come out of prison. Do you understand?" He hesitated, and I bent over him.

"Yes," he said. "I understand."

I picked up the gun to put my fingerprints on it and waited for Isolde to come back. Wondering bleakly how she would come back—how her mind would be, if she would ever sleep again.

I think she went very close to going out of her mind. Even with my version of the story, she had to be at the trial. And as the days dragged by, I saw her grow thinner, paler, farther away, until I wished that I'd let her kill Mark Tarrant.

Her guardian was dragged into the trial, too, of course. And he was very lucky, I thought, not to stand in the dock beside his son, as an accessory before the fact. He had been robbing Isolde for years, as I'd guessed, and for Isolde and me to have been killed by an "unknown bandit" on a French mountain road would have solved his problems very neatly—too neatly for it to be coincidence. But Mark Tarrant swore it was a crime of passion, of jealousy. He said he'd known our route, as of course he had, had gone mad at the thought of another man on a honeymoon with Isolde, followed us and tried to kill us both. Perhaps he thought the French would be more sympathetic to such a motive. Perhaps he thought his father might still save something from the wreck, for both of them. But he was wrong if that was what he hoped. The English police were waiting for Major Tarrant when he stepped off the plane after his return flight. And that was another trial—and a sentence of three years for misappropriation and plain theft.

It was six months after our honeymoon before we reached the Caribbean. And I still wasn't sure that the fears were gone from Isolde's mind. Not even when I held her in my arms or as she lay quiet, asleep. Sometimes I would wake in the night, and she would be awake. And once she was whispering—the same words over and over again. "Oh, God, don't let me be afraid."

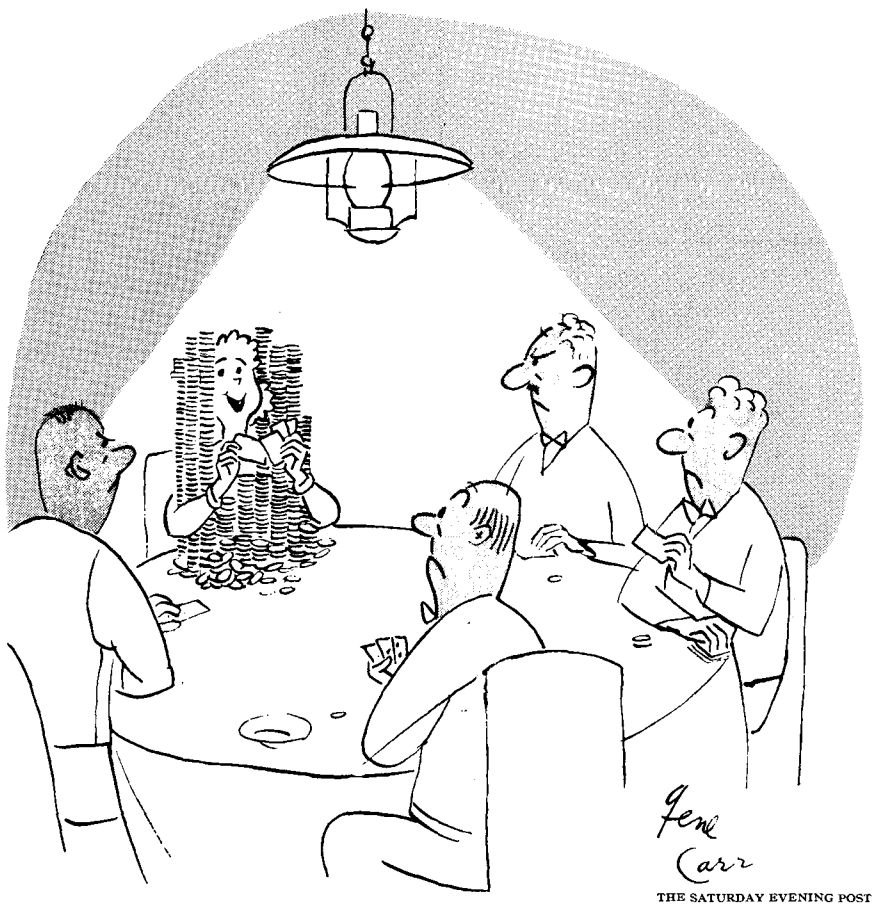
After that she didn't whisper any more, because she knew I might hear. But still she lay awake, staring into the dark. I would hear her breathing, know that she was awake. I could feel the shuddering of her body and wondered how I could reach her, what could help her. Then, one morning very early, I woke and found she was gone from beside me. Not in the room, not in the house. I went onto the veranda, looked down toward the silver beach. The last of the moon sending its path across the dark sea. A shadow wading into the path. Out into the sea. Hair like a cloud of palest gold in the moon.

I ran like a madman. Screamed. She turned, lifted her hands. I thought she was going down; flung myself forward, clawed at the indifferent water with my hands.

"Peter," she said. "Peter." I reached her, held her, touched her hair, her eyes. "The dark," she whispered, holding my face between her hands, laughing, crying. "I'm not afraid of the dark any more. Can you understand? I used to swim like this before the sun came up. Alone. And I wasn't ever afraid. And now it's like that again—as if I'd never left the island and you'd come here to find me."

She slid out of my arms and began to swim back to the shore. After a little while I followed her. Behind the palm trees the sky was growing pale. Before I reached the shore it would be bright day.

THE END



"I'm beginning to get the hang of it."

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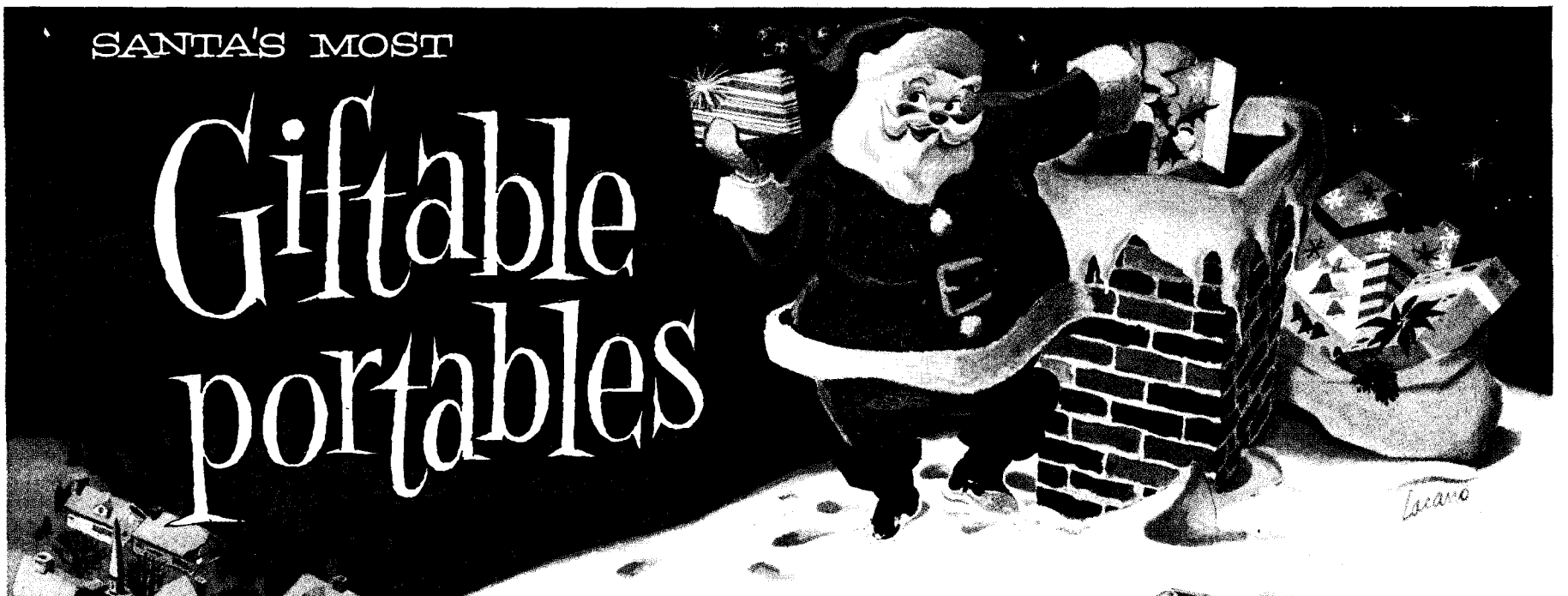
SANTA'S MOST

Giftable portables



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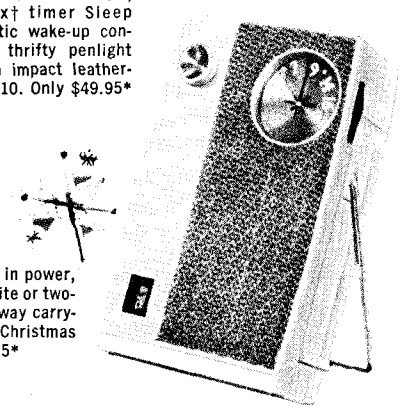

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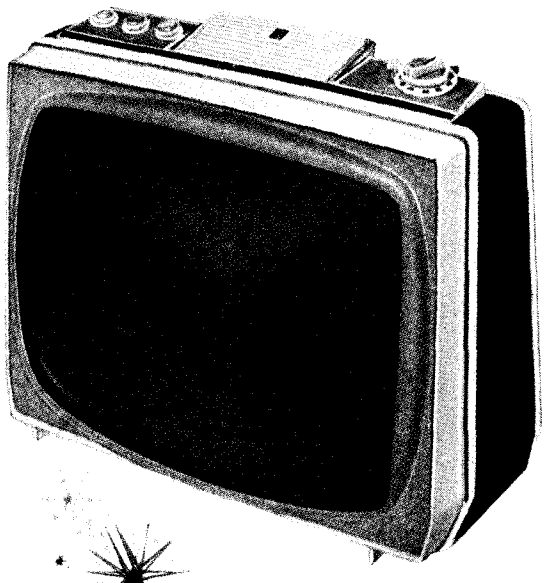

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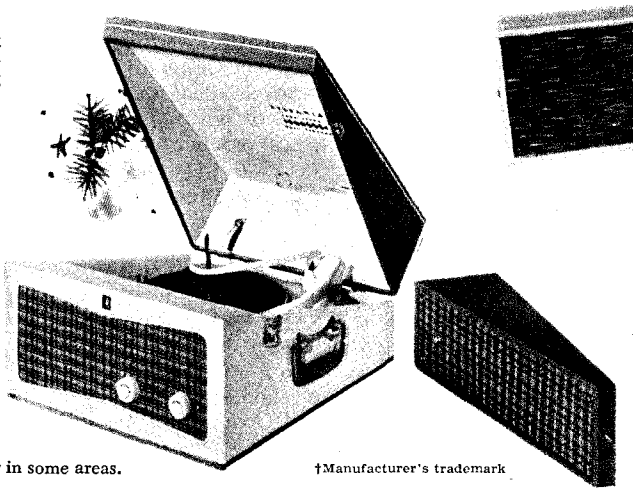

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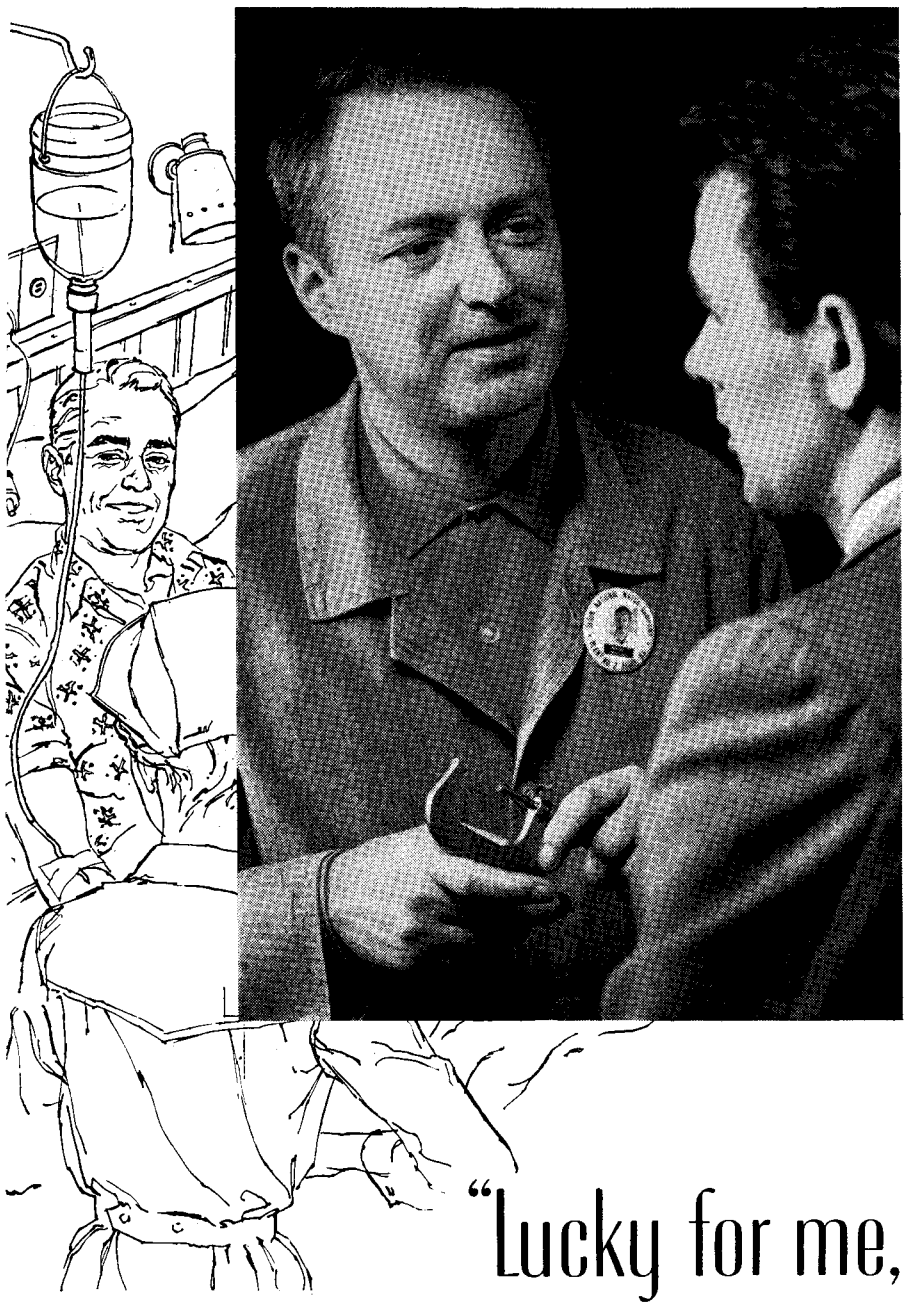

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The Town Millionaires Built

(Continued from Page 21)

gray, 300 feet above The Valley. It stands on a platform blasted out of Mummy Mountain ("We bought the mountain") and is sufficiently commodious not to seem overdecorated by one Rembrandt, a Rubens, a Botticelli, a Frans Hals, a Fra Angelico and numerous lesser paintings.

Ruskin does not merely collect art. For years he has been donating paintings to whatever institutions he feels will make the most effective educational use of them. Last year he gave the new Phoenix art museum an "opening-day present" of twenty-four masterpieces valued at $1,500,000. Until recently, one room in his home was used just to store more paintings he hopes to give away. This hoard has now been moved to a safer place, but some of it remains earmarked for a multimillion-dollar Fine Arts Center designed by the late Frank Lloyd Wright. The center is beginning to be built at Arizona State University in nearby Tempe. The proponents and chief lobbyists for the project: Ruskin and a local banker, Walter Bimson.

"The Arizona way of life is a way that lengthens life," says Ruskin, as he tugs at his shelves to exhibit a Goya and a Lorenzo Lotto. "None of this has the slightest validity if it is not accompanied by respect for the enduring values."

Ruskin has divorced himself from all income-producing endeavors. "You have to make choices," he observes. "If I spent one minute on a business matter and it makes money, there would be a temptation to examine the next one." Instead, he is fulfilling a childhood ambition by learning to play the piano, and practices two hours daily.

Some newcomers who are less amply situated have managed to transfer their work to a Scottsdale setting. Most of them, like George Petty, the Petty-girl illustrator, are semiretired. Others, like Dr. Nicholas Dallis, a forty-eight-year-old psychiatrist from Toledo, Ohio, deliberately gave up some of their income for a more endurable life. Since 1948 Doctor Dallis has been creating the highly successful comic strip, *Rex Morgan, M.D.* Four years later he started another hit comic, *Judge Parker.* Doctor Dallis' illustrators live in Toledo, Barrington, Illinois, and Tucson, Arizona; it costs an average of $300 monthly to keep in touch with them by phone. But neither this inconvenience nor giving up his $50,000-a-year medical practice made the doctor rue the decision to settle permanently in Scottsdale last year.

In Toledo he used to sweat over his comics from four to eight A.M. ("I got so damned tired of a minute-by-minute schedule I had to get out or I'd have needed a psychiatrist"). Now he works four days a week from noon to six P.M., plays a lot of golf and says, "I never know the hour and frequently have to stop and think what day it is. It's wonderful."

Except for the summer heat—up to 118 degrees—the area is endowed with near-perfect weather much of the time. Of all United States cities, only Yuma, Arizona, catches less rainfall than Phoenix, and only Tucson averages just a shade more sun. This has influenced just about all migrants into the area except the first: the Pima Indians. They're still in their shaky shacks and mud huts at the eastern edge of town. Scottsdale's founding father, however, an Army chaplain named Winfield Scott who staked out his homestead in 1882, spotted its prime asset. He solicited testimonials from physicians, one of whom even volunteered back in 1895, that "here there is an opportunity for a successful and delightful winter resort hotel."

Nothing much happened until the late 1920's, when the Arizona Biltmore materialized in the forbidding-looking style characterized by wags as "a cross between early penitentiary and late Pullman." It was barely kept going through the depression by an emergency infusion of $1,000,000 from the Wrigley family of Chicago. The Wrigleys still own the hotel and their private forty-two-room mansion on the mountainside above it. Slowly at first, other resorts appeared. Now there are several excellent resort hotels in the area.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Snow Fence

By Herbert Merrill

When summer fills the
valley's cup,
These scarlet pickets are
rolled up
To make red bundles in the
clover
That fat, sun-drowsy cows
graze over.
But when October snaps
with cold,
The scarlet pickets are
unrolled
And fastened upright in a
row
To make a stand against the
snow.
You might think only fools
would try
Holding back the winter sky
With fragile spiderwebs of
wood,
But you'd be wrong, and if I
could
I'd fence myself about to
keep
Time from drifting me too
deep.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Among the pioneers who came as resort guests and stayed to build homes was Clarence Budington Kelland, veteran novelist and author of *Saturday Evening Post* serials. He arrived in a trailer in 1936 in the course of a cross-country tour. *The Post* wanted a novel with a trailer background and Kelland was collecting material. The serial appeared under the title FUGITIVE FATHER, but not until after Kelland had sold the trailer in Arizona and settled down ("The Valley was so bloody beautiful"). Eventually he served sixteen years as Republican National Committeeman from Arizona. He still lives in Scottsdale from November to April and spends the rest of the year in his Oyster Bay, Long Island, home.

Frank Lloyd Wright arrived a few months after Kelland. He had had pneumonia and came to convalesce at one of the inns. Three years previously he had founded Taliesin, an "apprentice school of architecture" near Madison, Wisconsin. His students learned not only in the drafting room but also by lugging bricks to build their Wright-style campus and washing their own dishes. Wright had been searching for a spectacular site

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where he could live in style—and his boys could build—during the winter. In 1937 he acquired 640 acres at the foot of the McDowell Mountains, fifteen miles north of Scottsdale, and commanded his followers to construct Taliesin West.

Today it is a still-unfinished mecca for up to 500 Sunday tourists. For one dollar each they may gape at a ramble of long, low, stone-and-glass structures almost lost among terraces, gardens, courtyards, fountains and desert flowers. Neither the master's death last year nor the "horrifying" growth of Scottsdale has dimmed the spirits of the disciples. Shepherded by Wright's widow and a faculty of practicing architects headed by his son-in-law, William Wesley Peters, they expect to carry on. "If it gets too terrible," says Mrs. Wright, "we can move farther into the mountains and build ourselves another Taliesin."

The initial stirrings of the "terrible" came after World War II. Among the first to sniff the commercial possibilities was Malcolm White, a former motorcycle deputy in the sheriff's office who ran Whitey's Café at the corner of Scottsdale Road and Main Street and vividly recalls days when he grossed nine to ten dollars a day, mostly from beer. There was plenty of cash around, but it hung heavily in the well-tailored trousers of the tourists. Attracted by more air-conditioning, better plane service and the crowding of more familiar watering places, they were now pouring into the hotels in the countryside. The problem was to lure them into Scottsdale.

White approached his bank for a $15,000 loan. "They laughed and said the whole town wasn't worth that," he remembers. Nevertheless, he wheedled enough credit to build and lease out a grocery store, then a drugstore, a dress shop and the T-Bar-T theater, which has since been sold, renamed Kiva and shows only "art" movies. All of White's buildings, and all the ones he put up later, featured overhanging sidewalks, false Western fronts and frontier-style lettering. He sketched the plans himself: "I'd just think about pictures of towns I'd seen that looked Western." The tourists ate it up. White became a millionaire and, when Scottsdale was incorporated in 1951, its first mayor.

By that time other entrepreneurs were getting the message. Elizabeth Arden, shopping for a place where the staff of her health farm in Maine could continue its ministrations in the winter season, bought a forty-five acre estate with luxurious cottages and two swimming pools at the edge of town. She hired Frank Lloyd Wright to design an appropriate edifice, then fired him and remodeled what she found. She hired three decorators and fired two. She slapped paint on wallpaper she disliked. Finally the production was declared complete and she imported her health experts.

A staff of fifty now cares for a maximum of thirty-two clients. Among the alumnae: Perle Mesta, Clare Boothe Luce, Edna Ferber, Mary Pickford and Oveta Culp Hobby. For two weeks, at $500 to $550 a week, the ladies live in the "Upper Garden of Arden" or the "Lower Garden of Arden." Most of them starve noisily on a daily ration of 800 to 900 calories, which permits such occasional delicacies as home-made buttermilk sherbet. Their torsos lathered with costly creams and wrapped in one-piece blue uniforms, they pant through heavy schedules of calisthenics and dancing.

"They come out absolutely dripping," says one of the managers happily.

As the town shook off its dust and put on Western make-up for the vacationers, it naturally attracted new enterprises to separate the strangers from their bankrolls. Luckily the first wave of outside operators included artists and craftsmen of taste and imagination. Among those who set up shop in the stalls of an abandoned icehouse was Lloyd New, now forty-four, the youngest of ten children of a near-destitute white Oklahoma farmer and his Cherokee wife. With the help of a Government scholarship, Lloyd had managed to get a degree in art education in Chicago and then settled in Phoenix to teach art at a Bureau of Indian Affairs school. During the war he was a lieutenant in the Seabees. On his return, the Scottsdale icehouse was just opening. New changed his name to Kiva, which is the Hopi term for a ceremonial chamber, hired a couple of Navajos and started making leather handbags, billfolds and moccasins.

They were not the usual tourist-trap products. Still, Kiva was broke within two months. He consulted a banker friend who responded with some capital and a lesson in economics. The bags Kiva was selling for twenty-five dollars, the banker said, had to be priced at eighty-five dollars to yield a profit and impress customers. So Lloyd marked up his prices and has prospered ever since. He founded Fifth Avenue, building and renting all its sixty shops. In his own store local artisans still fashion the bags, which he refuses to sell

People who go on diets always lose something—if only their self-control.

D. O. FLYNN

to department stores. They also turn out gold-leaf-on-leather skirts ($179), black antelope coats ($289) and white kidskin capes ($375). But the wiry, soft-spoken Kiva is rarely on the premises. He is getting his hands dirty in a shed in back of the shop where he designs and handprints fabrics for his dresses.

One of Kiva's newest tenants is Erné Wittels, a bald, bearded former blender for Lucien LeLong and other greats, who advertises himself as "America's only custom perfumer." Erné, thirty-six, came from Minneapolis to shake his arthritis and a—for a perfumer—disabling sinus condition. Now fully recovered, he draws on more than 1000 scents to concoct any formula a client demands. He does 500 per cent more business than in Minnesota and last Christmas found himself two months behind in filling orders.

Down the street John Bonnell, an uninhibited former shipping clerk from Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, who became an Indian trader, runs his factory-store, the White Hogan. Customers watch as four Navajo silversmiths, two of whom own an interest in the business, shape such specialties as contoured headbands ($15) and domino sets of silver and ironwood that require 372 hours of labor and weigh four pounds ($1200). Scottsdale has other sources of authentic workmanship; for example, Camelback Galleries, whose owner, Herbert (Junie) Pratt, sixty, son of the late board chairman of Socony-Vacuum, plugs regional painters. But there are also plenty of emporiums that peddle junk. "Not only the buildings have false fronts around this town," scoffs John Bonnell.

While Scottsdale boomed, so did its big neighbor. Between 1950 and 1960, the population of Phoenix more than quadrupled to an estimated 434,000. Industry flocked in, especially electronics plants. Motorola corporation started a research laboratory in 1950 and now employs

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3200 who make transistors and other equipment. AiResearch Manufacturing Company—parts for planes and missiles—started the same year with a payroll of 170, now employs 3800. Workers in these and other factories wanted suburban homes, and the most prestigious suburb was Scottsdale.

By last year between 120 and 150 homes averaging around $12,000 were being sold each month. Many are the product of jolly 210-pound John C. Hall, thirty-six, a Missouri farm boy who came to Phoenix during World War II. The Army had rejected him because of lung trouble. He worked at a filling station and as a carpenter's apprentice. In 1950, after three years as a foreman of a building crew, he went into the construction business. His capital was $1000, and he built one home at a time. Today some 500 "Hallcraft" houses are going up simultaneously, and Hall owns 70 per cent of four corporations which are worth $2,000,000.

Not everyone equates his success with civic progress. "My wife says Scottsdale is ruined," Hall says. "She says I helped ruin it because we brought people in." Her husband differs. "Does anything ever stay the same?" he asks. "I think we've given a lot of people the opportunity to live here. I think they enjoy it."

Most of his customers do, although the temptation to keep up with the rich Joneses in The Valley sometimes jars their budgets. Most of the businessmen are delighted too. Elaborate new resorts have been sprouting up right in and around town, and they seem to embark on expansion projects just about as soon as they open their doors.

Thus far the infant city government has coped with the inundation. Scottsdale still has no jail—prisoners are boarded with a neighboring town for ten dollars a day. But its police force now numbers twelve, and there are a two-year-old sewer system and a 400-car municipal parking lot. "It's nerve-racking, but I couldn't get better experience anywhere." So said Scottsdale's first city manager, Gordon W. Allison. Later he sacked his police chief in a civic dust-up and was, in turn, himself fired by the city council.

There are less obtrusive problems. Rootlessness and boredom are more common than in most communities. The Rev. Herbert Landes, forty, a handsome former Marine Corps chaplain who started the Valley Presbyterian Church with a congregation of thirty-five in 1956 and has watched it grow beyond 1200, spends much of his time on personal counseling. "People come here for a new life," he says. "The moral traditions aren't built up. They press their new freedom and get themselves fouled up."

Scottsdale has more than its share of lonely women. Some are widows, like Mrs. Wallace Beery or Mrs. Serge Koussevitzky, wife of the late conductor. Some keep busy. Others wait from one party to the next. Attendance at a recent meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, Scottsdale chapter, exceeded 150.

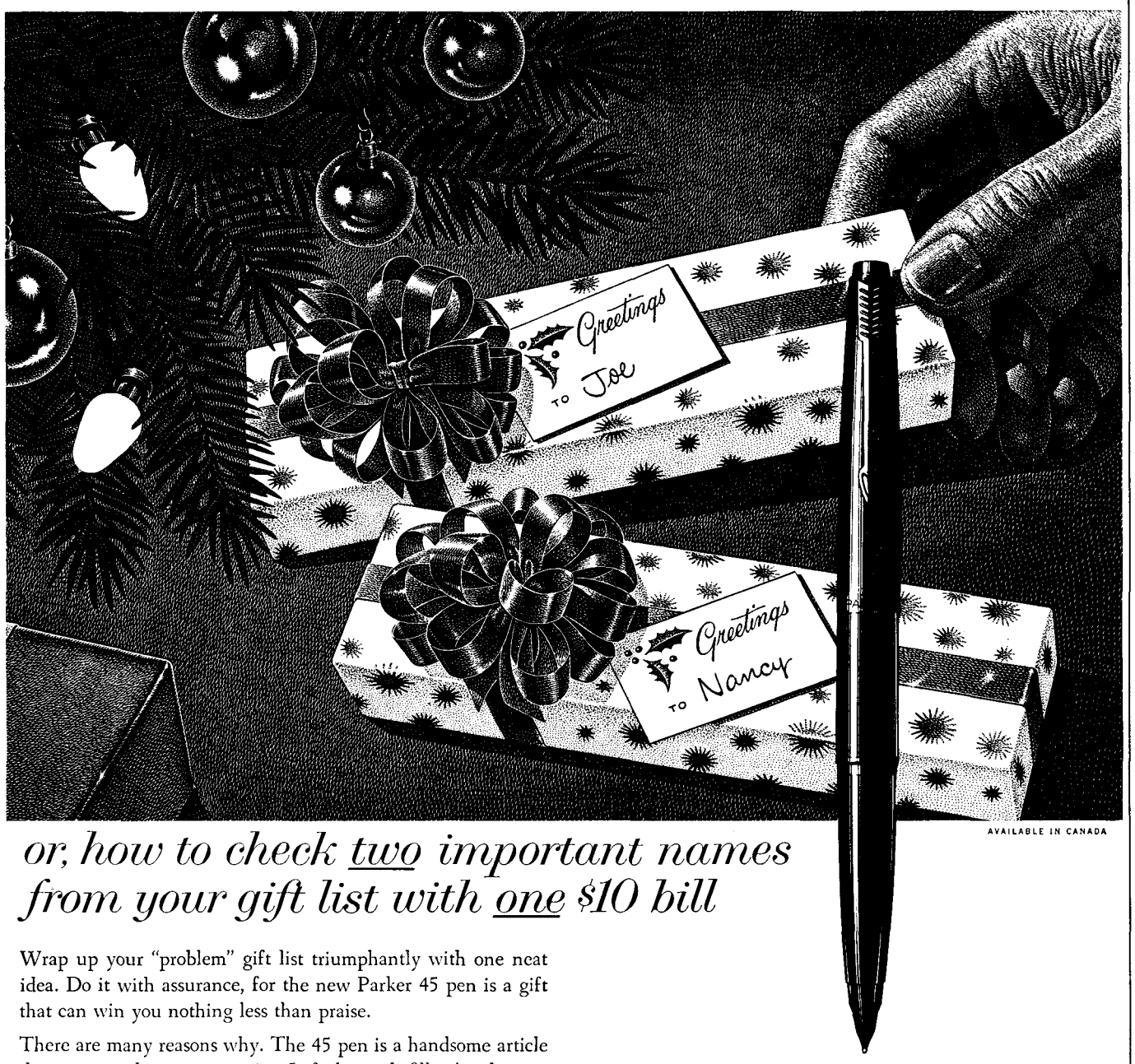
The aesthetes are getting restless. They scoff that the new Woolworth building is the biggest in town; that its overhangs and cornices can hardly be called authentic Western; and that ever since even a meeting of architects failed to agree on a definition of "Western" style, the authorities have been approving all manner of buildings as long as they were embroidered with Longhorn heads and wagon wheels.

What will Scottsdale be like ten years from now? "The way they're going now it'll look like hell," says a local architect. The crafts colony tends to agree. John Bonnell wants to move his silversmiths to a less frenetic atmosphere. Lloyd Kiva would like to start a desert art school for Indians. George Cavalliere, the village blacksmith who has grown prosperous turning out as much as $4000 worth of wrought-iron fireplaces and other accessories for a single home, has staked out the site for his future shop on a far-off mountain pass where people won't be "wantin' everything in five minutes."

Mayor Mort Kimsey, seventy-one, who arrived in Scottsdale in 1917 ("I could have bought all of Paradise Valley for twenty-five cents an acre"), shares the disenchantment of many old-timers, especially those who somehow didn't make a million. "There's a lot of high-speed stuff going on around here," he complains. "Cocktail parties and silly masquerades in the country club with everybody dressed up like ten-year-olds. We used to have time to sit down and visit without this bustling around and everybody tryin' to grab a nickel out of somebody else's pocket."

The well-to-do, watching how the calm and charm that brought them to Scottsdale are evaporating almost hourly, cling to a standard consolation. "We can always move to Carefree," they say. Carefree happens to be a town that does not yet exist except for two homes, a couple of business buildings and a gas station. It is an expertly laid-out parcel of land on a mountain slope twenty miles north of Scottsdale. The lots, most of which are already sold, hug such streets as Nonchalant Avenue and Never Mind Trail. There is room for a population of 6000. "When it gets bigger," says its chief promoter, real-estate man Tom Darlington, "we'll just start another town." THE END

Christmas shopping made easy...



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The Day of the Whale (Continued from Page 34)

interrupted by that startling whoosh from the sea and saw the huge dark shape wallowing off our point, I let out an excited shriek, "Look! A submarine!"

"No, it's only a whale. A perfectly ordinary whale, that's all." Father had a maddening way of accepting something extraordinary with unshakable calm while frequently getting terribly worked up over things which, to everybody else, seemed trivial.

"I want to go look at it," I begged, goggle-eyed as the whale lifted her enormous flukes out of water and sounded with an amazingly graceful action for such a cumbersome beast. With only eight fathoms of water beneath her, she quickly surfaced again, shooting another beautiful plume into the air. A noisy flight of gulls arrived and began a frantic aerial dance above her.

"All right," my father growled, folding up the lesson. "No use trying to compete with a whale." While he went into the cottage after his binoculars, I scrambled down the cliff to the edge of the sea.

Reaching the tidal rocks which were bearded with seaweed, I could see nothing but a fading eddy where the whale had last surfaced and became fearful that she was heading back into the ocean without showing herself again. Breathlessly I splashed out to the farthest rock and was precariously perched there when the beast erupted out of the water less than fifty yards away and made the most thunderous splash I had ever seen in my life. Her fluke whipped around, not gracefully but with savage power, striking a flat blow against the surface with a sound like a cannon shot. Spray wetted my face, and I was so terrified that I nearly fell off the rock. I shot back up the cliff much faster than I had come down, rejoining my father and our Breton housekeeper, who were watching from the stoop of the cottage. Madame Kreche crossed herself and allowed that such a beast had once swallowed Jonah and that this one was doubtless capable of a similar outrage.

Father calmly observed the whale through his binoculars as it swam in a tightening circle, acting more and more agitated and throwing up a concentric wake which was as high as that of Le Guilvinec's largest diesel dragger. "The poor thing is lost and terrified," he said sympathetically. "Whales panic in shallow water because, if they run aground, their great weight collapses their lungs and suffocates them."

Even as he spoke the beast broke her circular course and suddenly churned up the channel toward the cul-de-sac of Le Guilvinec's harbor. We watched until she passed out of sight behind the breakwater with its whitewashed stump of a lighthouse. Then father went back inside and cranked up the telephone, asking the operator to connect him with the mayor's office. I recall the part of the conversation from our end to have gone something like this.

"Hello, Monsieur *le Maire?* . . . Monsieur Rawlinson here. . . .Very well, thank you. And how are you feeling? Headaches better? . . . Oh, I'm sorry. But you would have worse pains if Le Guilvinec was crawling with tourists. . . .No, I have *not* changed my mind about them. I only thought I'd ring up and tell you that a rather unusual one is just swimming into your harbor. . . .No, not in a yacht. Swimming! . . . Oh, about sixteen meters long and twenty-five tons or so! . . . Well, if you don't believe me, just look out of your window toward the lighthouse." He spoke this last sentence quite impatiently and hung up. "Come on," he told me. "Let's go watch the fun!"

We jumped into our Lagonda roadster and roared down the winding road which connected our promontory to the mainland, reaching the Guilvinec docks before the crowd had grown too large. As most of the boats were out fishing, there were only some old salts, some fishwives in gull-shaped bonnets and a number of kids, all staring at the whale, which was now snorting and thrashing nervously in the middle of the harbor. The mayor was examining her through an old-fashioned brass telescope, while the village butcher stood at his elbow chattering excitedly. "Look at all that meat! We must catch all that beautiful meat!"

One of the fishwives snorted contemptuously. "How do you expect to butcher such an animal? It is not a pig, after all."

"I spent some time whaling off Greenland as a youth," the mayor announced, collapsing his telescope and priming everybody to accept his command of the situation. "It is a simple matter to kill a whale. All you need is a harpoon, a maneuverable boat and fortitude."

As he spoke the whale began a desperate effort to find her way out of the trap of the harbor, rushing about in frantic dashes which broke the placid waters into alarming turbulence. She spouted with a wheezing sound full of unmistakable fear, then brought a gasp out of the women by smacking her fluke

> Having a daughter in college these days is like being wiped out in the stock market.
>
> H. B. FOX

against the water with a report which echoed among the water-front houses. The *Étoile du Nord*, a proud old tuna ketch, heaved uneasily at her anchorage, and the dories moored to the dock bobbed and nudged one another.

Several of the old salts edged away from the mayor to avoid being pressed into the whaling business. But it was to my father that he addressed himself. "Since you first discovered the beast, Monsieur Rawlinson, to you will belong the honor of providing a boat." He obviously suspected that none of the natives would volunteer theirs and thought he could induce father to offer our sixteen-foot lugsailed shallop in which I was being taught the rudiments of seamanship. A very cranky, third-hand little boat, aptly named the *Turn Turtle*, she was eminently unsuited for whaling, but it was not on these grounds that father refused to offer her services.

"That is a finback whale, Monsieur *le Maire*," he told Le Guilvinec's chief executive. "They are protected by international agreement to which France is a party. Harming them is a breach of international law."

The old animosity over the tourist controversy glowed in the mayor's unclear eyes as he mulled over this answer. The dent in his forehead turned an unhealthy purple, signaling an unbalancing anger seething beneath it. "Ah, Monsieur Rawlinson is obstructing our progress and enterprise again. He is always trying to invent better ways for us to sit on our hands. Some engineer, bah!"

Father smiled affably. "I am only advising you to obey the law. For my own part, I refuse to have anything to do with poaching."

The mayor's voice rose to a quarter-deck bellow: "Under emergency conditions I am empowered to commandeer any vessel. I now officially declare such an emergency."

At this point a general argument broke out on the dock, with only a small minority taking sides with my father. The crowd had swelled with the arrival of the gendarme, the owner of the general store, the priest, the innkeeper and a couple of customers from his *bistro*. While the poor whale became strangely still as if awaiting a fateful decision, angry voices mingled with the shrill cries of the sea gulls. The women were mostly against any rash adventure, but these good Breton wives confined their objections to muttered sarcasms. The older salts were all for butchering the whale in defiance of international law, but regretted that their infirmities prevented them from taking part in the fun. The tradesmen and innkeeper volubly supported the mayor. The gendarme was, as usual, cautious. The priest backed my father, but reasoning could not prevail against the noisy majority. The mayor decided that the *Turn Turtle* was unworthy of the honor, but commandeered another boat, a large dory belonging to an absent fisherman. The storekeeper rushed to his emporium and brought back a rusty harpoon and coil of line. A crew was mustered, consisting of the butcher, the two well fortified customers from the *bistro*, a somewhat less enthusiastic gendarme and the mayor-captain in command.

All chatter stopped on the dock, and there came an agonized wait as the boat rowed out toward the middle of the harbor where the whale was wallowing with her head barely awash, her enormous body an ominous black shadow beneath the surface. She lay very still with only an occasional nervous tremor which sent warning ripples toward the approaching whalers. The dory, which had bravely started out with brisk strokes of the sweeps, gradually slowed, then drifted to a timid stop within fifty feet of its quarry, whose strange calm suddenly seemed full of menace. We could clearly hear a discussion taking place among the whalers about which end was best to attack. The mayor's voice floated across the water, saying, "We'll sneak up on it from behind, my hearties!"

"Isn't that the more dangerous end—like on a horse?"

"We'll have to stick the part that's showing above water, obviously."

"I want to go back," we heard the gendarme plead. "I'm not a sailor, after all, and will only get in the way."

One of the women on the dock cupped her hands to her mouth and yelled, "Come back, you fools! That brute is four times as long as your silly little boat." But the dory inched closer and the butcher stood up in the bow, hefting the harpoon, which looked like a toothpick compared to the whale. There was another agonized wait as he got tangled up in the line and had to pause to unravel it.

My father shook his head and gave the priest a look which prompted the good man to step to the edge of the dock. "You are all committing suicide," he shouted with a stentorian voice, "and I warn you that suicides are denied the last sacrament." This thinly veiled threat brought gasps out of the women and had even greater effect on one of the whalers. The gendarme dropped his oar, dived overboard and started swimming toward shore for all he was worth.

"Poltroon!" the mayor yelled after the deserter.

At the same instant the butcher attempted to hurl his weapon, but it plopped into the water some ten yards short of its target. However, the whale reacted just as if the iron had struck home. Tons of muscle which had been knotted up in

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frozen terror all let go at once, propelling her monstrous bulk almost entirely out of water. She crashed back in a cloud of spray through which we had a diffused glimpse of a capsizing dory with bodies tumbling out of it. The electrified behemoth drove ahead in a blind rush which swept aside the men. At this moment it looked as if the mayor and his whalers were surely done for as she churned right through where they were floundering.

The women on the dock screamed. The priest started loudly invoking the help of the Almighty, while my father added a less reverent but more eloquent supplication. The men in the water yelled and swam faster than they ever had in their lives; only the mayor clung stubbornly to the overturned boat, spluttering, cursing and shaking his fist at the whale, who even now wanted nothing but to escape. She had swung into another frantic circling of the harbor, her wake rolling the moored boats and breaking against the dock where the children and old salts were jumping in wild excitement.

It was all an unforgettable sight for a twelve-year-old boy, and my reaction was one of unbounded admiration for this great animal who could thus humiliate the leading citizens of Le Guilvinec. Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*—a piece of literature stubbornly crammed into my education together with logarithms—suddenly took on new dimensions in my mind. However, my father's reaction was not quite the same.

"This is unmitigated cruelty to a dumb beast!" he shouted furiously and, collaring the curé and some old salts, began organizing emergency rescue operations. However, before they could move, they were transfixed by a mighty crash which shook the whole harbor. The whale had collided with the anchored *Étoile du Nord*, bringing her wild, aimless flight to a sudden stop. As she backed off in a pool of roiling foam, the old tuna ketch's mainmast crashed to her decks in a jumble of tangled rigging and splintered wood. All yelling ceased and a stunned silence fell over the water front as the pride of Le Guilvinec's fishing fleet slowly but inexorably sank to the bottom of the harbor.

As the old clock in the steeple tolled the noon hour, Le Guilvinec was no longer a sleepy little Breton fishing village. By then every man, woman and child living within five kilometers had crowded onto the docks, and a loryfull of coast guardsmen had roared into the village. Behind it came two cars full of newspaper reporters and photographers. This sudden influx of strangers was the result of a panicked call put in by the village telephone operator after she witnessed from her window the mayor's ill-fated attempt to harpoon himself a year's supply of meat. She had dashed back to her switchboard, plugged herself in to her colleague in Quimper, who in turn passed the startling call for help on to the coast guard in Douarnenez. "An enraged whale has invaded Le Guilvinec's harbor, attacked the mayor, wrecked two boats, and is demolishing the water front—*au secours, pour l'amour de Dieu!*"

Although fully effective, her report was slightly exaggerated. Immediately after sinking the poor old *Étoile du Nord*, the dazed whale had run herself aground on a sand bar where, trapped by a falling tide, she wheezed and puffed in a most pitiful manner. My father with the doughty curé had gone out in the *Turn Turtle* and rescued the whalers, of whom only the gendarme and mayor were in a bad way. The former had to be rolled on an empty herring cask to drain the sea water out of him, and as soon as this was accomplished he was promptly filled up again with cognac and taken home in a wheelbarrow. The mayor was dragged ashore suffering from one of those attacks which were caused by his old head injury and came on under moments of high emotional upset. For several minutes after being returned to the dock he stomped back and forth shouting at everybody to stand by to abandon ship. It took three men to keep him from jumping back into the water and to escort him home for a change of clothes. Father then tried to organize an effort to drive the whale out of the harbor, but this time there were absolutely no volunteers—except myself and some other small boys who were cruelly rejected.

It was not until a couple of draggers came chugging in from their morning cruise that some brave young fishermen became available to man the *Turn Turtle* and another dory. By that time the unhappy leviathan was so firmly grounded by the ebbing tide that it would have taken a large salvage tug to haul her off. She could no longer even raise her mighty flukes to flail the water, but lay there sighing, wheezing and twitching, a huge, pain-racked mountain of blubber, helplessly high and dry.

By one o'clock word had spread all up and down the coast, the radio station at Brest having picked up the story and broadcast a special bulletin. A platoon of sailors under the command of a pompous little lieutenant arrived from the naval station in Lorient and joined the coast guardsmen, who were gaping at the whale from the beach opposite the sandspit. Automobiles with the first groups of excited sight-seers began arriving, and before two o'clock Le Guilvinec had the biggest crowd in its history, its lone gendarme unable to rise to the momentous occasion due to the effects of immersion and cognac.

Once it became certain that the whale could not possibly extricate herself and launch further attacks, every small boat in the harbor went into the chartering business and took the visitors out at prices which became more inflated by the minute.

Father finally gave in to my anguished pleas and took me out in the *Turn Turtle* to look at the whale. While most of the "charter boats" kept a respectful distance, we moved right in and grounded, our bow within fifteen feet of her head, and I still recall with a shudder the effect of seeing this great animal from such close quarters and in such a sorry predicament. All the feeling of majesty and power was gone, all the massively seaworthy lines of the huge body destroyed as she lay there, suffocating under the pressure of her own ponderous weight. Her breathing still came with the rhythm of the open ocean, in long intervals with forced blasts through her blowhole as if she were freely sounding and broaching, but with painful rattling and gurgling sounds from her collapsing lungs. The white fluted chin had cruel gashes where it had scraped against the bottom in her frantic search for deep water; sea gulls were brazenly perched on her back, pecking chunks of blubber with their sharp beaks. But worst of all was the eye! It was small compared to her over-all bulk, yet easily as big as a basketball. There were lines around it which gave a melancholy expression of shocked disbelief as it stared unblinking in fathomless misery, seemingly looking right at me in a most frightening manner. As I stared back, a huge tear brimmed and trickled down the pained wrinkles. "Can't you save her, pop?" I sobbed.

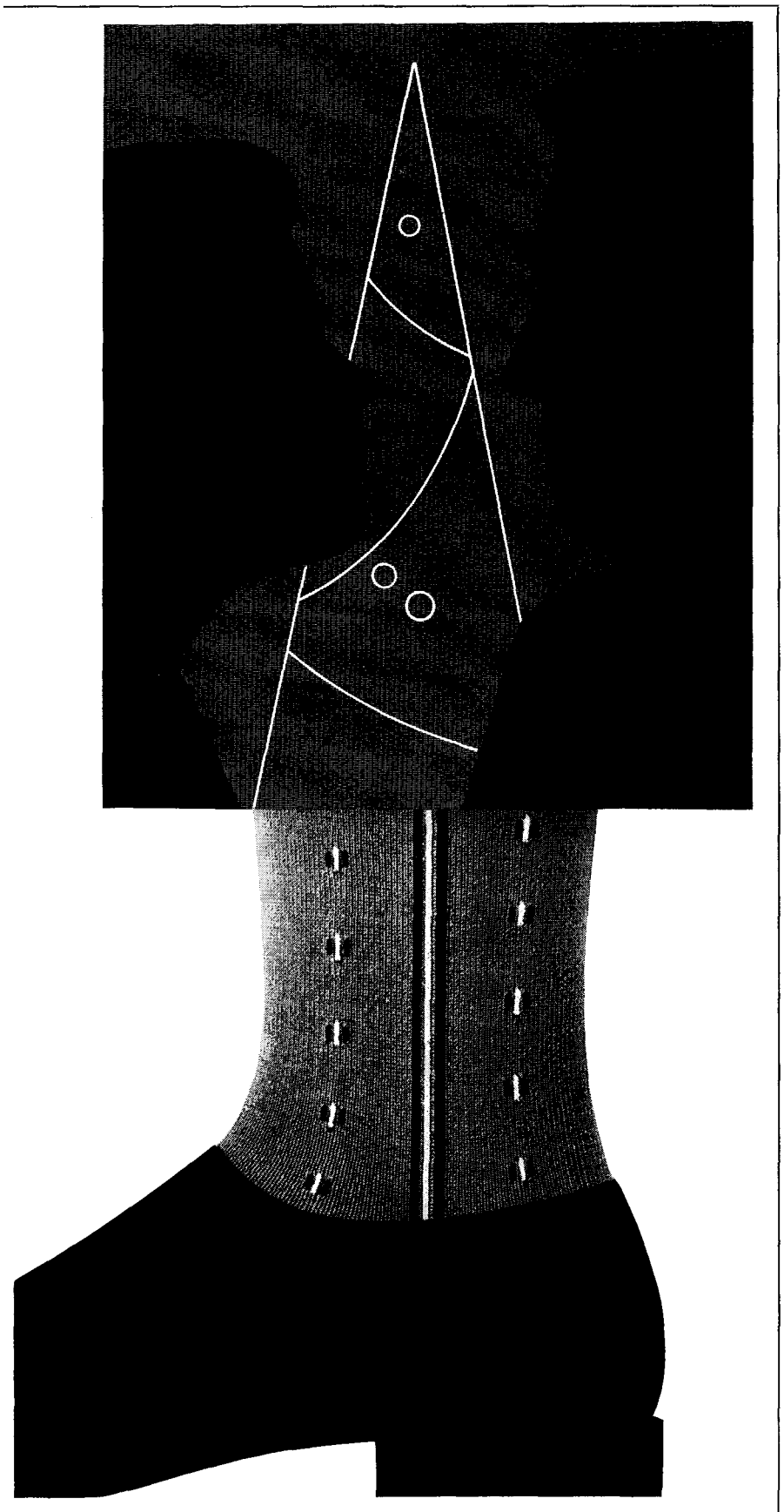
Father was obviously deeply moved by the sight, but shook his head doubtfully. "Her only hope is when the tide comes back in."

As we sat there, helpless to succor this mountain of suffering, the mayor came rowing through the crowd of sight-seeing boats and drew up alongside of us. He had put on his old captain's uniform over which he wore his sash of office, and with him were the naval lieutenant and an N.C.O. of the coast guard. The mayor was at the tiller, and from the look in his eye we could tell that he was still not entirely rational. At first he ignored us, but we overheard their discussion which revealed they were investigating the possibility of dispatching the whale with a charge of dynamite. This was too much for my father.

"How dare you consider such savagery!" he yelled. "This animal is protected by international law, I tell you!"

The mayor stood up in the stern of his dory and shook his fist at us. "We are Frenchmen and this is a French whale! Go back to America and mind your own business!"

"You are speaking to a former soldier of France with the rank of major," father shouted, shamelessly resorting to his status as a veteran of the late war. "I hold the *Croix de guerre* with palm, and if you don't think I have influence in high circles you are sadly mistaken. I'm going to



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telephone immediately the Minister of Marine in Paris and expose what is happening here."

Father did not know the Minister of Marine, nor anybody in any ministry, but in his indignation he was perfectly capable of carrying out his threat. His temper was not improved when the mayor's dory, rowed by a larger and stronger crew, churned through the fleet of cheering sight-seers and beat us ashore. With a huge crowd lining the water front, an ugly scene erupted as the mayor prevented father from landing on the dock and reaching a telephone. There was scuffling and shouting, recriminations and accusations, all with full, uninhibited Gallic temperament. We were shoved back into the rocking *Turn Turtle* and vociferously forbidden to "provoke the central government with foreign interference in a local affair!" Father, now beside himself with rage, shouted his regrets over having fought for four years in the French Army and swore that they would have to blow him up with the whale, whom he would defend as he had once defended Verdun! With that he furiously rowed back out to his mammoth protégé, wading ashore to patrol the soggy spit of sand, brandishing a boat hook at all who dared come too close. The whale showed its appreciation by vomiting up a quarter of a ton of half-digested shrimp and plankton. As I sat huddled in the *Turn Turtle*, the smell made the prospects of being blown to smithereens almost a pleasant one.

Presently the big dory came rowing out again and advanced beyond the line of charter boats, stopping a few feet short of my father, who splashed out to contest its landing. The crew consisted of two sailors, a coast guardsman who was gingerly holding a bundle of dynamite sticks in his lap, and the naval lieutenant at the tiller. The mayor was absent, having just suffered another attack of hallucinations, necessitating his being taken to the *bistro* and administered a sedation of Calvados. The lieutenant stood up and pleaded, "Please, monsieur, do not make a scene!"

"Then go away and stop tormenting this helpless creature!"

"But be reasonable, monsieur! Such a dangerous fish must be killed."

"*Fish!* Don't you even understand that this is a warm-blooded mammal who suckles her young exactly like your own mother?"

The naval lieutenant seemed taken aback by this piece of zoological information. "That is beside the point," he spluttered indignantly. "It must be dispatched regardless of its temperature or methods of feeding its young. We will put this charge beneath its chin and—paff! Its suffering will end without feeling a thing!"

"Without feeling a thing?" my father echoed in fury. "Perhaps you would like to try it for yourself!" He dropped his boat hook and dug into his pocket for a box of matches. Wading closer, he struck several in quick succession, flipping them into the dory. The coast guardsman holding the dynamite let out a yell of terror and instantly threw his bundle of explosives far into the water. The oarsmen frantically back-paddled, and the lieutenant cursed loudly as they retreated. Father retrieved his boat hook and victoriously waded back up on the sandspit.

While the naval party returned to the dock for a conference on new strategy, others were swayed by the defiant stand of one brave man and came out in boats to express their sympathy for his cause. The schoolmaster even brought father a sandwich and bottle of wine. But we soon braced for another attack as we spied the official dory putting out from the dock again. This time the mayor was along, having evidently been precariously restored to his senses, and there were reinforcements in the form of another boatful of sailors. It certainly looked as if they were about to mount a maximum assault on the whale and its defender, but father took a determined grip on his boat hook and waded out to meet it head on.

However, to his suspicious surprise, there were frantic signals for a truce from the officials as they approached. The naval lieutenant yelled that the situation had radically changed, and it had become necessary to preserve the whale from all danger! There had been a long-distance call from Paris—Reuter's News Agency telephoning for confirmation about the incredible whale story before sending a team of reporters. There had also arrived a telegram from Movietone News, begging the mayor to prevent the whale from escaping or being killed before they could send a newsreel crew to cover the event. Father still refused to budge until he was shown this telegram.

After he read it, the mayor cackled maliciously at him. "Congratulations, monsieur! You have outsmarted yourself and saved a phenomenal tourist attraction for Guilvinec. We shall all become rich and famous! Have you any suggestions for making the dear animal more comfortable?"

Father glowered angrily at him. "Tie a rope around her tail and prepare to pull her into deep water as the tide rises, otherwise she will soon be dead." Leaving the mayor and his party to wrestle with this knotty problem, we rowed back to the dock.

The tide was due to reach full flood at eight o'clock in the evening, which was just about at sunset on this balmy summer day. But long before that, the docks, the market place, and all the narrow cobbled streets of Le Guilvinec were choked with people who had flocked from near and far to see the whale. They had been pouring in all afternoon, traveling on foot, on bicycles, motorcycles, in horse carts, automobiles, charabancs and even in boats from neighboring coastal villages. Virtually every inch of the water front was taken up by tightly packed ranks who stared at the wondrous stranded monster of Guilvinec. The "charter boats" still plied back and forth to the sandspit; the *bistros* had long since sold out their stocks and sent frantic calls to wholesalers around the countryside. The mayor suffered his final breakdown when he realized that there was no possibility of feeding or watering the huge mob and thus profiteering off this fantastic windfall.

Out on the sandspit the naval unit and coast guard had failed to muster enough courage to secure a towline around the tail of a live whale, but instead had brought out shovels and were attempting to dredge the ground out from under her. As the water crept back up, they hoped for enough buoyancy to save the gasping behemoth from dying. But her wheezing and fitful tremors grew weaker by the hour. So weak that one brave sailor finally clambered up her back well forward of the still lethal flukes and did a jig to the sadistic delight of the crowd.

In the meanwhile my father had not been idle. Having won his fight to save the whale from being blown up, he was now equally determined to save her and Le Guilvinec from ruthless commercial exploitation. He had gathered together a couple of dragger captains who were as disgusted with events as he, some of their crew, the schoolteacher and the ever-game curé. If and when the beached leviathan was floated alive, they had a plan ready!

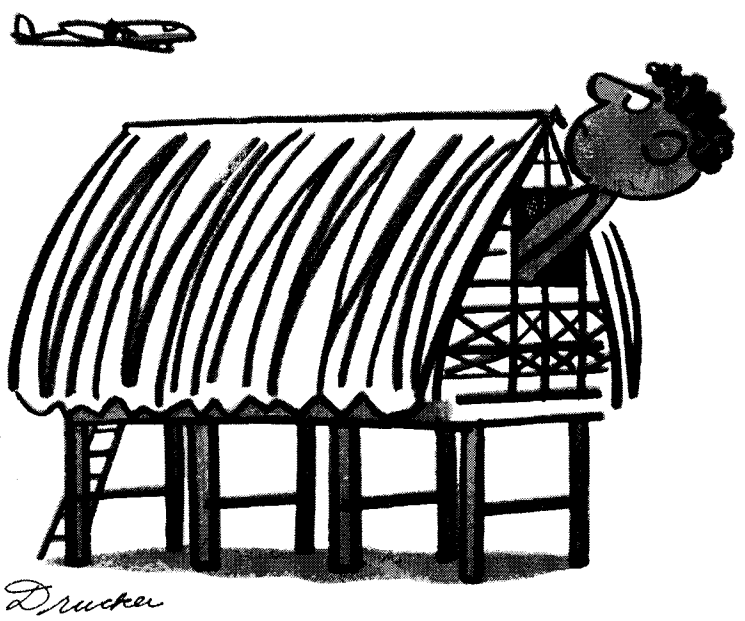
One hour before high water the sandspit began flooding and forced the naval party to retreat into their boats and await further developments. A tense hush fell over the jam-packed harbor as thousands of eyes squinted in the rays of the setting sun, watching the maddeningly slow rise of the tide. Among the armada of small boats was the *Turn Turtle* and two others crewed by father's coconspirators, all prepared to sabotage any effort to keep the whale bottled up in Guilvinec. This became one of the longest hours I can ever remember, waiting there in the bow of the *Turn Turtle*, watching the water rise inch by agonizing inch.

When the whale felt the first tantalizing lick against her parched belly, she reacted with a desperate heaving and floundering, which sent most of the surrounding boats scurrying for shore. But the effort merely exhausted her without accomplishing anything toward freedom.

The water crept on up, wetting her fluted chin and gradually giving support to her limp flukes, but leaving her pain-racked main bulk firmly embedded in the sand. Her white underparts faded beneath the creeping waters, and that baleful eye with its look of unbearable melancholy slowly, ever so slowly, sank out of sight. Still she did not move. Even the gurgling rumble from her tortured lungs ceased. The clock in the church steeple tolled eight; it was high water, yet our poor whale remained there, motionless. A murmur swept through the crowd: "She is done . . . finished . . . dead." But suddenly the murmur turned into a gasp.

The whale had floated free! She was slowly drifting off the sandspit, moving ever so gently, tremors going through her body, her flippers making listless motions to paddle herself clear. A feeble spout spluttered out of her blowhole and brought a roar out of the crowd. A couple of the dories containing sailors and coast guardsmen backed away, fearful of the monster even in her weakened state. But father yelled to his coconspirators, "Let's go! Forward!" Our oars bit into the water and our boats lunged ahead, passing the hesitating naval lieutenant and his crew. There were shouts after us to come back, but we moved right in on the whale, the *Turn Turtle* taking up position behind her, the dragger captains expertly and fearlessly maneuvering their dories along each of her flanks. As the great animal gradually seemed to regain some of her strength, we began herding her like an enormous marine cow toward the channel. When the crowd realized what was happening, there were yells of protest, but the fascination of the fantastic operation quickly stunned them back to silence.

As the sun sank beneath the sea and a warm summer twilight fell over the



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When the South Sea Islanders learned that the United States planned to explode nuclear bombs in their waters, they protested to Washington that it was "unconstitutional" to imperil them with radiation. A suit in Federal court ensued.

"These people have no right to be in this court at all," Government counsel argued. "While we are sorry for them, they aren't United States citizens and we've got to continue our tests. Perhaps it is dangerous if we do, but it may doom all free society if we don't."

"Our homes are as dear to us as yours are to you," spokesmen for the islanders retorted. "Why isn't it just as unconstitutional to explode bombs around us as it would be to set them off in Chesapeake Bay? Or outside this courtroom?"

If you were the judge, would you halt the nuclear tests?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The tests were authorized to continue. The court ruled that the protection of the Constitution does not extend to nonresident aliens. Hence they had no right to challenge the tests in United States courts.

Based upon a 1960 Federal decision.

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Brittany coast, all seemed about to end happily, with our whale weakly, nervously, but steadily heading toward the open sea. But this was not to be. Just as we were guiding her past the stumpy lighthouse at the end of the stone jetty, a small excursion steamer from Douarnenez came around the point, her decks black with sight-seers heading for the excitement in Le Guilvinec.

We watched with helpless fury as she bore down on us, and made useless signals to her captain, who was already caught on a collision course in the narrow channel. The whistle bawled and the sea behind her stern erupted into a white maelstrom of foam as they threw the engine into full reverse. The passengers on her deck began howling, as did the mob along the shore. Our whale faltered in her slow progress, her enormous hulk hopelessly blocking the right-of-way, her flukes swirling the waters fearfully as she sensed the danger. Our dorymen realized that all was lost and frantically pulled away from what they knew would become a disastrous climax to all of our efforts.

The wretched whale never had a chance; nor did the steamer. I remember a brief glance inside the wheelhouse and seeing the helmsman spinning his wheel in an attempt to squeeze past the behemoth. I remember the bearded captain leaning over the wing of his bridge, his mouth wide open but soundless. I remember the white faces of the passengers as they surged to the railings, screaming and gesticulating at the whale to get out of the way. The steamer had lost much of her speed and came very close to squeezing by, but they collided with a glancing blow which made her heel over and slue off sideways, then gently crunch into the rocks beneath the lighthouse.

The whale rolled with the impact, giving me a last terrified look from that huge eye, her vast white belly flashing in the pink afterglow of the sunset. Then she erupted with a final unleashing of all her dying strength, whirled around, and drove back into Guilvinec harbor in a surging, blind panic. The wash as she churned by almost capsized the *Turn Turtle*, but we could not take our eyes off this last dash of our whale. No aimless circular course this time! She bore across the placid waters of the harbor, heading straight for its one small piece of level pebble beach. As she approached, the crowd there broke in panic and trampled all over one another in a wild race for higher ground. The whale forged ahead as if purposely intending to charge up on land and lash out at all these people who had come to gape at her inglorious end.

In her last moments she regained all of that awesome power and majesty of her breed, propelling herself through the shoaling water with pounding strokes of her mighty tail, driving right up on the beach, and there she sagged and died with a long simpering wheeze.

We silently rowed back to the docks, which were now deserted. The hysterical crowd had stampeded down to the beach or out on the jetty to the grounded excursion steamer. The market place was so glutted with parked automobiles that we were unable to extricate the Lagonda and had to trudge home on foot. Father did not speak a word to me all the way, nor did I say anything to him, not even when we saw across the harbor people hacking out bloody pieces of blubber for souvenirs. The butchers were at work by torchlight.

On the next morning I asked father if I could go back for a last look, but he told me no, that it was better to remember that wonderfnl whale the way we had first seen her off our point, and anyway, I had to catch up with my mathematics lesson. As we sat in the rose bower of the garden with the beautiful sunlit sea stretching calm and blue to the horizon, I could not make the columns add up correctly. A hot land breeze was blowing and it carried the first whiff of a horrible stench of rotting whale. By afternoon you could smell Le Guilvinec for ten miles downwind, and every last sight-seer and tourist had fled the area in great haste. They never did come back.

How the Congo Crisis Hit Belgium (Continued from Page 29)

uranium, radium, cadmium and silver gave the Union Minière the kind of glamour that must have graced the old East India Company or the colonial ventures of Sir Walter Raleigh. And, as the Belgians know a good thing when they see it, its shares were highly popular.

Shopkeepers, farmers, business executives and secretaries, not to forget orphans and widows, had seen their Union Minière stock go up, in 1956, to a dizzying $160 for the popular tenth of a share, then follow copper prices on their downward trend, hover around a comfortable $100 for a while—and plummet to a low of thirty-two dollars at the time of the Congo mess. The other twenty-five or thirty stocks traded in the "colonial corner" of the Brussels stock exchange proved similarly disappointing.

The Congo tragedy, seen in this light, breaks down into a million tiny tragedies. It is reflected in the plight of Aunt Geneviève whose savings were invested in Union Minière, and in the predicament of Uncle Pieter who, several years ago, had sold his house to buy "colonial values." It affects all those who, without actually going overseas, had lived in one way or another off the Congo. It is of painfully direct concern to the Congo's 80,000 Belgians—civil servants, company officials, doctors, mechanics, artisans, merchants and missionaries—many of whom have been uprooted overnight and must be squeezed into tight little Belgium's workaday life, often to someone else's disadvantage. Indeed, one soon finds that there are few Belgian families who are not losers in the Congo tumble.

No wonder that the Belgians want to know how this calamity could overtake them. And the results of the post-mortem are not pretty. "We made two big mistakes," I was told by Maurice van Hemelrijck, former Minister for the Congo, and, as we shall see, Belgium's key figure in the crucial pre-independence period. "First, we had a chance to announce our intention to free the Congo at the end of World War II, when a new deal for Africa was in the air—we missed it. Second, we neglected to form a Congolese *élite* and to improve human relations between white and black—had we done this in time, the Congo might have been prepared for self-government."

A bit of history will give perspective to his verdict. In 1885, Belgium's King Leopold II—a prince with a strong mind and well-groomed beard, and with an eye for the financial section of his daily newspaper—set up the Congo Free State with himself as ruler and principal owner. A few years earlier H. M. Stanley had opened up the Congo River valley; and Leopold, with the approval of other European powers then carving up the African continent, went in on what was, on the face of it, a civilizing mission. He did, in fact, succeed in stamping out the slave trade which had depleted the Congo of some 100,000 human beings every year. But in his quest for wealth he also gave his agents a free hand in forcing Congolese to work, and the king's men committed horrors which were to scandalize the world.

The Belgians as a nation, it is worth recalling, had no desire whatsoever to own a colony, and when the aging Leopold handed the Congo to his people as a legacy, in 1908, both parliament and public accepted it without enthusiasm.

Imperialism had no roots here. Belgium itself had been created as a nation as recently as 1830, and the problem of making its Flemings and Walloons live happily under the same roof was quite sufficient to absorb its national energies. Although possession of more than 900,000 square miles of African soil made Belgium the world's fourth-largest colonial power, the Congo never entered into Belgium's life the way the East Indies entered into Holland's, or India into Britain's. The average Belgian may have bought colonial shares and packed his youngest son off to Elisabethville. Apart from that, however, he took about as much interest in the faraway colony as the average American took in the Philippines when they were still under the Stars and Stripes.

This indifference, in Belgium's case, had dire consequences. The quality of the colonial administration, for one thing, left a good deal to be desired. Unlike the British, who developed in the Indian Civil Service a brilliant, highly competent machine, the Belgians were content with mediocrity. Few gifted young men chose the colonial service in the Congo as a career. And that low sensitivity in the field, combined with lack of interest at home, partly explains the fact that Belgium let things ride in the Congo long after other African colonies had started popping off in quest of freedom.

It is true that the Congolese themselves did not complain. They did not hate their Belgian masters—no nationalist movement existed in the Congo until very recently. The cruel years had long since passed. Looked after by their three paternal-minded overlords—government, companies and Roman Catholic Church—the natives fared rather well by colonial standards. Their health was good, their wages had gone up and up, their children went to school. Many observers had called the Belgian Congo a model colony.

The announcement of King Baudouin's engagement to the Spanish Doña Fabiola brought some cheer to the Belgians, long disheartened by events in the Congo. They will marry this month.

There were only a few things wrong. A rigid color bar kept the blacks away from the white sectors of the cities, away from secondary education and away from the good jobs. Belgium deliberately refrained from creating a black *élite*—an educated native is a troublemaker—and from enfranchising the Congolese. While the inhabitants of the French Congo, next door, had civic rights—and kept telling their Belgian Congo brothers all about it when they came streaming across the river from Brazzaville for a day's work—the Belgian Congo was a place where people "did not vote but worked."

"If we had only thought about it," one high Belgian official groaned in hindsight, "we could have done something. We could have done something in time!"

In recent years a few long-overdue improvements had come into play. The first of two universities in the Congo was set up in 1954, and a policy of "Africanization" was instituted, meaning that public and private bodies in the Congo would employ natives in responsible jobs. But inasmuch as there were few qualified blacks available, excuses for ignoring the new directive were easy to find. Only a handful of Congolese ever served in positions higher than accountants. As for the local army, the *Force Publique*, consisting of 24,000 native soldiers and 1000 Belgian officers, it did not have a single Congolese of officer rank.

And so the Congo at long last exploded. On January 4, 1959, antiwhite riots broke out in Leopoldville, the capital; troops were called in, and when the dust had settled, there were more than seventy persons dead. Was this the beginning of the end? It happened that the Brussels government was at that very moment putting the finishing touches on a statement that would initiate yet another series of reforms. Now, suddenly, it was faced with the choice between sweeping concessions and colonial war. And it is to Belgium's (*Continued on Page 86*)

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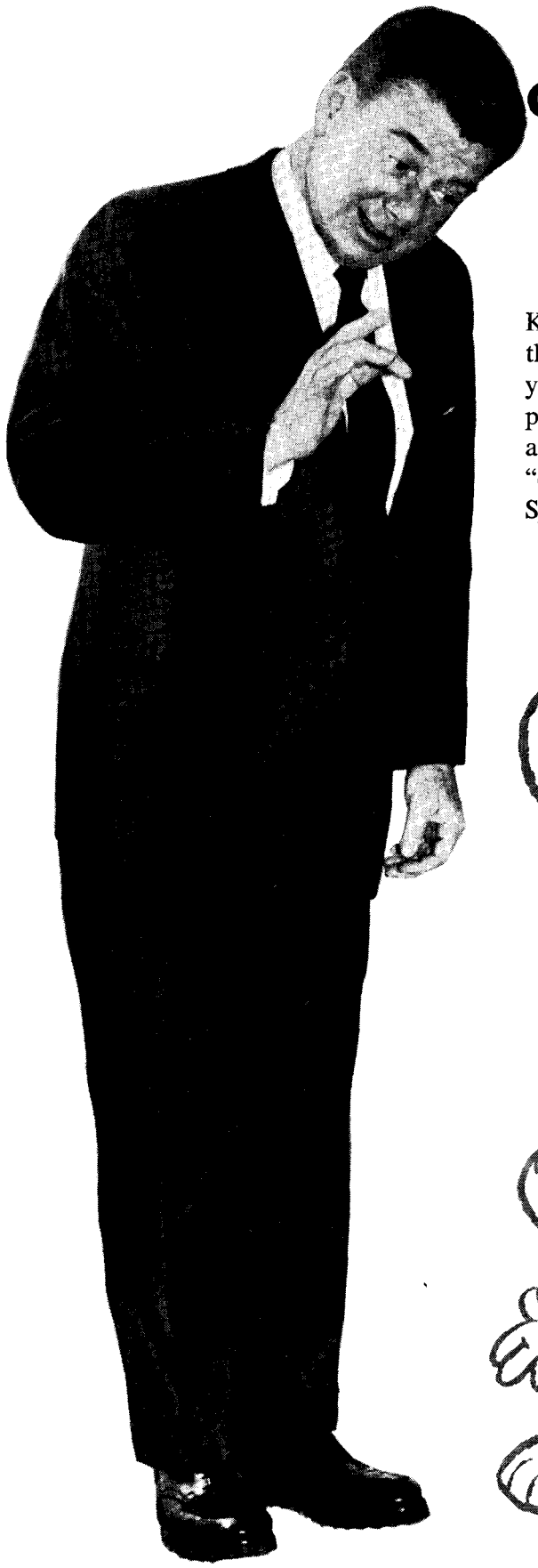

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(*Continued from Page 84*) everlasting credit that it did not choose the latter.

"We shuddered at the thought of turning the Congo into another Algeria," I was told on more than one occasion.

It was King Baudouin who first pronounced the word "independence." In his January 13, 1959, broadcast he solemnly announced the abolition of all race discrimination in the Congo and Belgium's resolution "to lead, without procrastination and without undue haste," the Congolese toward independence.

No date was set, and that omission in the end proved fatal. For, once the king had made his promise, strong pressures were exerted here to keep the Congo Belgian—if not forever, then at least for a long time to come. Van Hemelrijck, the crisp, straightforward Fleming who was Minister of the Congo at the time, privately recommended independence within three to four years. But many in his own party, the moderate Social Christians, opposed him bitterly. What was the hurry? Why not wait and see? Had not the Congo simmered down again? In the face of opposition inside the government and out, Van Hemelrijck resigned, frustrated and irate, in September, 1959.

That was a pity; for by that time the situation in the Congo was approaching chaos. As Belgium went ahead with a halfhearted program of building up political institutions at the grass-roots level, as local elections were held and as new political parties mushroomed everywhere, a score of self-styled native politicians fomented a new wave of restlessness. The cities seethed. In January, 1960, the sobering thought that things might soon get out of hand prompted the Brussels government to invite Congolese leaders to a round-table conference at which the Congo's destiny would be worked out.

The visitors called for immediate independence. And the incredible happened. The same Belgian Government which a few months before had refused to consider independence within as little as four years now granted it, with not a string attached, in less than six months' time!

The Congolese delegates themselves, as the decision was announced, sat in stunned silence. They had made their demand only as the first move in what they thought would be a long, close haggle. And they could not believe their ears. What unknown element had caused the sudden cave-in? The answer, to this day, remains a subject of some speculation here. Perhaps, as some observers reason, "independence" had become a political football in this country. Rather than allow the opposition Socialists to claim that their anticolonial propaganda had turned colonial rule into free association, the governing Social Christians and Liberals may well have seized the issue in a maneuver which the electorate, they hoped, would heartily applaud.

At any rate, the irresponsible decision marks the point of no return. The vast African realm, totally unprepared for self-government, was to become a sovereign nation—and a parliamentary democracy to boot—on July 1, 1960. One must remember that there were, among 14,000,000 Congolese, no more than sixteen university graduates; that there was not one Congolese physician or engineer; and that there was no middle class to contribute a few constructive thoughts. The field was open to the free-lance politicians, who lost no time engulfing the country in a free-swinging, reckless, all-out fight for power.

Here we may pause for a brief look at Belgian-American relations during the Congo crisis. There is a deep-seated feeling here that the United States is not without blame for the headlong rush toward independence. Many Belgians charge us with a purely sentimental, exaggerated brand of anticolonialism. "We never doubted," one prominent Belgian explained, "that you Americans wanted to see us set the Congo free. We could sense this desire in all our contacts with Americans, political and otherwise, in international organizations and in private talks. Your press, too, had long been hostile to colonialism. And the immense prestige America enjoys throughout the western world caused public opinion in many other countries to follow suit. We had our backs against the wall."

The Belgian resentment thus engendered, however, was mild compared with the bursts of Belgian rage that greeted the reception given to Patrice Lumumba in Washington late last July. The fact that the official visitor, then premier of the Congo, was accorded a nineteen-gun salute, a friendly handshake with Secretary of State Christian A. Herter and a bed in Blair House—presumably the same in which King Baudouin had slept during an earlier visit there—led to furious attacks on the United States. Did the Americans not know that the Congo had celebrated its new independence with violence of which not only Belgians but whites in general were the victims? Was not Lumumba the instigator of these horrors?

Since then the cloud which briefly threatened to darken our traditional friendship with the Belgian people has been dispelled by the spontaneous manner in which Washington defended the motives of Belgian civilians returning to the strife-torn Congo. Criticizing a United Nations report which had insinuated that those Belgians had gone back to the Congo in order to promote political chaos there, the United States State Department, on November fourth, asked the United Nations to collaborate with Belgium in restoring order in the former colony, expressing its "every confidence in the good faith of Belgium in its desire to be of assistance in the Congo." This was the kind of gesture that gave our sorely tried and thoroughly unhappy Belgian friends the touch of sympathy they had hoped for in vain since the beginning of their troubles.

As one looks back, however, on the display of Belgian nerves that went before, one wonders whether it was not out of proportion to the events that set it off. Indeed, one soon discovers that when the Congo crisis smote them, the Belgians were already deep in trouble.

For one thing, an economic crisis was in the making here. Belgium's recovery after World War II had been spectacular—there had been relatively little destruction in the country, and the hard-working Belgians could pick up almost where they had left off before the German occupation. Ironically this "Belgian miracle" was soon to turn into a drawback. While other European nations have modernized their industries, this country now stands out as something of a curio whose charmingly old-fashioned flavor conceals a large assortment of overage equipment. Matters are not helped any by the Belgian's traditional reluctance to make bold investments.

Years of deficit spending had added to the general stagnation and burdened Belgium with a heavy public debt. "Our people have a strong aversion to taxes," one high official disarmingly explained. "It is more politic to borrow money than to vex the taxpayer." Unfortunately governments, like people, can go on borrowing only so long. The recent drop in Belgium's gold and currency reserves, though not alarming in itself, was read here as a signal that things were approaching the danger point.

Beneath this curious lack of dynamism there lay a deeper, far more serious crisis. Life in this country, as your Belgian friends will be the first ones to admit, offers no challenge, holds no excitement. Politically there are no issues here. The three big parties no longer seriously contest one another's programs; they are burned out and lack the kind of leadership that might rouse people's spirits. Apart from the permanent, tedious squabble between the Flemish and French-speaking portions of the population—the division is about fifty-fifty—there is nothing left to interest the citizens in public affairs. And, as the average Belgian in his private life has reached a comfortable level, with an elaborate social-welfare system doing the rest, there is little room for personal adventure. The over-all result has been a state of well-fed boredom from which there seemed to be no exit—and of which some Belgians, especially of the younger generation, had become keenly conscious.

"Maybe all we needed was the Congo to shake us up a bit," one bright young Belgian said. Events may prove him right. The shattering realization that independence for the Congo meant just what it said, and that the world was critical of them in the bargain, made Belgians aware that they had been in a bad way in more than one respect. What else was there to do but face the facts—and pick themselves up by their bootstraps?

Already a drastic program of new taxes and cuts in the country's inflated social-welfare budget has been announced. Already Belgian trade missions are swarming out in all directions, drumming up new business. Already in the wintry winds there is a whiff of hope. King Baudouin's perfectly timed marriage, on December fifteenth, to Doña Fabiola de Mora y Aragón—whose very name, to Belgians, seems a ray of light breaking through the gray overcast—may mark the beginning of a brighter chapter; a chapter in which the resourceful Belgians, no longer hampered by false values, can throw themselves with all they have into the making of a better Europe.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

NEW YORK'S POLICE AND THE DICTATORS

THE ORDEAL OF KEEPING KHRUSHCHEV AND CASTRO ALIVE

By Harold H. Martin

A MOVIE-MAKING ADVENTURE: WALT DISNEY'S NEW EPIC

"THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

By Pete Martin

THE MAYO CLINIC

Conclusion:

WHY PEOPLE GO TO THE CLINIC

JERRY LUCAS OF OHIO STATE

BASKETBALL'S ICY ALL-AMERICAN

By Myron Cope

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

THE CHALLENGE OF BEING FREE

By Henry M. Wriston

CLOUD OVER BETHLEHEM

A Christmas Story by Mike McGrady

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What You Should Know About Wills

(Continued from Page 30)

will, minor children must be protected, and the checks and safeguards for doing so are expensive. Bonds must be posted, lawyers hired and court fees paid. Moreover, in some states, the children's guardian may be a political appointee selected by the court—someone who is a complete stranger to the surviving relatives.

All too often I found that those most in need of wills—young married couples with children, but not much money—were the ones least likely to have them. The poorer a man is, the less he can afford the luxury of dying without a will. In Pennsylvania, for example, I found a young woman, with three small children, whose husband had just died and left nothing but an old car. Without a will, the widow couldn't even sell the jalopy to pay the funeral expenses. She first had to apply for "letters of administration." The cost—twenty-five dollars.

The great American reluctance to will-making follows no pattern of education or class. Recently, Teachers College in New York City completed the most extensive survey ever made on the subject, and found that half its graduates—businessmen, doctors, engineers, educators, journalists, and other professional people—had no wills. Even more surprising was the fact that 29 per cent of all the lawyers queried were without wills, despite their firsthand knowledge of the consequences.

Certainly all the public officials I talked to on the subject were adamant in recommending wills for everybody. Mrs. Inez Prall, surrogate of my own county and the only woman surrogate in New Jersey, believes every adult should have a will even if his estate amounts to no more than one dollar. "You never know," she says, "what will happen to you. You may be run over by a truck and, because of a suit, your estate may be richer by one hundred thousand dollars."

Like lawyers, however, officials do not always take their own advice. I found at least two who had no wills. Frederick E. Ziegler, register of wills for Bucks County Pennsylvania, admitted he was without one, but said he planned to have it drawn up soon. And Leroy C. Shaughnessy, Baltimore's long-time register of wills, who has a wife and minor child, has never had one. Even the late Chief Justice, Fred M. Vinson, had no will.

This curious reluctance to provide legally for one's family is a comparatively recent phenomenon in our history. Prior to the Civil War it was rare indeed for a man to die intestate. Many wills were written in the back of the family Bible, on a page set aside for the purpose. A student of the problem, Donald G. Dutcher, a former surrogate who has written a book on wills, claims that our forefathers felt a religious aversion to dying without having their affairs in order. He couples a change in religious attitudes with a change in our approach to wills.

Just having a will, of course, does not automatically eliminate all pitfalls. It must (1) be properly executed as to witnesses, language, and so on, and (2) it must be brought up to date from time to time. Most experts agree that the only thing worse than having no will at all is having one that has a defect. The latter can be a cruel booby trap.

Consider, for example, the case of a fire-department official in the West. A few years ago, he drew up a will leaving everything "to my beloved wife." He did not name her, but the document still covered the situation adequately. Six years later she died, leaving two infant children. The official married again, and a few months later, en route to a fire, he was sideswiped by a truck and killed instantly. When his will was probated, the court was asked to decide whether the second wife, unnamed in the will, was to inherit everything, an estate of $70,000. Legally there could be no question, and the court so ruled. But as soon as the second wife got the $70,000 she skipped town and left the two small children without a penny. They became wards of the state. In this case, no will at all would have been better than one not brought up to date. The children would at least have received two thirds of the estate.

Perhaps the commonest variety of defective will is the home-grown species—the one drawn without the help of a lawyer. Although a will is essentially a simple document—the best kind is often a single page—the wording and witnessing are apt to be tricky and technical for a layman. It is better to leave it to a lawyer. He may use archaic words and phrases as out of date as a suit of armor, but their meaning has been precisely clarified by centuries of legal interpretation. The low fee he receives—often fifteen to twenty-five dollars for a simple will—is a small sum for the kind of insurance it offers the testator, or signer.

In spite of what amounts to bargain rates, however, many people insist on drawing their own wills, including some who could well afford to pay the fee. An outstanding example of this occurred a decade ago when a prominent shipping magnate with a fortune of $3,000,000 read somewhere that a lawyer is not needed to draw a will. With an unjustifiable pride in his ability to write clear, concise English—his subordinates had congratulated him for years on his terse memos—he sat down one night and wrote the following sentence:

"Upon my death, I hereby give all my money and all my property to my three daughters and their children."

That was all, but it turned out to be one of the most expensive sentences in history. When the magnate died five months later, the will was admitted to probate, that process by which wills are proved valid. Since it had been correctly executed, the settlement proceeded swiftly until it came time to divide the money and property. Then the sisters began to wonder exactly what their father had meant by that far-from-simple sentence.

The eldest sister had five children, the second had three, and the youngest two. The first said, "It's very simple. There are ten children in all, and three of us. Let's divide everything in thirteen equal parts."

The second felt her hackles rising. On that basis, the eldest and her family would get approximately half the fortune. "No," she argued. "Dad said to give it to his three daughters and their children. The estate should be divided into three equal parts, so that each family will have a third."

The youngest had a different idea. She favored each sister taking only the income from a third of the estate, with the children of each sharing a third of the principal after the death of their mother.

Each sister stood her ground, and for the first time in their lives there was a bitter family quarrel. They took their case to court, and the legal battle was waged for eight long years. Finally, when everybody was exhausted and the $3,000,000 had dwindled to a mere $200,000, they gave up. The judge reluctantly ruled that the remainder of the estate should be divided into thirteen equal parts, although he emphasized that this was not what the shipping magnate actually said.

The only persons to profit by the father's insistence on drawing his own will were the high-priced lawyers engaged in the expensive struggle.

Perhaps the best case for getting along with no will at all can be made out by those married couples who own everything jointly—bank accounts, stocks, real estate. On the death of one, the property automatically passes to the other. Many people who have such arrangements see no reason for going to the trouble and expense of drawing a will.

Often they are right, and things work out admirably, but not always. For example, the system generally breaks down when both the man and wife die in an airplane accident or other joint disaster. Joseph Trachtman, a leading estate lawyer in Manhattan for thirty-five years, calls joint ownership "cozy but often expensive." And Matthew H. Bowcock, another New York lawyer, warns, "Anything a joint account can do, a will can do better."

Joint ownership certainly proved disastrous in the case of a factory superintendent and his wife who had been working hard for years to look after their crippled daughter. After a lifetime of work, they had managed to acquire three apartment houses, and when the man retired these became his main source of income. One day he died of a heart attack and, since the property was held jointly, it passed automatically to his widow. Six months later an enterprising real-estate agent proposed marriage to her. She accepted and, since joint ownership had worked so well with her first husband, she entered into a similar arrangement with her second. Unfortunately she died soon after, and her new husband took immediate possession. He sold the real estate, deserted the crippled girl and disappeared. The county almshouse now shelters the invalid daughter, who was left with nothing.

This may be an extreme case, but county-courthouse files are bulging with extreme cases proving that joint ownership, especially where children are involved, is a risky substitute for a will. Its popularity seems to be due largely to the fact that many people will settle for almost anything that gives them a sense that "things are settled," but still enables them to avoid the judgment-day feeling of drawing up their last will and testament. For there can be little doubt that one of the major factors in people's reluctance in such matters is plain, old-fashioned superstition. They feel that such a document would lead to early death, despite the fact that there's not a shred of evidence to support this.

In a rural neighborhood in an eastern state there is a thrifty Dutch farmer who was so sure of the truth of this old wives' tale that he went to undue lengths to avoid making a will. Wishing to disinherit his no-good son, he turned his life savings—$19,000 and the title to his farm over to his wife. She was younger than he was, and he was sure he'd die first. To his dismay, she surprised him and was carried off by a sudden illness. Since she didn't have a will, the laws of intestacy took over, and one third of the $19,000 went to the Dutchman and two thirds to the profligate son. The latter also got legal title to the farm.

Stripping one's self of property to avoid making a will has proved a bad gamble over and over again. As Benjamin Franklin once said, it's like "taking off one's clothes and then not going to bed."

The right to make a will—something taken for granted by everybody today—is a hard-won privilege, like the right to vote. It took centuries to earn. In medieval times, the common man had little chance to dispose of his property—especially real estate. Upon a man's death it reverted to kings or to the lord of the manor. Later on, the church took over the distribution of personal property, acting as surrogates, or representatives, of the crown. The trouble with this system was that the clergy often appropriated to themselves as much as three quarters of a man's estate to take care of the "remission of his sins." This and other abuses led to a popular revolt culminating in the famous Wills Act under Henry VIII, by which people won the right to dispose of their property as they wished.

Almost all state laws in this country are based on this statute, and we have even

Don'ts for Will Makers

1. Don't try to write a will yourself. Get a lawyer.
2. Don't change a will by scratching out, writing over or adding in any way unless you do it under legal supervision.
3. Don't sign more than one copy.
4. Don't mention specific sums. Use percentages.
5. Don't pick an executor for sentimental reasons. Choose someone with business sense, or choose a trust company.
6. Don't let your will get out of date. It may be ruled invalid.
7. Don't fail to re-examine your will when you move to another part of the country. Laws vary from state to state.
8. Don't hesitate to ask your lawyer the price of a will, just as you would ask a doctor the cost of treatment.
9. Don't delay writing your will. Tomorrow may be too late!

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taken over the English usage of the word "surrogate" for the official who deals with such matters. In the state of Louisiana, however, the procedure of inheritance follows continental rather than English custom, an outgrowth of the state's long association with France and Spain. Whereas in most states, for example, it is possible to disinherit your children, in Louisiana it is not.

Because of the variances from state to state, it is a good idea to consult a local lawyer and find out whether the specific things you have in mind for your heirs can be carried out. Some states, for example, have a right of dower, or courtesy, by which the surviving spouse has an automatic right to one half of any real estate you own, at least during his or her lifetime. Other states will not permit you to give more than a certain amount of your estate to charity. But although the subject of inheritance is a highly complicated one and any estate lawyer's office has a wall of books on the subject, the basic principle is much the same everywhere. Without a will or with one that's invalid because of a defect, the next of kin inherit. And their right to do so is protected by a complex system of laws.

A will properly made, of course, is one of the most sacred documents on earth, almost as hard to break as Magna Charta. So much so, in fact, that many lawyers don't even bother to try. In New York County, for example, 3500 wills were probated last year. Out of this number, only 100 were contested. Of these, only two were broken!

In general, the only possible ways to break a will are by proving (1) mental incompetence, (2) undue influence (someone puts a gun in your ribs or uses more subtle means), or (3) provisions that are contrary to public policy.

Included in the last category are "facetious wills." These are generally broken by the state with a little nudging from relatives. Not long ago, for example, a man asked that his entire estate be converted into greenbacks and scattered from an airplane. The will was broken, and the greenbacks scattered to the next of kin.

But even the most bizarre wills are carried out if it is found they are in good order and not against public policy. One of the most unusual of these concerned a well-known panhandler on Broadway, a former character actor. Out of work for almost ten years prior to his death, he was a familiar figure in the theater district, begging for handouts and rummaging in garbage cans. When he finally died, a charity patient in St. Luke's Hospital, he had eleven dollars and eighty-five cents in the hospital safe and eight cents in the Jersey City rooming house where he slept on newspapers on the floor. The Actors Fund, a charitable organization, paid his bills and buried him in its plot in Kensico Cemetery.

A week later, when a storage trunk in the rooming house was cleaned out, a will was discovered along with $250,000 in savings banks and gilt-edge bonds. The will directed that the money be used to set up a fund to buy shoes for indigent actors. "Many a time I have been on my uppers," the ex-panhandler wrote, "and the thinner my soles were, the less courage I had to face managers in looking for a job." His wishes were carried out to the letter and, since then, 7000 unemployed actors and actresses have received shoes of all sizes, shapes and materials. Along Broadway, getting a new pair of footwear this way is known as "doing the shoe bit."

Equally bizarre was the will of a Midwest merchant who died and left his chief clerk not only his business but his "beloved wife." Both survivors were shocked, but when they got over it the idea seemed a good one, and they became man and wife. They were, of course, not legally bound to do so.

This particular will, incidentally, was written in longhand, a procedure less frequent in these days of typewriters, but still favored by people who leave strange bequests they don't want their lawyers to see. Such wills, called holographic, are still legal in many states, provided they are written entirely in the testator's own handwriting. They don't even need witnesses. These wills, however, are apt to be frowned upon by probate officers because there are too many chances for a legal slip-up. In California, for example, one man wrote his will on a piece of stationery with his name printed at the top. Because of this single line of printing, the document was thrown out. The judge ruled it not wholly holographic.

If it's risky to try writing your own will in longhand, it's all but impossible to get away with an oral one. It can be made to stick, but the circumstances must be highly unusual. You must, in fact, be a serviceman in battle or in some situation of similar peril.

During World War II, a sailor was on board a ship that was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. After being picked up by the enemy, the seaman and his buddies were tied to the deck of the sub, which then submerged. As the men struggled to get free of their bonds, one of them shouted, "I want everything I own to go to my brother!" He drowned, but three of his buddies, who managed to reach a loose lifeboat and were saved, eventually made an affidavit swearing to what the sailor had said. The court upheld it.

Most people, of course, never become involved in oral or holographic procedures. If they want a will, they prefer to step inside a lawyer's office, pay the relatively small fee and avail themselves of the best legal advice available. However, once you have decided to do that, it's vital to keep the following factors—mistakes most frequently made—in mind:

(1) Don't make any changes in the will yourself, either by writing in a codicil or scratching out a paragraph. Unless any change is witnessed in exactly the same manner as the original will, the document becomes no good.

(2) Don't forget that the birth of a child after a will is made often makes it essential to revise it. Such "after-born" children can make a will invalid or give those children greater rights than were intended.

(3) Be careful about the executor you choose, and don't hesitate to change him if you feel he has become unsuitable. Close friends and relatives often do not have the kind of business head which a good administrator must have. One man, for example, appointed his best friend, an ardent sportsman, to look after his estate, but the latter was so busy hunting moose in Canada and shooting ducks in South Carolina that he kept postponing the settlement job. The widow became acutely embarrassed by not having money to pay the most pressing bills for her and her children, and eventually she had to start proceedings to remove the executor. Often the best idea is to appoint a professional executor—a bank or trust company.

(4) If you enter into a business partnership with someone, make sure that there is enough money to settle the estate without having to sell the business at a sacrifice. Special insurance is a good way to take care of this. All too often, a joint thriving business, when it must be made liquid enough to take care of the heirs, state and Federal taxes and outstanding debts, has to be sold to a competitor at a figure that spells ruin not only for the surviving partner but for the heirs as well.

(5) Remember that property values, as well as securities, change over the years. For this reason it's a good idea to avoid leaving specific sums to people. It is far better to leave percentages. One man, thinking he was leaving an estate of $50,000, left a bequest of $10,000 to a hospital and the rest to his wife. But the estate shrank after he made his will, and after bills, taxes and fees were paid, there was only $7000 left. In many states, the widow would have received nothing. But in the state where she lived there was a law preventing a man from leaving more than half his estate to charity. Consequently the wife received $3500.

It is also a good idea to avoid revenge, or vituperative, wills. You can disinherit someone with a dollar or less, but it's not a good idea to vilify that person in libelous terms. One Oklahoman wrote, "First thing I want done, I don't want my brother Rudy to get a damn cent. He's a rotter and did me out of $400 fourteen years ago." One thing the Oklahoman didn't realize is that a probated will is a public document. Rudy sued for libel and collected an amount from the estate equivalent to what his brother had failed to leave him in the will.

Certainly there are people, often of a timid disposition, who use a will to say something in death which they were afraid to say in life. One familiar case concerned a woman who, assembled in a lawyer's office with a group of relatives for the reading of the will, was startled to hear her husband's will open with the words, "To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn't quite the fool she thought I was." Another lady's face turned red when she read, "I leave my old pair of pants to my wife. She's been trying to wear them for years."

Such wills, of course, can boomerang and help will-breaking relatives prove you were not of sound mind. But in general, if no libel is involved and no stipulation is considered contrary to "public policy," even the most curious provisions are carried out just the way the author intended.

My own favorite story along these lines concerns a patient husband who had endured going outside his house to smoke cigars during the entire forty-two years of his married life, even though the house he provided was a luxurious one. When he died, he not only continued to provide magnificently for his wife but proved that the worm will turn even if he has to wait for the grave to turn in. He left his wife a cool million on the condition that she smoke five cigars a day. The lady was outraged, but the court ruled the condition must be met. As far as I know, she is still choking on those cigars while enjoying the million between puffs, although the stipulation is admittedly difficult to check on.

Such freak wills are rare. But if they do little else, they at least provide the frosting on the cake for the surrogates and other probate officers whose daily diet is all too apt to be filled with the bleak things that happen when average people die and leave their affairs in a mess. Conditioned by what they have seen, officials are prone to believe that even a revenge will is better than no will at all.

Mrs. Prall, the gentle, gray-haired surrogate of my own county, who has seen the daily headaches of intestacy for more than fifteen years, believes this so strongly that she spends all the time she can spare from her grandchildren, stumping the state and giving lectures on the perils of dying without one's affairs in order.

"I believe the best insurance anyone can leave those he loves is a good, lawyer-drawn will, kept up to date," she says. "It's a simple act of decency, like leaving a room you've just walked out of in good order."

THE END

Legal Terms and What They Mean

PROPERTY ● Everything you own. Real property is land and anything attached to it—a house, a barn, etc. Personal property is everything else—securities, insurance, car, bank account, jewelry.

ESTATE ● All the property you own at the time of death.

BEQUEATH ● To give personal property in a will.

DEVISE ● To give real property in a will.

CODICIL ● A document which modifies, and forms a part of, a will.

ADMINISTRATOR ● A man appointed by the courts to distribute the property of a person leaving no will. A woman who does this is an administratrix.

EXECUTOR ● A man named in a will to distribute the property. A woman is called an executrix.

TESTATOR ● A man who makes a will. A woman is a testatrix.

LEGATEE ● The person to whom personal property is left. What he gets is a legacy.

PROBATE ● To prove in court that a document is truly the last will and testament of a person.

TESTAMENT ● Another name for a will.

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The Soldier (Continued from Page 42)

we-who-are-about-to-die-salute-you looks on his face. The three other company commanders looked at him as if he were a madman who had just got hold of a straight razor. And those three commanded the companies that would have to supply most of the men.

"Well?" he said sharply, staring at Fox Company's captain.

"Well, hell, colonel," the captain said, "do you think ninety guys can cut through hundreds and hundreds of Japs—and you know what they did to us early today—and break their lines and roll them up? What I mean is, it's a swell plan, and I'm all for it, but getting my guys to stage that attack is something else. They're real beat, colonel. And don't forget we have to provide nearly half the attacking force."

"My guys are just as beat," Easy Company's captain said. "It's one thing to order guys to do something, and another to get them to do it."

The lieutenant commanding Baker Company—the one who hadn't understood the way the Japs organized their defenses—looked as if he wanted to say the same thing, but was willing to let the two captains carry the ball. Farralon knew they wouldn't have dared speak up like this to their former C.O. But as far as they were concerned, Farralon was a swivel-chair brass hat from headquarters who didn't know anything about combat. They had no confidence in him. They had crawled into mental foxholes and weren't coming out. Well, he had saved his heaviest ammunition for just such a moment. Maybe it would blast them out.

"To start with," he said curtly, "there are not hundreds and hundreds of fresh tough Japs facing you. Except for that battery, they're in worse shape than we are."

He looked around. Not even Campbell of Able Company believed him.

"Kowalski over there tipped me off to the setup," he said, jerking a thumb at the man crouched behind the log barricade.

"Huh?" Kowalski said.

"He called the Japs skinny punks. So I went back and checked the Jap bodies around the old C.P.," Farralon said. "All of them are half starved. They haven't been getting supplies. They haven't been getting reinforcements. I did more than just look at them. I went through their pockets and knapsacks. Their security is lousy as far as papers are concerned.

"See this pile of stuff I collected? I read Japanese—not well, but enough to plow through letters and diaries. Their strength is way down. Their morale is way down. Hell, that wasn't a regular assault early today. That was a suicide charge. Here's a diary kept by a regimental orderly. Here's a letter a cook was writing. An orderly and a cook in a banzai attack! They were scraping the bottom of the barrel. They have almost nothing left but that battery. Sure, your men are beat. But the Japs are in worse shape. It's like two groggy fighters staggering around a ring. The first guy who pulls himself together and takes a real swing at the other guy wins by a knockout. Well, we're going to win by a knockout in the next five hours."

Did they believe him? Not that it mattered. They were either going to wait and get clobbered, attack and get clobbered, or attack and take the island.

"What the hell," Lieutenant Campbell said. "What are we waiting for? Let's put the show on the road."

"Yeah," the Fox Company captain said. "It's worth a try."

That was a big improvement, Farralon thought. They started to get up, but he kept them while he made each officer repeat all the details of the plan. It was good that he did. Two of them were already hazy on a few points. When he was sure that they understood completely and clearly, he let them go.

Jerrold started off and then paused beside Kowalski and said, "Where'd you get the B.A.R.?"

"The colonel give it to me," Kowalski said.

Jerrold came back to Farralon and said in a low tone, "Sir, Kowalski's been after

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a B.A.R. ever since he joined my company. We never let him have one."

"Why not?"

"Well, uh, his squad leader didn't trust him with one. The guys in the company are kind of afraid of Kowalski."

"Good," Farralon said. "Maybe he'll have the same effect on the Japs. I'd like to take him with me. Ask him if he'd like to volunteer, will you?"

Jerrold shrugged and called, "Kowalski, how about going with the colonel to knock out the battery?"

"Sure," Kowalski said. "Can Regan go too?"

"It's a volunteer job," Jerrold said.

"Send the bum to me, captain," Kowalski said. "He'll go."

Jerrold looked at Farralon, gave another shrug and left.

"A B.A.R.," Kowalski said, stroking it. "Me wit my B.A.R., and you wit your grenades, huh, colonel?"

Farralon didn't know why Kowalski kept talking about the grenades. "Right," he said.

He sat down and went over the plan again in his mind, looking for weak spots. There were plenty of them. The Japs might launch an attack and wreck his schedule. However, if they were able to mount an attack, his estimate of their situation was all wrong, and his plans wouldn't work anyway.

While he was going over the plan, he saw the other George Company rifleman, Regan, come up and talk to Kowalski.

After a minute Regan walked over to him and said, "I'd like to go along, colonel."

"Glad to have you," Farralon said.

"Love them grenades," Regan said and slipped off into the brush.

Beside Farralon the radioman was getting in a message. It seemed to be a short one, and he didn't pause to decode it. "Colonel," he said, "Gimlet just sent us that lollapaloosa signal. They want us on the clear-language frequency. I'll change frequencies, and maybe you better get ready to talk to them." He worked on the dials, listened and said, "He's here and coming on." He handed the earphones and speaker to Farralon and said, "It's the skipper. He wants to talk to you, sir."

Farralon slipped on the earphones and said "Hello."

"Let's make it quick," the destroyer captain said. "Did we get your message right? The north shore?"

"Check."

"I waited to hear what your boss said about the air strike before I answered your request to us. Your boss says O.K. on the air strike. It's going out now with everything they've got. O.K. on your request to us. It's now 1240. We will be in position to start throwing stuff by about 1500. We'll advise you in code. It'll be helpful if you'll brief me in code on your plan. That's all from here. Over to you."

"Just give 'em hell. Over to you."

"Good luck. Out."

Farralon handed the equipment to the radioman and said, "Please code this message. Harpoon to Gimlet. Purpose of your demonstration is to force Jap battery on mountain to reverse its position in order to defend northern base. We will attack and capture battery from its new rear. Success of attack will be signaled by one or more guns of this seventy-millimeter battery joining your bombardment of Jap base. If after this signal you can spare an armed landing party, we can use it in mopping up beachhead. Harpoon now going off air for about one hour to move to new position. End of message."

The radioman started to code the message. There was nothing more for Farralon to do at the moment, and he found his thoughts nagging away at details of the plan. He yanked his thoughts back under control.

Off to the right, Kowalski stirred and said, "When do we get going, colonel?"

"Pretty soon."

"I got good ears. I heard what the captain said to you. About the guys in my outfit being scared of me."

"Are they, Kowalski?"

Kowalski spat. "Yeah," he said.

"Do you get in fights with them? Is that why they're scared?"

Kowalski looked at him from eyes as blank as hunks of coal. "They don't get in no fights wit me," he said.

Farralon nodded. Kowalski might be that rarest type of soldier—the born killer. He hoped Kowalski was one of them. In combat a born killer was worth a lot.

The radioman said, "Sir, I've sent the message and I'm all ready to move."

"Let's start, then," Farralon said. "Kowalski, you know the way—Able Company's C.P."

It was nearly 1400, and Farralon sat in the Able Company C.P. watching men come in from the other companies and report to Captain Jerrold. The Jap lines were only a hundred and fifty yards away, and men spoke in whispers and took cover quickly after reporting. It looked as if he was getting the ninety men he wanted, so at least none of them had goofed off along the way. Whether they would fight was another matter.

At the earliest, the destroyer bombardment wouldn't begin until 1500, so he had an hour to spare. He used part of it in creeping up to the perimeter and identifying the little ravine that led through the enemy lines. On the way back, moving quietly, he passed a bush behind which two riflemen were talking.

One of them said, "You seen him, din' you?"

"Yeah. You go for that story about the grenade?"

"Regan and Kowalski got it straight from the guys on the float plane. You seen his bag of grenades, din' you?"

"Yeah. Guy looks like a real so-and-so to me."

"Fighting so-and-so, though."

Farralon frowned and moved on silently. They must have been talking about him, but he didn't understand it.

When he returned to the C.P., Lieutenant Campbell came up to him and said hesitantly, "Sir, may I ask a question?"

"Sure thing."

"Colonel, there's a kind of story going around about you, and a couple of my men told me about it. May I ask you if the story is true?"

"What the hell is it?"

"The way they got it, you were out patrolling up around Port Solo and had borrowed a couple hand grenades. The guys back on the perimeter heard firing and came out to see how much of you was left, and there you were in what had been a Jap machine-gun nest. The guys said, 'Jeez, colonel, you got 'em with just those two grenades, huh?' And you said, 'What the hell, I only used one grenade. There was only one machine gun, wasn't there?' Colonel, is that on the level?"

"Oh, nuts," Farralon said in disgust.

"Yeah, but no fooling, colonel, did it happen that way?"

"Listen, Campbell, it was a stupid, big-mouthed remark, and I'm ashamed of it. My only excuse was that when I borrowed those two grenades from the captain of the rifle company, he acted as if I couldn't be trusted with them. So when I made that remark, I was just trying to pay him back."

"But you did get a machine gun with one grenade?" (*Continued on Page 93*)

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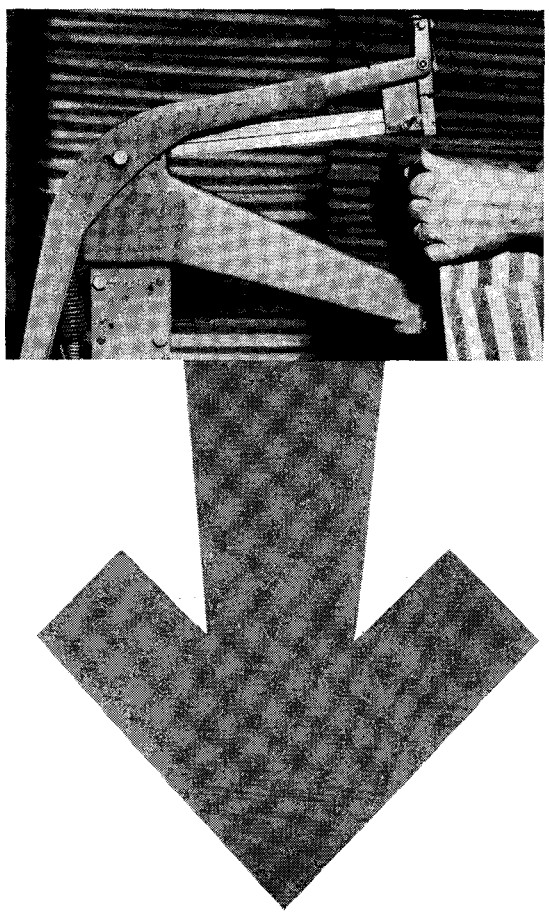

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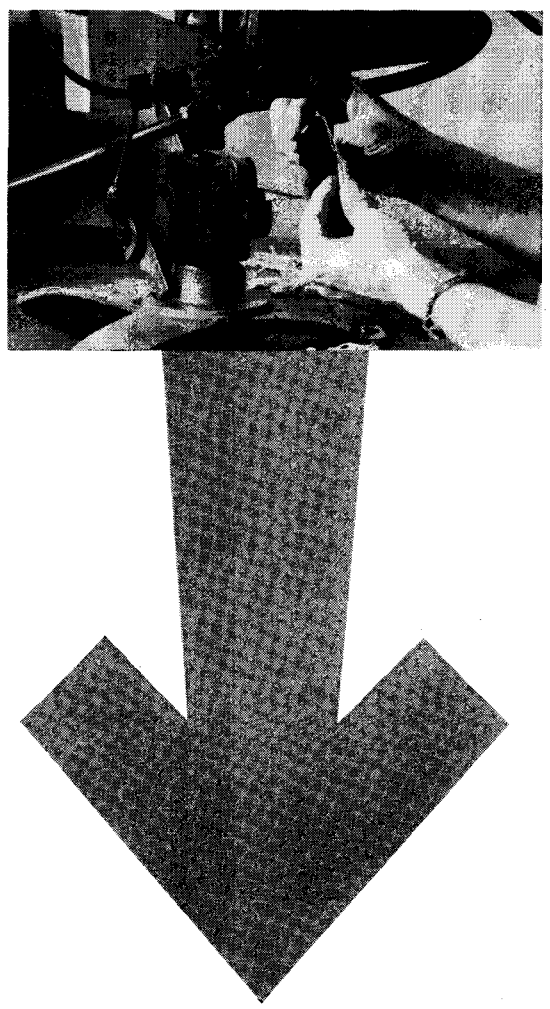

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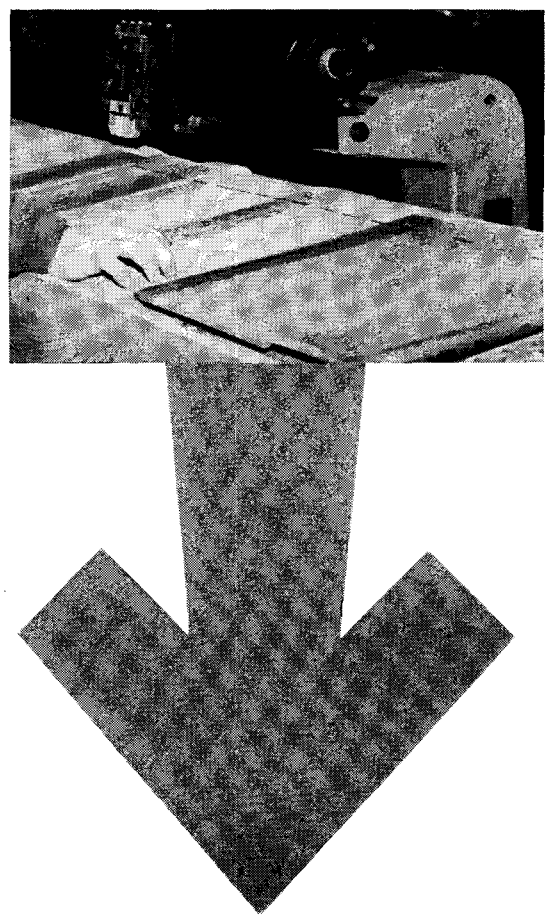

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(*Continued from Page 91*) "Well, I only had two grenades, and there might have been more Japs around. Damn it, that sounds worse than before."

Campbell said, "Colonel, I bet we wouldn't have ninety guys here right now if most of them hadn't heard that story. It kind of pepped them up. Now, if you'll excuse me ——"

He started off toward a group of men. Farralon called to him to wait, but Campbell pretended not to hear. It was obvious what Campbell was going to do—make sure the silly damned story got to everybody. And yet—and yet, was that bad? Had it really helped to bring ninety tired-to-the-guts soldiers here? Was it going to help them fight?

He looked down and saw that subconsciously he had taken a grenade from the bag and was tossing it up and down, savoring the weight and feel of it. Nearby he saw a rifleman nudge another until he turned to watch. The two riflemen looked at each other and nodded in satisfaction.

Captain Jerrold came up and reported that the three battle teams had been formed. Farralon asked him to round up Campbell for a map session, and the three of them checked the terrain that Battle Team B would meet. After getting through the ravine, there was about a quarter mile of underbrush and trees. Then the lower slopes of the hill began, and the vegetation thinned to scrub growth. After climbing for a few hundred yards, they would be out of the scrub and working up through jumbles of rock. Probably there were a few rifle pits and machine guns, location unknown, protecting the battery on top of the hill. The Japs manning these posts might or might not have hurried north to defend their base. Campbell marked three trails up the hill and recommended using the left-hand one, which was not the main supply route and more likely to be unguarded.

After they finished the map session, Farralon asked, "How can we make sure that, while you two are hitting the Japs in the flank and rear, you don't take casualties from our own fire along the perimeter? Is there any way you can signal the men left on our perimeter?"

"Yes, sir," Jerrold said. "We took care of that. Any time our guys along the perimeter hear grenades popping in front of their positions, they're to lay off."

"I hope they hear the grenades," Farralon said.

Campbell said, "There'll be plenty of the things to hear. We been having a rush on grenades, colonel. A lot of guys who never liked them figure if grenades are good enough for you, grenades are good enough for them."

"All right," Farralon said. "I suppose there's no better signal you can use. Now I'd like to talk to the men in my battle team."

Jerrold collected the twenty men of Battle Team B. They were a sad-looking bunch. They lay around as limply as rag dolls on a trash heap, but every man had his weapon up off the ground, and the working parts of every weapon looked clean and operative. There were six former cannoneers of the antitank platoon, all with rifles. One sergeant had a submachine gun. Three, including Kowalski, had B.A.R.'s. The rest were riflemen.

Farralon checked over the route with them and gave them brief orders. Once through the ravine, they were to push on quickly, with Regan and the submachine gunner taking the point, and the B.A.R. men in the middle of the column. They must avoid any general fire fight. If they ran into a scrap, one B.A.R. man and three riflemen were to contain the Japs while the rest crept around the flank of the position and moved on. They were to go up the hill by bounds, the scouts working forward fifty yards, with the others covering, then the scouts waiting for the main body to come up before moving out again. When they reached the open slopes of the hill, there must be no firing unless absolutely necessary. It was vital to avoid alarming the Japs on top.

His men seemed to get the idea all right, and Farralon went back to the radio set. It was 1450. The bombardment ought to start in ten minutes. Of course, a lot of things went wrong in war. The destroyer could have engine trouble, or a Jap sub might have been lurking in its path. Then it was 1500 . . . 1501 . . . 1502 . . . the seconds were trickling by like sweat carving its course down his sides. Now and then along the perimeter a rifle shot patted the air. A thunderstorm began grumbling somewhere in the distance. He tried to figure whether that would hurt or help.

"Colonel!" the radioman whispered. "Message coming in." He scribbled rapidly, then checked the code. "Here it is," he said. "Gimlet to Harpoon. Began firing 1505."

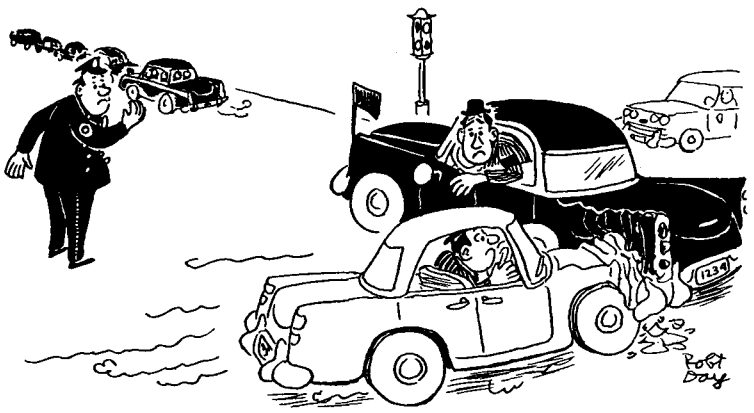
That was his thunderstorm. He didn't know what had been wrong with him, failing to identify the noise. He moved over to Jerrold and Campbell, and said, "Pass the word. The destroyer began its bombardment at 1505. H Hour for us is 1520."

Jerrold and Campbell hurried off to alert their men, and Farralon joined Battle Team B and gave them the word. The sound of that distant thunder seemed to creep into their bodies and set them tingling. Tongues came out, licked dry lips. Cigarettes were lighted, puffed at for a drag or two and thrown away. Fingers checked rifle bolts. Kowalski stroked his B.A.R. gently, as if it were a woman. Time went by in dull throbs. It was 1520. Off to the left, a sergeant brought his arm down in a quick cut. Back among the trees things coughed harshly. That would be mortars.

"Let's go," Farralon said. "I'll take the point until we get through the ravine."

He moved forward, keeping low. Up ahead were flickerings of motion as Campbell's squad slipped through the brush. The flickerings vanished, and Farralon hit the dirt and crawled on and found the lip of the ravine and tumbled into it. He waited, watching helmets and faces and bodies pour down after him. They all seemed to be there. There were some flat crashes ahead to the right and left. He gambled that they were hand grenades and lifted his arm and swept it forward. He began stumbling up the ravine, which went on and on, narrowing steadily and offering less protection. At any moment Japs might show along the banks and spray the column with bullets, and none of them would be ready to shoot back. Up ahead the ravine pinched in. He hauled a grenade from the bag and linked a finger through the ring and scrambled into the open. Nobody shot at him. Nothing rustled the leaves and branches. The thumping in his ears came from blood pulsing in his head, not from nearby explosions. The untidy sounds of metal wrenching apart and screaming through the air were well behind them. They were through the lines.

His men came up gasping, and he counted them. Seventeen. Three riflemen were missing. Other men reported that the missing trio had been at the rear of the column. Nobody knew whether they had been knocked off or had simply quit.



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Although the red light was against the funeral procession, a policeman, seeing the cars identified by purple funeral flags, motioned them on. All made it safely except Charles, who lagged seventy-five feet to the rear. Another car drove through on the green light and hit him. He later sued for damages.

"State law permits a funeral procession, properly identified, to drive through red lights," Charles argued. "My car was so identified; I was going slowly, and the other driver should have given me the right of way."

"Charles poked along so far behind the other cars that I didn't realize he was part of the procession," the other driver replied. "Therefore I went ahead as I believed I was entitled to do."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Charles?

• •

Charles lost. The court said he lagged so far behind the procession that he could not be considered a part of it.

Based upon a 1959 Ohio case.

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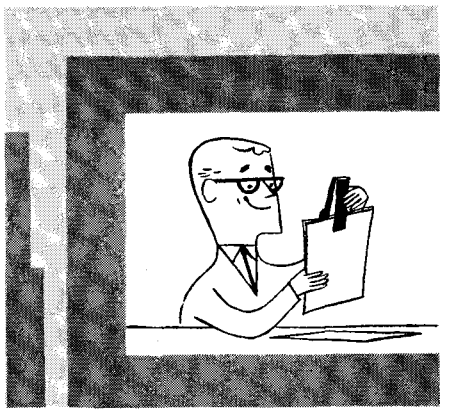
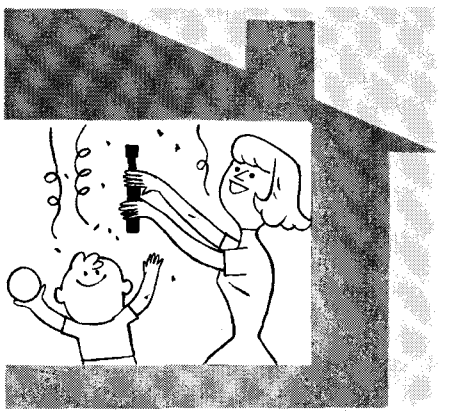


at your office



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Farralon said, "We're doing fine so far. Sergeant—you with the Tommy gun—take the point with Regan. Move out fast until we hit the open slopes."

They cut through bushes and found a trail leading north and shuffled along it. The two men on the point were good. Farralon watched them pad forward quickly along each straight part of the trail, ease around the bends and move out fast again. As they disappeared around one bend, the Tommy gun stuttered. Farralon hurried to the bend and saw the point giving him a come-ahead arm sweep. Halfway along the straight section of the trail a Jap was lying face up, still looking surprised. He might have been a company or battalion runner. The column of men stepped carefully over him and went on.

Up ahead, the perspectives began lengthening. You could see farther through the trees and bushes. The ground was tilting; Farralon felt the pull at the backs of his legs. The mountain slowly took shape across their course. His feet were dragging. He was very tired. His blood had turned into glue; and his muscles were wet dough that pulled out but wouldn't snap back. A rock rolled as he stepped on it, and he went down, hitting his shoulder. Hands yanked him up, and somebody asked if he was all right. He nodded and went on climbing, but he wasn't all right at all.

Soon somebody was tugging at his arm, and he looked blankly into a face that he didn't recognize.

"You all right?" a voice said.

He blinked and identified the face. It was Kowalski, the B.A.R. man. He, Farralon, was trying to climb the hill on Moon Island and he wasn't all right and would never make it. He couldn't show that in front of Kowalski, though. There wasn't a trace of concern or sympathy on that cold flat face.

"Certainly I'm all right," he snapped.

"I think the guys on the point seen them guns," Kowalski said.

That jolted him back to reality. He glanced around and caught his breath. They were on top of the hill; and on every side the blue-green enamel of the ocean stretched into the distance. He had made it.

Regan and the sergeant had halted. The sergeant was making the hand signal for "Take cover," and Regan was holding his rifle above his head with both hands, signaling "Enemy in sight." Beyond them he saw nothing but a frozen surf of rocks; but when he crawled up to them, he saw that the ground beyond dropped off into a hollow. And there, a hundred yards away and about fifty feet below his level, was the battery. It was a beautiful position for the guns. The sides of the hollow were sheer enough to provide defilade against anything but high-angle howitzer fire and mortars. Here and there along the tiny cliffs were caves into which you could whisk the guns in case of air attack or heavy shelling.

He had read about the Jap 70-mm. infantry guns, but had never seen any before. They had short barrels and high wheels that undoubtedly gave them some of the ability of howitzers to deliver high-angle fire. The weight of gun and carriage was reported to be less than 400 pounds; the light weight had made it possible to drag them up this hill.

The four guns and their caissons ranged across the middle of the hollow, the crews swarming over them like bees on a hive. As he watched, the swarming ended, and the gunner of each crew lifted his right arm to signal that the piece was ready to fire. An officer crouched by a field telephone lifted his arm, dropped it. The air jumped. The four short barrels flicked through recoil and back into battery, and the gun crews scrambled to load the pieces again. The thuds of the shells drifted back from the north, mingling with the heavier rumble of the destroyer bombardment. The destroyer must be close inshore if the Jap guns had it in range. It was a good break. The battery was too busy to hear sounds from its rear.

Farralon crawled back to his men, picked two groups of four each. "You four," he said, "scout around the top of the hollow to the left. You four take the right. Forget the battery. We'll take care of it. Just watch the rim for machine guns and for the artillery observation post. We'll open up on the battery in two minutes, unless you spot something on the rim and open up first. If you do, we'll take the battery without waiting. O.K. The two minutes are starting."

The two groups of riflemen faded away to right and left, and Farralon brought the rest of them up to the rim and fanned them out, spacing the three B.A.R.'s along the line. The second hand of his watch quivered around the dial. In the hollow, the battery fired another round. Off to the left, shots crackled, and the little men at the guns went rigid as figures on a rice-paper print.

"Fire!" Farralon yelled.

Rifles and B.A.R.'s and the Tommy gun let loose, and echoes slammed back at them like an answering volley. Around the guns, figures went into crazy spinning dances. A B.A.R. along the line jerked its muzzle skyward. It wasn't Kowalski's. Kowalski lay beside Farralon, squeezing off short bursts and relaxing his finger slightly and squeezing again and reaching smoothly for another magazine. The little bursts sought out figures in the hollow and pecked at them busily and hopped to other figures. There weren't many figures still moving now.

Chips of rock sprayed across him, and a rifleman stiffened and rolled over. Farralon scrambled up, staring around. Japs—twenty yards away. There were three of them, standing and pouring rifle bullets into his unit. His men hadn't heard the firing over the sound of their own weapons. They were still lying in position, firing into the hollow, now and then twitching as a bullet hit.

He fumbled at his bag of hand grenades, knowing he was going to be too late. A Jap was aiming carefully at him. He got a grenade out and clawed for the ring and then, abruptly, there was no need for it. A B.A.R. hammered beside him. The bursts swept the Japs off their feet and tossed them down, flopping, among the rocks.

The hammering stopped, and Kowalski yanked out the empty magazine and fed the B.A.R. another. "Punks keep bobbing up," he said. You might have thought he was knocking over tin ducks in a shooting gallery.

"Watch for more of them," Farralon said. "I want to check our casualties."

"Yeah," Kowalski said without interest. "I guess a couple guys bought it."

Nothing moved now around the battery in the hollow, and the firing along the rim had stopped. Farralon went quickly along the line. He had two dead and three wounded. A little inattention, a failure to watch his flanks, and five of the nine men on his firing line had paid the cost. Kowalski, Regan and two riflemen were left. He detailed one rifleman to look after the wounded and set off around the northern rim with the others, this time watching the flanks as well as the ground ahead. They were on the northern edge of the hill now, and he looked down at the Jap beachhead and lagoon and reef.

No wonder the battery had been firing. Only a half mile off the reef the destroyer was surging along, battering the shore with its guns and pouring out a black sausage of smoke. Now and then small boats poked their bows through the smoke screen and faded back into it. You might think a regiment was coming in to hit the beach.

He didn't have much time to admire the effect. There might still be a lot to do up here. He pushed along with his group, checking notches and dips that might hide trouble. Once he spotted a Jap rifleman slumped in a rock crevice. Once he saw a machine-gun post; two Japs had been in it when the grenades dropped beside them. He completed the swing around the northern slopes and came up to the rest of Battle Team B. The two flanking units had met after each made a half sweep of the rim. One of the four-man units had come through without a scratch. The other had lost a man to the Jap rifleman in the rock crevice. The unit covering the north rim had found the battery's O.P. and shot the observer and telephone operator.

His remaining ten men included four who had been cannoneers with the 37-mm. antitank platoon. He posted Kowalski and a rifleman on the northern slopes, sent Regan and another rifleman to guard the southern slopes, and went into the hollow with the others. It didn't look as if any mopping up were needed. He couldn't be sure, however, so he gave the two riflemen the job of patrolling the hollow. He took the four ex-cannoneers to the Jap pieces. Guns had no nationality. If you could shoot American artillery, you could shoot Jap artillery. He decided to try to put two guns into action with two-man crews for each. He laid each of the guns himself, sighting on the aiming stakes and guessing at the basic setting, and went over the operation of the pieces with his men. He would simply have to register the pieces by trial and error. He assigned his men, then hurried to the Jap O.P.

The observation post was like a gallery seat up near the roof of a big opera house. The hill slanted down like rows of seats. Far below, the beach and lagoon spread out like a giant stage against the painted backdrop of the Emerald Sea. The destroyer had reversed course and was churning along in front of its own smoke screen, its five-inchers winking yellow as the salvos spurted out. Plumes of dirt and sand waved along the beach, and near the half-finished airstrip the black coils of a fuel-dump fire were snaking into the sky.

Farralon rolled the bodies of the observer and field-telephone operator out of the way, picked up the observer's binoculars and studied the shore line. Troops were assembling in a small clearing back from the beach; they were in company strength, more or less. He spotted the doughnut shapes of eight machine-gun positions and noted that only four of them were manned. Close to the airstrip was a sandbagged shelter masked by camouflage netting; now and then a soldier darted in or out, which probably meant it was an important command post.

He slung the binoculars around his neck and went to the range finder and adjusted its lenses until the assembly area came into focus. The range was about twenty-eight hundred yards. He had to guess what setting to use for the guns, because he didn't have any printed tables on the trajectory of the Jap shells with various powder charges. At a guess, he would start with a range of twenty-six hundred yards. He worked out the deflection that the guns would have to set from their aiming stakes in the hollow. Then he picked up the phone, cranked it, got the gunner of Number One on the line and gave him the figures.

"We will register with Number Two gun," he said. "One round. You stick on the line, and I'll sense the burst and give you corrections."

He waited, listening to the hum and crackle of power in the earphones. This at least was something he ought to be able to do fairly well, even with pick-up crews and Jap 70's. Counting military school he had been in training more than twenty-two years for this moment of firing on an enemy. Perhaps in the next half hour he could make up a bit for chances he had overlooked and mistakes he had made in those years.

The voice of the gunner said, "Ready."

"Number Two, fire!"

There was a slight pause, and the gunner said, "On the way."

Farralon grabbed the binoculars and watched the (*Continued on Page 96*)

"As a matter of fact, he's got the pup out for a walk right now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He's digging for nails and skyscrapers

America's appetite for metal is immense. But earth does not give up the metallic food of progress easily. Tons of ore and waste yield only pounds of iron and copper.

To move these huge volumes of material, the mining industry needs mighty machines. Example: this giant Caterpillar D8 Tractor, shown starting to rip into ore deposits on Minnesota's Mesabi Iron Range.

The need for this power and efficiency will increase tremendously in the years ahead. This year the nation will produce over 95 million tons of steel. By 1975, we'll need at least 55% more annually, plus more aluminum, more copper and lead—more of many metals.

For the 55 million Americans that will be added to our population in the next 15 years will share our need for nails, skyscrapers—and countless other products that depend on metal.

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(*Continued from Page 94*) assembly area. Far to the right and long, a shell burst at the edge of the lagoon. "Left six zero," he said. "Range two four hundred."

"Ready," the gunner said.

"Number Two, fire!"

"On the way."

That was better. The burst was much closer. "Right one zero. Range two five hundred," he said.

Down at the battery they were getting into the swing of it now, and the next "On the way" came much sooner. A mushroom of dirt rose from the assembly area. "On target," he said. "Deflection as indicated. On Number Two, close three. Range as indicated. Battery, six rounds, volley."

It was lovely to watch. The firing was irregular but quite effective. The assembly area slowly dissolved in a churning soup of dirt and smoke. Out beyond the reef, the destroyer spotted the bursts and added its five-inch shells to the collection.

The gunner of Number One came back on the line and said breathlessly, "Six rounds complete, sir. How did we do?"

"Beautiful," Farralon said. "We plastered their assembly area. Now, here's another target."

He gave them the command post at the airstrip, got on it in two rounds and blasted it with three volleys. Then, one by one, he put the guns to work on the doughnut shapes of the machine-gun nests. Beyond the reef, the destroyer fired a signal rocket and shut off its smoke screen. The bows of four small boats poked out through the thinning screen and this time did not fade back into it. They came on, heading for the pass into the lagoon. Farralon studied the boats with the binoculars. It looked like a landing party of ten armed sailors in each boat. He had to admit the Navy was going all out to help.

He kept the guns working on anything that looked like a target until the boats crossed the lagoon and spilled the landing parties onto the beach. He didn't see them take any casualties. There was nothing that looked like organized opposition. Probably a lot of mopping up had to be done, but they had the island. He didn't know when he had felt more tired.

"Cease firing," he said to the gunner.

"How'd we do, colonel?"

"You did fine," he said.

He was glad he didn't have to answer a question as to how he himself had done. When he remembered that he had climbed the hill in a daze and had frozen when the three Japs popped up, he had not done well at all.

He sat in the former Jap command post at the airstrip the next morning, checking over reports. It had been a quiet night, provided that you thought in terms of the basic military situation and not in terms of four soldiers and two sailors killed, six soldiers and one sailor wounded. His men had taken these losses during the night as a result of sudden attacks by little bands of Japs, all of whom had been killed without achieving anything of military importance. The island was secured, and the enemy was no longer capable of mounting an organized attack. But from the viewpoint of a soldier who might be shot at any moment, the island was very insecure indeed.

A siren wailed, and he looked up through the torn camouflage netting to try to pick out the black V's against the sky. It was the fourth raid of the morning. If the Japs only knew it, they had little more chance of killing anyone with their bombs than of hitting a needle in a haystack with a .22 bullet. There simply weren't enough men to provide a good target. Able Company had nine men effective, including Lieutenant Campbell. Baker Company was down to twenty-one men commanded by a sergeant. Charlie Company had eight. Easy Company had thirty-one effective; its captain had been killed. Fox Company had fifty effective. George Company had twenty-five, with Captain Jerrold wounded again. The Fox Company captain, Ernest, who at first had seemed like a good prospect for laundry officer, had done well, taking command of the attack when Jerrold went down and completing the rout of the enemy along the perimeter.

Total effectives of the six companies—one hundred forty-four men. He also had the destroyer's landing party—thirty-seven effective. He had coaxed the destroyer captain to get an O.K. from Pago Pago to remain in the vicinity of the island and to leave the landing party ashore until reinforcements could arrive. It left the destroyer shorthanded, but he had to have those men. Now the landing party was holding the northern harbor, while the shreds of the rifle companies held the top of the hill and the southern beachhead. The wounded had been ferried out last night to the interisland steamer, which was now on its way to Pago Pago. The destroyer was somewhere to the south, cruising quietly so as to leave no wake to attract the bombers. It was comforting to have that ship within call.

Bombs were crunching here and there around the airstrip. They jarred sand from the log walls of the C.P. and stirred up old dead smells.

The sailor on sentry duty poked his head into the C.P. and said, "Jap bomber coming down in flames, sir."

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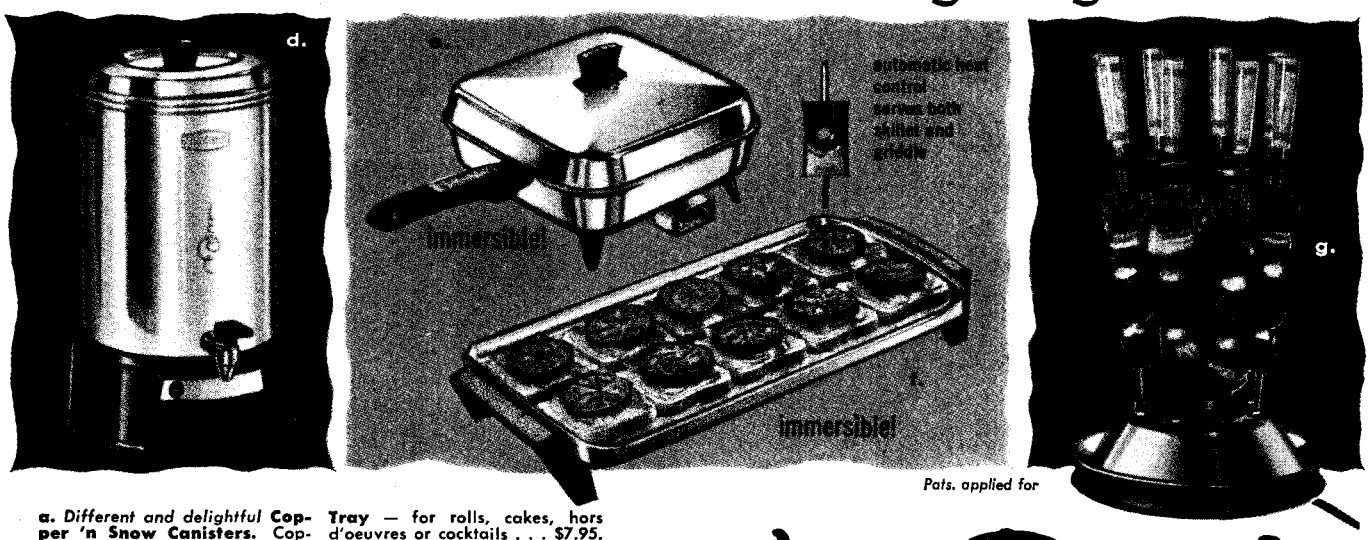

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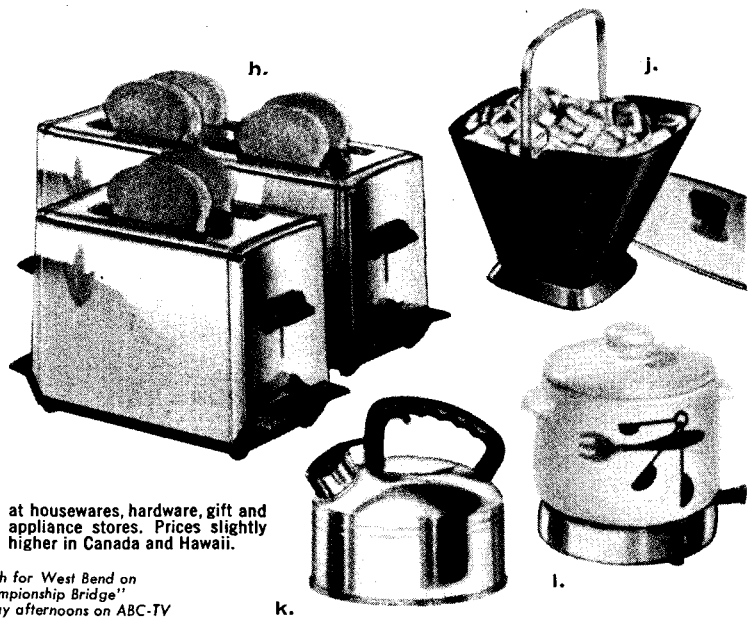

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Farralon went outside and stared up. There it was, unreeling a black tape of smoke as it fell. Another bomber vanished in a pompon of flame. High above the island, gnats were pestering the bombers, diving and firing and zooming up. Port Solo had sent the P-40's. It was nice to know that somebody cared.

The bombers turned back toward Balikovo, and a flight of P-40's came down and did a victory roll over the airstrip. Quite likely, Farralon thought, the bombers would now let them alone for a while. The Japs weren't going to stage another landing; if they had been unable or unwilling to reinforce their troops when they held most of the island, they must be even more unable or unwilling to try to retake it. It seemed obvious that the bombing raids had no purpose other than the Oriental one of saving face. You lost an island and then you saved face by bombing it. Two bombers had been shot down, face was saved, and now there would be a little quiet.

The sailor said, "Those Air Force guys did a nice job upstairs, colonel."

"Yes," Farralon said. "That'll calm things down a bit."

Rare View

Apartment hunting includes
just one joy,
And that lasts hardly a
minute;
Brief as it may be, it's a
pleasure to see
A closet with nothing in
it.

Leonard K. Schiff

The sailor lowered his voice. "Colonel, that guy over there didn't even look up to watch. Has he got all his marbles?"

Farralon glanced at the sandbagged pit where Kowalski was munching cheese from a box of K rations. He had told Kowalski late yesterday to return to his unit. Kowalski trudged away, but returned two hours later and said, "Can't find nobody." Of course that was a lie. Kowalski didn't want to rejoin his company for fear they would take the B.A.R. away from him. Farralon knew he ought to send Kowalski back again, but it wasn't bad having that B.A.R. around, and he had let the man stay.

"The reason he didn't watch the planes," Farralon said, "is that they're too high for him to hit."

"He don't say anything, either," the sailor muttered. "Kinda gives me the willies."

"He gives a lot of people the willies," Farralon said.

He went back into the C.P. and dug a scribbled note from his pocket and studied it. It was a copy of the message he had sent to Port Solo last night: "From Farralon to McGuire. Moon Island secured, and organized resistance ceased 1930. Reinforcements badly needed for mopup. Estimate airstrip can be made operational for fighters in week by properly equipped engineers. Casualties being evacuated by transport to Pago Pago. As public-relations officer LPC suggest fullest advantage be taken this victory to rouse public enthusiasm Stateside and to obtain substantial reinforcements your command. Suggest communiqué announcing victory stress this is first capture of enemy-held territory since war began."

Had he gone too far in that message? Very likely. A message like that would probably annoy McGuire excessively. But it had to be done. By itself, the taking of Moon Island meant little. Its importance was as a morale booster—the first land victory over Japs—and as a way to pressure the War department and Joint Chiefs of Staff into reinforcing the Lower Pacific Command. But would McGuire understand that? Fortunately he had made his recommendations as public-relations officer, and McGuire could tell himself that Farralon was suggesting a public-relations program instead of telling him how to run his command.

If he had only dared, he would have gone even further in that message. An operational airstrip on Moon Island would help protect the line of communications from the West Coast and Hawaii to New Zealand and Australia. That would justify the Lower Pacific Command in screaming for a new fighter squadron, engineers to put the airstrip into shape and a fresh battalion to mop up the island and garrison it. Hell, ask for a new regiment while you were at it. It was easier to get a regiment than a battalion; the War Department and Joint Chiefs of Staff could hardly be expected to think in terms of a unit as small as a battalion.

He had forgotten to put some minor things in the message. That A.P. correspondent—Holman—ought to be flown to Moon Island for stories. A Signal Corps photographer ought to be sent to get pictures for release in the States. He should have asked for an Australian flag to raise; Moon Island had been an Australian mandate, and it wouldn't hurt to butter up an ally. Maybe he could take care of the flag anyway.

He went outside and told the sailor, "I want an Australian flag."

You might have thought he had asked for Myrna Loy and Hedy Lamarr. "A—a what, sir?" the sailor asked.

"An Australian flag. Round up some guys and make one. I don't care how rough a job it is." He made a quick sketch on paper and gave it to the sailor. "I don't know if this is their national flag or an adaptation that their warships fly, but it doesn't matter. It has the Union Jack in this upper left corner. There's a big white star like this under the Union Jack and five smaller white stars scattered like this on the right-hand half of the flag. The background is blue. Tear up anything you can find to make it. Oh, and borrow a camera for me somewhere. One of your bunch must have a camera. And get me a U.S. flag too."

The sailor went off looking slightly dazed. Probably the guy was thankful he had joined the Navy instead of the crazy Army.

Farralon located a couple of coconut palms near the airstrip that could be used as flagpoles. The fronds had been blasted off near the tops, and the flags would show up nicely. He started to go back in the C.P., but halted when he heard a plane coming in low. It was a PBY, banking over the airstrip and leveling for a landing in the lagoon. High above he heard other planes and identified a flight of P-40's. It looked as if they were escorting the PBY, in which case a Very Important Person might be arriving. He walked to the beach and watched the plane taxi to shore.

A thin figure in faded sun-tans and an old campaign hat jumped from the plane and waded ashore, holding a carbine high above the water. A VIP indeed. Farralon threw him a salute and said, "Good morning, general."

McGuire looked at him from eyes you could have used as dumdum bullets. "Hello, Farralon," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED

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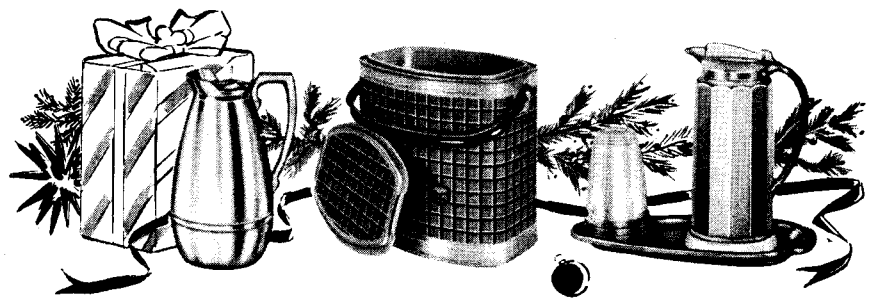

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The Marvelous Mayos (Continued from Page 25)

The surgery starts: He makes a two-inch incision in her neck and cuts carefully between two of the neck's four ribbon, or strap, muscles, proceeding cautiously because nerves to the voice box are in this area.

At 8:15 A.M. he begins to see the swollen thyroid gland, shiny and dark purple-blue. At 8:18: "Scalpel," and he cuts away the offending tissue, leaving most of the thyroid. The specimen goes out on a pie tin to a pathologist down the hall. He will quick-freeze it with carbon dioxide, cut a thin slice and examine this sample under the microscope. At the operating table the gland does not look cancerous, so Doctor Mayo and his assistants get ready to close the wound.

Nine minutes later a messenger comes to the door with a surprising slip of yellow paper. This swelling is malignant.

No word is spoken to alarm the conscious patient, but now Doctor Mayo enlarges the incision by an inch. His first assistant across the table helps. Two pairs of hands probe, snip, tie off blood vessels, probe, snip, tie, a bit at a time. In surgery there is not much fast, drastic cutting, but mostly just this bit-by-bit paring.

At 8:52 Doctor Mayo snips out most of the thyroid gland. This cancer case—caught early by an alert family doctor—is almost certainly one for the "win" column.

After the thyroid case Doctor Mayo steps into the next operating room for a stomach operation. He works steadily in two rooms, with two crews. His assistants there have already opened up the patient.

When this operation is done, he leaves them to close up while he moves again. "It's go-go-go from one case to another," says a nurse.

The next case is an intestinal obstruction. Then comes a cancer of the colon. Mayo is a general surgeon, but he specializes in surgery of the intestines and especially the colon, the last fourth or fifth of the intestinal canal.

The "morning" of any Mayo Clinic surgeon may consist of six to eight operations, even twelve, and rarely ends before two P.M. It may last until three or four P.M.

Doctor Mayo at sixty-two is all action. He pauses only for a bottle of pop, though he lets his crews stop for lunch, one at a time, while he keeps operating. He does not recommend skipping lunch. "It's just that I get keyed up and want to get done."

Things can become tense. The difficult surgery does not always go smoothly. Excess fat obstructs organs, bleeding starts, the unexpected appears; then one operation may last an hour or three hours.

"When it doesn't go well," says a head nurse, "the assistants know it, you know it and he knows it."

The worst time is when a patient dies on the table. "There's a lot of luck to surgery," Chuck Mayo will tell you. "Not long ago I had one hundred and three consecutive cases without an operative or postoperative death. Then I had three deaths in a week." Deaths depress him, perhaps for days.

His surgical assistants are all M.D.'s studying for specialists' degrees. They also are fellows—the positions most medical centers call "residents"—in the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, an arm of the University of Minnesota. With 575 fellows—from sixty-nine United States medical schools, eleven in Canada and twenty-nine overseas—this is the world's largest training organization for medical graduates.

"The very name 'doctor' means teacher," says Dr. Victor Johnson, foundation director. So Dr. Charles Mayo and his clinic colleagues hold university professorial rank. Mayo himself teaches four fellows. "Two of us stay with him each day," says the fellow who is his first assistant. "When he examines a patient, I usually examine him too. I'm next in charge of our hospital cases. One of our 'seconds' stays in the hospital all night, and if the least thing goes wrong, calls me. If it's serious, I call Doctor Mayo."

Some 40 per cent of the foundation graduates eventually win full- or part-time medical-college positions. The clinic has a university atmosphere, but staff men frequently remind young doctors of a Mayo precept: "This is first of all a practice of medicine."

"Our main job is to take care of patients," Chuck Mayo explains. "We grade our fellows every three months on what they know, and how they take advice, and dress, and whether they get places on time. But the main thing is how they treat patients.

"I never let a first assistant do anything unless I'd let him operate on my wife, or on me. I never take on a first assistant who hasn't got a feeling for people. If I'm home at night and worried about a patient, I may just get in my car and go down to the hospital. If I find my first

"I'll need about thirty dollars, for parking meters and things."

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assistant worried and hanging around, too, I know he's all right."

After his day's surgery, Mayo and his assistants make a bedside tour to see all their patients. He meets a patient's wife outside one room and says, "Let's go in together." He reaches a trembling woman of sixty-four, a cancer case. "Are you cold?" he asks. "No." He leans on her bed and reassures her. He comes to a woman whose cancer of the colon has proved inoperable. He holds her hand. He can't tell her the blunt truth.

"The family wouldn't let me. And I don't think I necessarily should have. She's the kind who'd worry herself to death that much sooner. Maybe the X-ray men can help her now."

Finally Doctor Mayo leaves the hospital to walk to his office, one block away. He is apt to turn heads, even if people don't know him. He goes hatless in the coldest weather, and his white hair is bright in the sun. He is well dressed: a plain flannel suit, white Oxford shirt, figured tie, all a bit rumpled, and topped in cold weather by a disreputable otter coat, thirty years old.

He enters the newest clinic building with a grin. Once he was watching its construction when a woman turned and said, "What's that for?" He said proudly, "That's the new clinic." She replied, "Good. It's about time the Mayos had some competition here."

This building is a $17,500,000, ten-story, cross-shaped structure occupying a city block, a striking aluminum and white-marble addition to the medical map of the world. It stands across the street from the older clinic buildings, including a twenty-story skyscraper cathedral that dominates the Rochester sky line.

The skyscraper was built in 1928 to accommodate 85,000 patient registrations a year "by 1954." This expected peak was passed in 1937, and crowding got worse. By 1948, patients had to make a summer appointment eight or nine weeks ahead, or wait four to six days if they showed up without one, unless they were gravely ill. It got so bad that 3000 or 4000 people a year were getting weary of waiting and leaving without medical care. So, in 1950, new building began.

A $4,000,000 Medical Sciences Building for research labs was completed a block away. Old buildings were modernized. Old and new now make up the clinic, with all, in effect, under one roof, for the Mayo buildings and nearby hospitals and hotels are connected by underground passages. The new building has semiautomatic hydraulic doors for wheel-chair patients and a foot warmer for the doorman. This structure, it was estimated in 1948, would reach its design capacity of 150,000 registrations a year by 1965. Registrations last year approached 167,000, but there is still breathing space.

Some patients register more than once in a year. In all, some 130,000 persons were attracted to the Mayo Clinic last year because, so they tell you, "I've been here before and I like it." Or, "I wanted to get another opinion." Or, "I'll try anything."

Every now and then a desperately sick patient will appear after an emotional crusade. "An entire neighborhood," a Chicago paper reported a few years ago, "has united to raise funds to send ten-year-old Carmella P —— to the Mayo Clinic" for an intestinal trouble "of unknown origin." Such cases usually mean a heartsick experience for parents, and for clinic doctors too, who dislike saying, "We can't do anything either."

Occasionally, as at any medical center, there is a dramatic exception. One nationally publicized story told of Georgia parents who brought their four-year-old daughter to Rochester after being told she had to have both eyes removed for cancer. Mayo doctors were able to tell her parents that she did not have cancer, did not have to have her eyes removed, and would see again. Actually they had only confirmed an original diagnosis made at Emory University medical school in Atlanta, before the pessimistic opinion given elsewhere. Still, most of the desperately ill are better off staying home, as Mayo doctors often advise.

Four or five patients out of ten appear at the Mayo Clinic because they have been referred there by their own doctors. A staff man says, "We naturally like this best—they are generally our toughest but most rewarding cases." Here, the Mayo doctors believe, they can bring to bear their basic resources: examination by a team of doctors and laboratories, with your own clinic doctor drawing if necessary on the counsel of some sixty different kinds of specialists.

It is mainly the opportunity to practice this kind of medicine that attracts the staff of 348 M.D.'s and other professionals, such as biochemists and physiologists, who work for less money than they would make in solo practice. There are never more than four resignations a year; on the average, about two. "Never before have so many physicians practiced together so harmoniously, and never has there been such integration of care, teaching and research," says Dr. J. Arnold Bargen, just retired.

"I can tell you," said a young staff man, "why so many of us are willing to settle in Rochester, Minnesota. In ordinary practice you find yourself considering many economic factors. Can the patient afford this test? Can you afford help and equipment? Will you lose your patient if you send him to another specialist? Can you get help in a hurry? Here I can do anything that is best for the patient immediately, and I know he will not be charged more than he can manage. I can call on any man on the staff, night or day. If I have a patient with a tricky thyroid cancer, I might have him seen by a thyroidologist, endocrinologist, radiologist, physicist and surgeon.

"There is no pressure to see *x* number of patients each day to keep the clinic solvent. In my first years here I tried to get my section head to tell me how many patients I should see every day. He'd just say, 'If you see three patients well, you're doing a good job. If you see ten badly, you're doing terribly.' We have to handle the load. We often go to the hospital evenings. But when we find a patient who needs several hours' attention, we give it. Then I can say to myself, 'I have done everything for this patient that can be done.'"

The Mayo success, Mayo doctors tell you, was built on a combination of lofty but practical factors. No patient "shall be asked to pay a charge beyond his means," says current board-of-governors policy; there is to be "no financial benefit" to any individual "beyond a reasonable annual compensation"; there are to be "only such returns to the institutions as will safeguard their future."

This means no staff member may get a cent more than his fixed salary. After nine years a staff man reaches his top salary, except for general increases. "A good man can net at least twice as much elsewhere," says one Rochester specialist.

The clinic refuses to disclose figures, but salaries run higher than in most universities. Fringe benefits help make this a dream shop: no overhead, good retirement income, four to seven weeks' vacation; twenty workdays a year, apart from weekends and holidays, to attend medical meetings, largely at clinic expense. The

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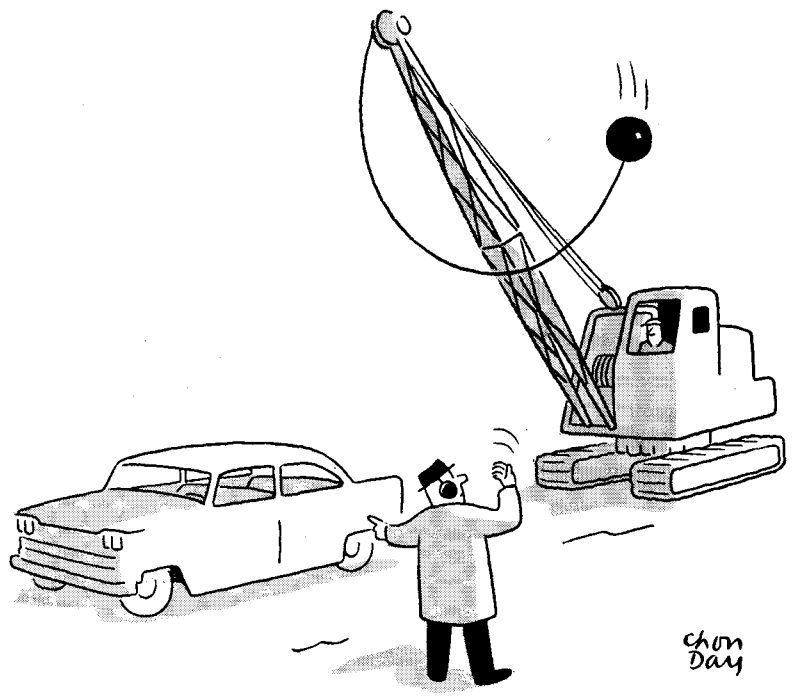

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clinic pitches in to help solve family problems and writes favorable mortgages on doctors' homes.

Is all this too much a Big Brother for some doctors? Certainly. Working here suits the team player better than the lone wolf. Some medical critics in other cities say, "You have to be willing to be regimented." Ten years ago, when big-collared storm coats were Minnesota winter style, several Mayo Clinic surgeons got off a train for a surgeons' meeting in Chicago. They were all wearing storm coats. "Great Scott," said a Chicago man, "the Mayos have got them in uniform now."

Clinic doctors tell the story, laugh and say, "We're so far from regimented, we can't even find out who's boss. You have to be able to give and take, however. You can't be the big authority in every field."

There are no "chiefs" in the medical-school sense, only section heads with purely administrative duties. Every staff man has equal status in handling patients. No one has the prerogatives of a university chief, but no one is under a chief's thumb either. "Our salary and staff system leaves little need or chance to play politics," a staff man says. "I can't say we have no politics, but we have very little."

Who's the boss then? It depends. The place is run today by many minds, and by three organizations. First, there is the Mayo Clinic itself, a private practice of medicine divided into nearly 100 divisions and sections. The respected chief administrator—a business executive, not a doctor—is G. Slade Schuster. But even higher authority is exercised by the board of governors, now headed by Dr. James T. Priestley, a descendant of the Englishman Joseph Priestley, who discovered oxygen. This board picks its own members, but the staff periodically votes on them and can put a man off.

The board allocates much responsibility to staff committees, which are also training grounds for new board members. The committees are praised and damned—"It's a wonderful system, fair and democratic" . . . "If Moses had had to go through a committee, we'd never have had the Ten Commandments." But the system works. New minds constantly come forward, for there is compulsory retirement at age sixty-five for all; 70 per cent of the staff are less than fifty years old.

The clinic pays all its own operating expenses—salaries, equipment, research—then pays all that is left as rent to the Mayo Association, a nonprofit corporation which owns all clinic properties. These are now valued at $30,000,000—mortgage-free; total assets, including investments, are worth close to $60,000,000. The association paid $17,500,000 cash for the clinic's newest main building.

The lofty principles, then, produce profits. But all surplus must go to research and training by another Mayo precept: "We are custodians of the sick man's dollar." This policy was set in 1915 by the Mayo brothers, when they gave the first installment of what became $2,500,000 in gifts to the University of Minnesota to establish the Mayo Foundation. The Mayo Association also gives the university an annual payment for fellows' stipends, and clinic money put into research now runs well over $2,500,000 a year.

The work of two men has involved research investments of more than $1,000,000 each. One was Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, a bacteriologist who believed his research would lead to a new explanation for polio. He was wrong (though he did much other fine work). The other was Dr. Edward C. Kendall, biochemist. His contributions: (1) thyroxin, or thyroid extract; (2) cortisone. For introducing cortisone, Kendall and Dr. Philip S. Hench shared a Nobel prize with Swiss Dr. Tadeus Reichstein.

Dr. Chuck Mayo is a member of the clinic governors and chairman of the board of the important Mayo Association. On each board his say is generally as important as that of any one of five or six top men, but not much more. "It's seldom, however, that the boards won't go along if he wants something," says a colleague. "But it's seldom that he'll push something they wouldn't want."

A squawk both boards often hear is: "The place is getting too big—you call a consultant and may not know him." But Slade Schuster, the head administrator, says, "I don't think our size is a thing we decide. The public decides." In fact, the clinic has never built new buildings until the patients have practically pushed the staff into the street.

A graver criticism is that organization and bigness may be eliminating gradually all "no" men and mavericks, who often do the brightest work. Chuck Mayo is a protector of mavericks, but not everyone else here is as tolerant.

Hard work prevents too much fretting. "Work," a staff man once wrote, "starts in the wards before eight in the morning, and floor work closes at five or six. Nearly every evening sees at least one medical meeting, examinations of fellows or a work conference. Even on vacations, medical talks, papers, clinics and addresses abound. No matter how hard one worked, there were cases waiting. I found many of the staff suffering from chronic exhaustion."

Much of the work is teaching the fellows, or residents, and each other. A weekly bulletin lists thirty to thirty-five medical programs, conferences, seminars and talks. Many residents attend conferences four nights a week. Take one: a weekly chest conference, at 7:30 A.M. sharp, to start the day. About fifty staff men and residents show up. Three incomplete case histories have been prepared. Each is handed to a resident, and one at a time they stand uneasily before this tough audience, trying an opinion on the diagnosis, asking for reports from X-ray and lab men.

A moderator—a staff doctor—calls on other residents and staff men for more reports and more opinions, and gradually more facts come to light. Finally the true diagnosis is revealed, sometimes embarrassing resident and several staff men alike. "We learn which are the sharp youngsters, and they learn which are the sharp staff men," says one doctor.

"This whole system keeps us on our toes," says Doctor Priestley, a surgeon. "These young doctors always ask more questions than you can answer. Sometimes they ask a question you thought was pretty well settled, and you realize it isn't so settled."

Each fellow spends at least three or four years at this, living on $200 to $333 a month. Each must spend six months in some basic science, and start his own research and a thesis. Clinic records, X rays and specimens then become gold mines. Neatly bottled beneath the Medical Sciences Building are more than 1,000,000 surgical specimens dating back to 1905. The pathologists preserve tonsils, appendixes, ulcer-ridden stomachs—"everything." Case histories on business-machine cards go back to 1907. "This means staff men and fellows can engage in a constant review of cases," says Dr. Joseph Berkson, statistician. "We guide ourselves on the basis of experience—I think this is one of this clinic's great contributions."

A massive library contains more than 100,000 volumes and complete files of more than 2000 medical and scientific journals dating back to 1665. Drawing on all this, most fellows earn master's degrees; a few win University of Minnesota Ph.D.'s.

Some 3500 foundation alumni practice throughout the world. Graduates include Dr. William Randolph Lovelace, medical chief for the astronaut Project Mercury, once Chuck Mayo's "first"; Dr. Irving Cooper, young New Yorker who has led in brain surgery for Parkinson's disease; Dr. Robert Bennett, medical chief of Georgia Warm Springs Foundation; Sir James Learmonth, who successfully operated on the late King George VI's ailing leg in 1949; and the late Sir Archibald McIndoe, the plastic surgeon who in World War II built new faces for charred British airmen—and inspired the ditty:

We are McIndoe's army,
We are his guinea pigs;
With dermatomes and pedicles,
Glass eyes, false teeth and wigs.

Residents and their families, like families of all medical students, have to skimp or borrow to live. Many pay $100 a month to rent tiny private houses, unless they can get into a low-rent, Quonset-type Mayo Association village—due to be torn down and replaced by garden apartments.

Many residents, on graduation, get fancy offers elsewhere. Yet nine out of ten quickly accept permanent Mayo Clinic appointments if offered. They provide the bulk of the young staff, and this tells much about the low turnover. In effect, most staff members have been pretested.

So have their wives. "We consider wives as much as husbands, whenever we can get information," a staff man said. "This is a special place, and in winter a cold climate. Our wives can't complain if we have to go to a dinner meeting, a conference afterward, leave town the next morning, then come home to be called away the first night. Socially this is a nine-o'clock town. Hostesses have to know which surgeons operate which day, and never expect to keep a surgeon very late the night before he operates."

Nowhere else, certainly, do so many doctors' wives congregate socially. One young wife said, "A starting wife here is like a private." Yet many say, "Things like that are the smallest part of the story" . . . "There are a lot of different groups, but they aren't based on money or prestige" . . . "A smart, able poor gal can make her way as brilliantly as the gal with the most social background."

Many of the doctors live in a section of gracious homes known as "Pill Hill," but even here there are few mansions. All new couples get a welcome note, then a visit from another young couple. Wives meet to exercise, hook rugs and learn Spanish. They take part in many Rochester nonmedical activities, including Republican and Democratic politicking. "There are a lot of intelligent women here," said one wife. "And no place have you ever seen so many women who want to be chairman."

Many a husband, meanwhile, may be brooding in a laboratory after clinic hours. Research man and practitioner are often the same man, for it is easy for a doctor to walk the underground block from an examining room to a Medical Sciences Building lab. Anyone who encounters a patient from whom he thinks he or science can learn something may charge lab studies to "research" instead of the patient's bill.

In 1955 a clinic team headed by boyish-looking Dr. John Kirklin, then thirty-eight, became first to achieve regular use of a heart-lung machine to take over blood flow during heart surgery. Now three clinic teams are scheduling ten opened-heart operations a week, with Kirklin often doing two in a day and operating until nine P.M.

Dr. John Lundy, anesthesiologist, just retired, introduced sodium pentothal, one of the world's widely used anesthetics, and started the first postoperative recovery room, now common. The clinic and a nearby sanatorium made the first successful use of drug treatment in tuberculosis, with streptomycin, in the '40's.

Dr. Reginald Bickford, a onetime R.A.F. surgeon who became interested in pilots' brain injuries in World War II, inserts wires in the deepest part of the human brain to help diagnose brain disease and study memory and emotions. He can touch a wire and evoke a childhood memory, such as, "I hear children hollering for (*Continued on Page 102*)

"I've got another pair at home just like them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 100*) me across the street." As a basic scientist, he piles up knowledge to be applied, when means are found, to relieve damaged brains and emotions. Meanwhile, as a patient-oriented staff member, he helps map areas causing epilepsy, to guide Mayo brain surgeons.

One new Rochester experiment poses the question: "Can we cut our patients' hospital bills?" For three years a twelve-bed, intense-care ward as round as a circus ring has been in operation at Methodist Hospital. The nurses sit in the center and can see all their patients through picture windows, and can get to any bed in ten or eleven steps. A new report puts the cost of this round-the-clock nursing at an average $13.88 a patient day. To get constant care of equal quality under ordinary circumstances, an acutely ill patient would need three special-duty nurses a day, at about fifty-four dollars.

"A few small round hospitals or wards have been built elsewhere," says Edward Weld, a clinic administrator. "But no one else has done a controlled experiment like ours, comparing daily costs with costs elsewhere in the hospital. Are we enthusiastic? You bet!"

Now the experimenters hope to build a 400- to 500-bed, round-ward hospital to calculate the costs for three classes of patients: acutely, moderately and mildly ill. "Only then can we learn whether we really have something to recommend," Weld says. The hospital would cost ten to twelve million dollars. Included should be automatic devices to record patients' temperatures, blood pressures and the like. If a measurement gets too high, a bell could sound at the nurse's desk.

Many people here say far-seeing change like this is among the oldest of Mayo traditions. You walk through the hospital with Chuck Mayo and pass this round unit. "I call it the 'silo,'" he says. "It's certainly the way we have to move. We have to have automation and do new things."

Then you go to his office with him and see how tradition in the care of the sick is still honored. His phone summons him to the surgeons' referral desk, where a young woman says, "West Ten B, Doctor Mayo."

The patient is another fearful woman with the familiar question: "Is it cancer?"

"I don't know," he answers, leaning forward a little, his foot on a rung of her chair. "That's why we want to operate. We want to find out. I'll tell you our reasoning—I think that will help you."

Sometimes a little humor helps. A woman challenges him: "Did you take care of Doctor So-and-so from my town?"

"If he's alive I did."

When this clinic was young and its doctors were beginning to get more and more specialized, Dr. Will Mayo—Chuck's uncle—would drive his horse and buggy home and offer rides to some of the new men. "He'd chat about this case or that," remembers an old clinic doctor, "and in this way we would learn to think always of the whole patient."

"Sometimes in medicine today," says a colleague of Chuck Mayo, "we get too definitive and fail to see the whole person. Chuck always looks at the whole patient. I think that's his greatest contribution."

Rochester has a grand old man, Dr. Donald Balfour, seventy-eight, retired surgeon, emeritus director of the Mayo Foundation, Doctor Will's son-in-law. He says, "Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie knew how to leave a strong staff. They did it by retiring when they got old. They stepped out completely, and the staff had to make the decisions. Well, it made them, and it continued the team spirit, and now, we think, this is the great thing here—not our buildings, but spirit."

Next week the author tells why more than 100,000 persons, seeking everything from a routine checkup to treatment for serious illness, come to the clinic every year.

—THE EDITORS

The Christmas Hunt (Continued from Page 31)

My father laughed. "I think I can," he said. "I'll put in a couple of mornings trying."

"Papa," I said desperately.

"Wild turkey stuffed with wild rice," my mother said quickly, thoughtfully, in her planning voice. "Giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, maybe a nice potato salad ——"

"If I don't fail on the turkeys," my father said.

"Papa!" I said.

My father turned to me. "Come on, Tom," he said. "We've got to feed those dogs."

That's the way parents are, even when you're ten years old. They can talk right on and never hear a word you say. I ran after my father as he left the kitchen, hoping for a chance to get my words in edgewise. But my father was walking fast and already the clamor of the bird dogs was rising up to cover any speech I might want to make.

The dogs were standing on the wire fence in long dappled rows, their voices lifted in greeting. Even in my urgent need I had to stop and admire them. There's nothing prettier in the whole world than a good bird dog. There's a nobleness to its head, an intelligence in its eyes, that no other animal has. Just looking at them sent a shiver down my backbone; and the thought of shooting birds over them—well, the shiver just wasn't in my backbone now, I was shaking all over.

All of the dogs except one were in the same big run. But my father kept Calypso Baby in her own regal pen. I went to her and looked into her soft brown eyes. She stood up tall on the fence, her strong, lithe body stretched to its full height, as tall as I was.

"Hello, Baby," I whispered, and she wagged her tail. "You gonna find me some birds this Christmas, Baby? You gonna hunt for me like you do for papa?"

She lolled her tongue, laughing at me. We were old friends. Calypso Baby was the finest bird dog in that part of the country. My father owned a number of dogs and kept and trained others for his town friends. But Calypso Baby was his personal dog, the one that he took to the field trials, the one he shot over in the big Christmas Day hunt held at Dog Run.

My father was bringing the sack of feed from the shed. I put out my hand, holding it against the wire so Calypso Baby could lick my fingers.

"This year," I whispered to her. "This year I'm going." I left Calypso Baby, went with determination toward my father. "Papa," I said, in a voice not to be denied this time.

My father was busy opening the sack of dog food.

"Papa," I said firmly. "I want to talk to you." It was the tone and the words my father used often toward me, so much of mimicry that my father looked down at me in surprise, at last giving me his attention.

"What is it?" he said. "What do you want?"

"Papa, I'm ten years old," I said.

My father laughed. "Well, what of it?" he said. "Next year you'll be eleven. And the next year twelve."

"I'm old enough to go on the Christmas hunt," I said.

Incredibly, my father laughed. "At ten?" he said. "I'm afraid not."

I stood, stricken. "But ——" I said.

"No," my father said, in the voice that meant No, and no more talking about it. He hoisted the sack of feed and took it into the wire dog pen, the bird dogs crowding around him, rearing up on him in their eagerness.

"Well, come on and help me," my father said impatiently. "I've got a lot of things to do."

Usually I enjoyed the daily feeding of the dogs. But not today; I went through the motions dumbly, silently, not paying any attention to the fine bird dogs crowding around me. I cleaned the watering troughs with my usual care, but my heart was not in it.

After the feeding was over, I scuffed stubbornly about my other tasks and then went up to my room, not even coming down when my father came home at dusk excited with the two wild turkeys he had shot. I could hear him talking to my mother in the kitchen, and the ring of their voices had already the feel of Christmas, a hunting cheer that made them brighter, livelier, than usual. But none of the cheer and the pleasure came into me, even though Christmas was almost upon us and yesterday had been the last day of school.

That night I hunted. In my dreams I was out ahead of all the other men and dogs, Calypso Baby quartering the field in her busy way, doing it so beautifully I ached inside to watch her. All the men and dogs stopped their own hunting to watch us, as though it were a field trial. When Calypso Baby pointed, I raised the twelve-gauge shotgun, moved in on her on the ready, and Calypso Baby flushed the birds in her fine, steady way. They came up in an explosive whir, and I had the gun to my shoulder, squeezing off the shot just the way I'd been told to do. Three quail dropped like stones out of the covey and I swung the gun, following a single. I brought down the single with the second barrel, and Calypso Baby was already bringing the first bird to me in her soft, unbruising mouth. I knelt to pat her for a moment, and Baby whipped her tail to tell me how fine a shot I was, how much she liked for me to be the one shooting over her today.

Soon there was another covey, and I did even better on this one, and then another and another, and nobody was hunting at all, not even my father, who was laughing and grinning at the other men, knowing this was his boy, Tom, and his dog, Calypso Baby, and just full of pride with it all. When it was over, the men crowded around and patted me on the shoulder, hefting the full game bag in admiration, and then there was my father's face close before me, saying, "I was wrong, son, when I said a ten-year-old boy isn't old enough to go bird hunting with the best of us."

Then I was awake and my father, dressed in his hunting clothes, was shaking me, and it was morning. I looked up dazedly into his face, unable to shake off the dream, and I knew what it was I had to do. I had to show my father. Only then would he believe.

"Are you awake?" my father said. "You'll have to change the water for the dogs. I'm going to see if I can get some more turkeys this morning."

"All right," I said. "I'm awake now."

My father left. I got up and ate breakfast in the kitchen, close to the warm stove. I didn't say anything to my mother about my plans. I went out and watered the dogs as soon as the sun was up, but I didn't take the time, as I usually did, to play with them.

"Me and you are going hunting," I told Calypso Baby as I changed her water. She jumped and quivered all over, knowing the word as well as I did.

I went back into the house, listening for my mother. She was upstairs, making the beds. I went into the spare room where my father kept all the hunting gear. I was trembling, remembering the dream, as I went to the gun rack and touched the cold steel of the double-barreled twelve-gauge. But I knew it would be very heavy for me. I took the single-barrel instead, though I knew that pretty near ruined my chances for a second shot unless I could reload very quickly.

I picked up a full shell bag and hung it under my left arm. I found a game bag and hung it under my right arm. The strap was too long and the bag dangled emptily to my knees, banging against me as I walked. I tied a knot in the strap so the bag would rest comfortably on my right hip. The gun was heavy in my hands as I walked into the hallway, listening for my mother. She was still upstairs.

"Mamma, I'm gone," I shouted up to her. "I'll be back in a little while." That was so she wouldn't be looking for me.

"All right," she called. "Don't wander far off. Your father will be back in an hour or two and might have something for you to do."

I hurried out of the house, straight to Calypso Baby's pen. I did not look up, afraid that my mother might be watching out of the window. That was a danger I could do nothing about, so I just ignored it. I opened the gate to Baby's pen and she came out, circling and cavorting.

"Come on, Baby," I whispered. "Find me some birds now. Find me a whole lot of birds."

We started off, circling the barn so we would not be seen from the house and going straight away in its shadow as far as we could. Beyond the pasture we crossed a cornfield, Calypso Baby arrowing straight for the patch of sedgegrass beyond. Her tail was whiplike in its thrash, her head high as she plunged toward her work, and I had to hurry to keep up. The gun was clumsy in my hands and the two bags banged against my hips. But I remembered not to run with the gun, remembered to keep the breech open until I was ready to shoot. I knew all about hunting; I just hadn't had a chance to practice what I knew. When I came home with a bag full of fine birds my father would have to admit that I knew how to hunt, that I was old enough for the big Christmas Day hunt when all the great hunters came out from town for the biggest day of the season.

When I ducked through the barbed-wire fence Calypso Baby was waiting for me, standing a few steps into the sedgegrass, her head up watching me alertly. Her whole body quivered with her eagerness to be off. I swept my arm in the gesture I had seen my father use so many

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times and Calypso Baby plunged instantly into the grass. She was a fast worker, quartering back and forth with an economical use of her energy. She could cover a field in half the time it took any other dog. The first field was empty, and we passed on to the second one. Somehow Calypso Baby knew that birds were here. She steadied down, hunting slowly, more thoroughly.

Then, startling me though I had been expecting it, she froze into a point, one foot up, her tail straight back, her head flat with the line of her backbone. I froze too. I couldn't move, I couldn't even remember to breech the gun and raise it to my shoulder. I stood as still as the dog, all of my knowledge flown out of my head, and yet far back under the panic I knew that the birds weren't going to hold, they were going to rise in just a moment. Calypso Baby, surprised at my inaction, broke her point to look at me in inquiry. Her head turned toward me and she asked the question as plain as my father's voice: *Well, what are you going to do about these fine birds I found for you?*

I could move then. I took a step or two, fumblingly breeched the gun, raised it to my shoulder. The birds rose of their own accord in a sudden wild drum of sound. I yanked at the trigger, unconsciously bracing myself against the blast and the recoil. Nothing happened. Nothing at all happened. I tugged at the trigger wildly, furiously, but it was too late and the birds were gone.

I lowered the gun, looking down at it in bewilderment. I had forgotten to release the safety. I wanted to cry at my own stupidity, I could feel the tears standing in my eyes. This was not at all like my dream of last night, when I and the dog and the birds had all been so perfect.

Calypso Baby walked back to me and looked up into my face. I could read the puzzled contempt in her eyes. She lay down at my feet, putting her muzzle on her paws. I looked down at her, ashamed of myself and knowing that she was ashamed. She demanded perfection, just as my father did.

"It was my fault, Baby," I told her. I leaned over and patted her on the head. "You didn't do anything wrong. It was me."

I started off then, looking back at the bird dog. She did not follow me. "Come on," I told her. "Hunt."

She got up slowly and went out ahead of me again. But she worked in a puzzled manner, checking back to me frequently. She no longer had the joy, the confidence, with which she had started out.

"Come on, Baby," I coaxed her. "Hunt, Baby. Hunt."

We crossed into another field, low grass this time, and when we found the covey there was very little time for setting myself. Calypso Baby pointed suddenly; I jerked the gun to my shoulder, remembering the safety this time, and then Calypso Baby flushed the birds. They rose up before me and I pulled the trigger, hearing the blast of the gun, feeling the shock of it into my shoulder knocking me back a step.

But not even one bird dropped like a fateful stone out of the covey. The covey had gone off low and hard on an angle to the left, and I had completely missed the shot, aiming straight ahead instead of swinging with the birds. Calypso Baby did not even attempt to point singles. She dropped her head and her tail and started away from me, going back toward the house.

I ran after her, calling her, crying now but with anger rather than hurt. Baby would never like me again, she would hold me in the indifference she felt toward any person who was not a bird hunter. She would tolerate me as she tolerated my mother, and the men who came out with shiny new hunting clothes and walked all over the land talking about how the dogs didn't hold the birds properly so you could get a decent shot.

I couldn't be one of those. I ran after the dog, calling her, until at last she suffered me to come near. I knelt, fondling her head, talking to her, begging her for another chance.

"I'll get some birds next time," I told her. "You just watch. You hear?"

At last, reluctantly, she consented to hunt again. I followed her, my hands gripping the heavy gun, determined this time. I knew it was my last chance; she would not give me another. I could not miss this time.

We hunted for an hour before we found another covey of birds. I was tired, the gun and the frustration heavier with every step. But, holding only last night's dream in my mind, I refused to quit. At last Calypso Baby froze into a beautiful point. I could feel myself sweating, my teeth gritted hard. I had to bring down a bird this time.

It seemed to be perfect. I had plenty of time but I hurried anyway, just to be sure. Then the birds were rising in a tight cluster and I was pulling the trigger before I had the heavy gun lined up—and in the midst of the thundering blast I heard Calypso Baby yell with pain as the random shot tore into her hip.

I threw down the gun and ran toward her, seeing the blood streaking down her leg as she staggered away from me, whimpering. I knelt, trying to coax her to me, but she was afraid. I was crying, feeling the full weight of the disaster. I had committed the worst crime of any bird hunter; I had shot my own dog.

Calypso Baby was trying to hide in a clump of bushes. She snapped at me in her fear when I reached in after her, but I did not feel the pain in my hand. I knelt over her, looking at the shredded hip. It was a terrible wound, I could see only blood and raw flesh. I snatched off the empty hunting bag I had donned so optimistically, the shell bag, and took off my coat. I wrapped her in the coat and picked her up in my arms. She was very heavy, hurting, whining with each jolting step as I ran toward the house.

I came into the yard doubled over with the catch in my side from the running, and my legs were trembling. My father was sitting on the back porch with three wild turkeys beside him, cleaning his gun. He jumped to his feet when he saw the wounded dog.

"What happened?" he said. "Did some fool hunter shoot her?"

I stopped, standing before my father and holding the wounded dog; I looked into his angry face. They were the most terrible words I had ever had to say. "I shot her, papa," I said.

My father stood very still. I did not know what would happen. I had never done anything so bad in my whole life and I could not even guess how my father would react. The only thing justified would be to wipe me off the face of the earth with one irate gesture of his hand.

I gulped, trying to move the pain in my throat out of the way of the words. "I took her out bird hunting," I said. "I wanted to show you—if I got a full bag of birds, I thought you'd let me go on the Christmas Day hunt ——"

"I'll talk to you later," my father said grimly, taking the dog from me and starting into the kitchen. "I've got to try to save this dog's life now."

I started into the kitchen behind my father. He turned. "Where's the gun you shot her with?" he said.

"I—left it."

"Don't leave it lying out there in the field," my father said in a stern voice.

I wanted very badly to go into the kitchen, find out that the dog would live. But I turned, instead, and went back the way I had come, walking with my head down, feeling shrunken inside myself. I had overreached; I had risen up today full of pride beyond my ability, and in the stubbornness of the pride I had been blind until the terrible accident had opened my eyes so that I could see myself clearly—too clearly. I found the gun, the two bags, where I had dropped them. I picked them up without looking at the smear of blood where Calypso had lain. I went back to the house slowly, not wanting to face it, reluctant to see the damage I had wrought.

When I came into the kitchen, my father had the dog stretched out on the kitchen table. My mother stood by his side with bandages and ointment in her hands. The wound was cleaned of the bird shot and dirt and blood. Calypso Baby whined when she saw me and I felt my heart cringe with the rejection.

My father looked at me across the dog. The anger was gone out of him, his voice was slow and searching and not to be denied. "Now I want to know why you took my gun and my dog without permission," he said.

"David," my mother said to him.

My father ignored her, kept his eyes hard on my face. I knew it wouldn't do any good to look toward my mother. This was between me and my father, and there was no refuge for me anywhere in the world. I didn't want a refuge; I knew I had to face not only my father, but myself.

"I—I wanted to go on the Christmas Day hunt," I said again. "I thought if I ——" I stopped. It was all that I had to say; it seemed pretty flimsy to me now.

My father looked down at the dog. I was surprised at the lack of anger in him. I could read only sadness in his voice. "She may be ruined for hunting," he said. "Even if the wound heals good, if she doesn't lose the use of her leg, she may be gun-shy for the rest of her life. At best, I'll never be able to show her in field trials again. You understand what you've done?"

"Yes, sir," I said. I wanted to cry. But that would not help, any more than anger from my father would help.

"You see now why I said you weren't old enough?" my father said. "You've got to be trained for hunting, just like a dog is trained. Suppose other men had been out there, suppose you had shot a human being?"

"David!" my mother said.

My father turned angrily toward her. "He's got to learn!" he said. "There's too many people in this world trying to do things without learning how to do them first. I don't want my boy to be one of them."

"Papa," I said. "I'm—I'm sorry. I wouldn't have hurt Calypso Baby for anything in the world."

"I'm not going to punish you," my father said. He looked down at the dog. "This is too bad for a whipping to settle. But I want you to think about today. I don't want you to put it out of your mind. You knew that when the time came ripe for it, I intended to teach you, take you out like I'd take a puppy, and hunt with you. After a while, you could hunt by yourself. Then if you were good enough—and only if you were good enough—you could go on the Christmas Day hunt. The Christmas Day hunt is the place you come to, not the place you start out from. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said. I would have been glad to settle for a whipping. But I knew that a mere dusting of the breeches would be inadequate for my brashness, my overconfidence, for the hurt I had given not only to the fine bird dog but also to my father—and to myself.

"You've got to take special care of Calypso Baby," my father said. "Maybe if you take care of her yourself while she's hurt, she'll decide to be your friend again."

I looked at the dog and I could feel the need of her confidence and trust. "Yes, sir," I said. Then I said humbly, "I hope she will be friends with me again."

I went toward the hall, needing to be alone in my room. I stopped at the kitchen doorway, looked back at my father and mother watching me. I had to say it in a hurry if I was going to say it at all.

"Papa," I said, the words rushing softly in my throat, threatening to gag there before I could get them out. "I—I don't think I deserve that bicycle this Christmas. I don't deserve it at all."

My father nodded his head. "All right, son," he said gravely. "This is your own punishment for yourself."

"Yes," I said, forcing the word, the loss empty inside me and yet feeling better too. I turned and ran out of the room and up the stairs.

"Now read that back to me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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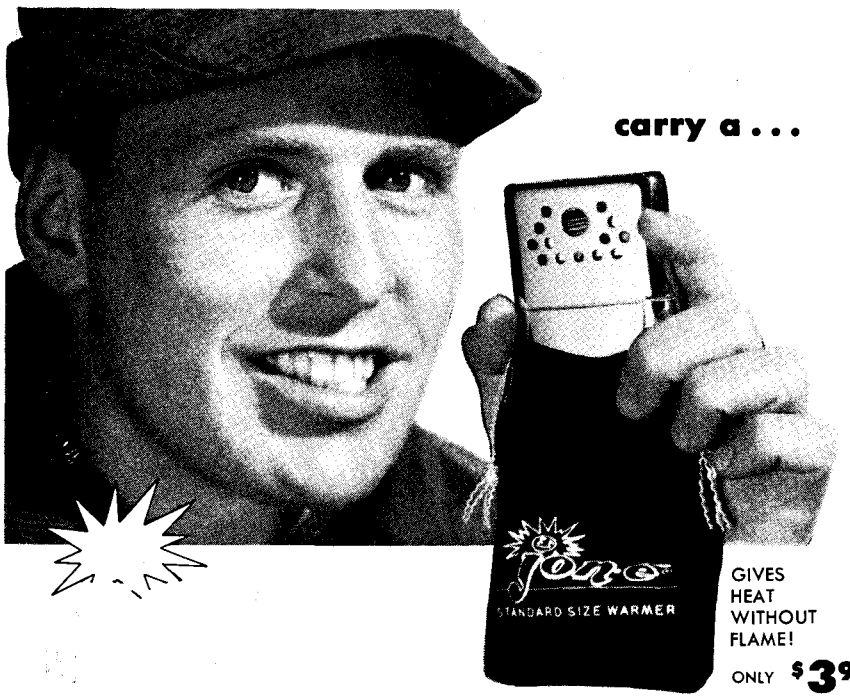

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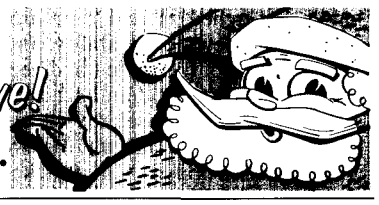

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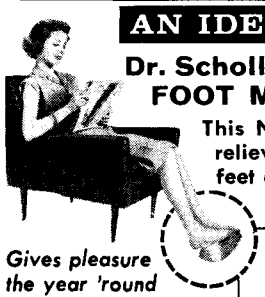

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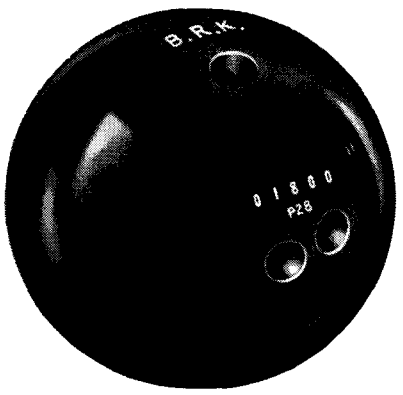

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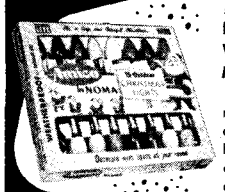

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Christmas came, but without any help from me at all. I went to bed on Christmas Eve heavy with the knowledge that tomorrow morning there would be no shiny new bicycle under the tree, there would be no Christmas Day hunt for me. I couldn't prevent myself from waking up at the usual excited time, but I made myself turn over and go back to sleep. When I did, reluctantly, go downstairs, the Christmas tree did not excite me, nor the usual gifts I received every year, the heavy sweater, the gloves, the scarf, the two new pairs of blue jeans. I just wouldn't let myself think about the bicycle.

After my father had gone outside, my mother hugged me to her in a sudden rush of affection. "He would have given you the bicycle anyway," she said. "If you hadn't told him you didn't want it."

I looked up at her. "I didn't deserve it," I said. "Maybe next year I will."

She surprised me then by holding me and crying. I heard the first car arrive outside, the voices of the men excited with the promise of hunting. My mother stood up and said briskly, "Well, this is not getting that big dinner cooked," and went into the kitchen without looking back.

I went out on the front porch. It was perfect quail-hunting weather, cold but not too cold, with a smoky haze lying over the earth. The dogs knew that today was for hunting; I could hear them from around behind the house, standing on the wire fence in broad-shouldered rows, their voices yelping and calling. All except Calypso Baby. All except me.

I stood aside, watching the men arrive in their cars, my father greeting them. Their breaths hung cloudy in the air and they moved with a sharp movement to their bodies. These were the best hunters in the whole countryside, and today would be a great comradeship and competition. Any man invited on this hunt could be proud of the invitation alone.

I felt almost remote as I watched, as I went with them around the side of the house to the dogs. They all went to examine Calypso Baby, and I felt a freezing inside; but my father only said, "She got shot by accident," and did not tell the whole terrible story.

Then my father looked at his watch and said, "Let's wait a few more minutes. Walter ought to be here soon. Hate to start without him."

One of the men called, "Here he comes now," and Walter drove up in his battered car.

"Come here, son," my father said, speaking to me for the first time this morning, and I went reluctantly to his side. I was afraid it was coming now, the whole story, and all the men would look at me in the same way that Calypso Baby had after I had shot her.

My father drew me to the side of Walter's car, reached in, and brought out a basket. "You wanted a bicycle," he said. "Then you decided yourself you should wait. Because you made the decision yourself, I decided you were old enough for this."

I looked at the bird-dog puppy in the basket. All of a sudden Christmas burst inside me like a sky rocket, out of the place where I had kept it suppressed all this time.

"Papa," I said. "Papa ——"

"Take him," my father said.

I reached into the basket and took out the puppy. The puppy licked my chin with his harsh warm tongue. He was long, gangly, his feet and head too big for his body—but absolutely beautiful.

My father knelt beside me, one hand on the puppy. "I told Walter to bring me the finest bird-dog puppy he could find," he said. "He's kin to Calypso Baby; he's got good blood."

"Thank you, papa," I said in a choking voice. "I—I'd rather have him than the bicycle. I'll name him Calypso Boy, I'll ——"

"When this puppy is ready for birds, we'll train him," my father said. "While we train the puppy, we'll train you too. When the time comes, you can both go on the Christmas Day hunt—if you're good enough."

"We'll be good enough," I said. "Both of us will be good enough."

"I hope so," my father said. He stood up and looked at the men standing around us, all of them smiling down at me and Calypso Boy. "Let's go," he said. "Those birds are going to get tired of waiting on us."

Garment for the Soul

By Mary Alice Hart

A coat of many colors, warm,
yet cold,
Clean scented, yet with
pungencies of pride;
New, yet old, as the child's first
cry is old—
This is the garment I shall lay
aside.

I have been weaving new cloth
on an ancient loom,
Of thread spun out of a wheel
on a leafless tree,
Dyed to the hue of a rose but
once in bloom
Yet known in a thousand dreams
and a mystery.

After the final shuttle, and
severed thread,
The seamless garment, lovely as
pearls in dawn,
Will wrap in joy one whom the
earth calls dead.
When it is finished, *I shall put
it on.*

They laughed and hollered, and the dogs moiled and sounded in the excitement as they were let out of the pen. They fanned out across the pasture, each man or two men taking a dog. I stood watching, holding the puppy warm in my arms. I looked at Calypso Baby, standing crippled in her pen looking longingly after the hunters. I went over and spoke to her. She whined; then for the first time since the accident she wagged her tail at me.

I looked down at the puppy in my arms. "We'll be going," I told him, as he licked at my chin. "One of these days, when you're a dog and I'm a man, we'll be right out there with the best of them."

It was three years more before I got to go on my first Christmas hunt. Papa had been right, of course. In the time between I had learned a great deal myself while training Calypso Boy to hunt. With the good blood in him he turned out to be a great bird dog—second only, I guess, to Calypso Baby, who recovered well from her wound and was papa's dog the day Calypso Boy and I made our first Christmas hunt.

But of all the Christmases, before and since, I guess I remember best the one when Calypso Baby was hurt—and Calypso Boy first came to me. THE END

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Beware the Untamed Deer Hunter

(Continued from Page 27)

hunted before you got your deer or somebody gave you a pound of his.

I know one softhearted character who would no more shoot a deer than he'd shoot his crippled old grandmother. Yet he maintains stoutly that he would, in order to go to deer camp each season.

What sort of things happen in the woods?

Well, in one of the deer camps up on the mountain in back of my home town of Middlebury, Vermont, a friend of mine drew the cook's assignment one day. He prepared and dished up the breakfast; he got the men off for the day. He washed the dishes and swept the camp, then sat down to have another cup of coffee and a doughnut before going out into the woods himself.

He had just raised the doughnut to his mouth when he saw a big buck walking across the clearing close in front of the window. He grabbed his gun, threw open the door, leaped forward and started to raise the rifle to his shoulder. But in that leap he tripped on the threshold and fell flat. He jammed the barrel of the gun into the mud clear to the trigger guard.

The stock of the gun, which had been only part way to his shoulder, was pushed up under his armpit inside his jacket by the fall. It ripped out through the shoulder seams in back.

He tried to spring to his feet but couldn't. He was pinned there full length by the gun through his jacket. He squirmed but he just couldn't rise. Even if he could have, it would have done him no good because the barrel of his rifle was plugged and would have exploded if fired.

So he lay there and watched the buck bound away into the woods, and the crowning touch was that after all this he still held the doughnut in his mouth.

It was a horrible, soul-searing experience for a deer hunter, but far from an isolated case. Throughout a deer hunter's life, deer are always appearing at the doughnut-in-the-mouth moment. Once I was brushing my teeth—you don't have running water in deer camp, so you walk outside with a cup of water and your toothbrush—when one appeared. There seems to be a built-in mechanism in a deer which tells him when Hoyt is performing some gunless, extremely personal function and he can appear with impunity.

Once, during deer season, dressed in a business suit, dress shoes and no rubbers, I was riding with my friend Bill Burpee from his house to my own when we spotted a buck in a woods pasture. Bill had a rifle. I was to stay near the car, give Bill time to travel round about to a road behind the deer, and then I was to drive the deer toward him.

There was a swamp between me and the deer. When the right time came, I ran to the edge of the swamp area, waving my arms. The deer just looked. I yelled, I jumped, I tried everything I could think of. The deer just stood there.

Bill was counting on me. So, much against my every instinct, I stepped into the cold swamp water. I'd only taken two steps, just enough to get me nicely in to my knees, when the deer bolted.

Soon I heard a shot. Later Bill returned, crestfallen. He had been caught with the deer behind him, had whirled and missed. Believe me, I didn't let him forget his failure.

After my kidding, he went home to his wife and said, "Delna, I was deer hunting and I did a *terrible* thing."

Delna's immediate thought was that he had shot a man or, at the least, somebody's cow. She said, "What did you do?"

"I had a point-blank shot at a buck and missed."

"Oh, thank heavens!" she said.

Bill wouldn't even speak to her for hours afterward.

Game wardens and the law are always high in the production of incidents. It doesn't have to be a lawbreaker who gets into trouble; it can be a hunter as innocent as a clergyman at prayer. Take the case of Joe Bixby from the next town west of us. Joe had hunted nineteen years, the entire deer season each year, and in all that time had never got a buck. (We have another citizen who has hunted forty-six buckless years.) Like me, Joe arrived places just after bucks went through. He left places just before bucks arrived.

Then one day Joe saw a buck's head among some fir trees. In such a situation the excitement inside you is fantastic. Your heart pounds, you try to use the field glasses and you can't because your hand shakes so badly. Joe pulled up, steadied himself, shot. The buck seemed to drop. But in the next second it must have stood up again because he could see it there in the same opening. With his heart full of gratitude for this second chance, Joe tried to stop his shaking, took even more careful aim and shot again. Again the deer seemed to drop from sight. But the next second it reappeared in the same opening, still not running.

Joe, desperate after those nineteen years, took very deliberate aim and fired his third shot. That time the deer stayed down.

When Joe got over there he found three bucks, each with a fine set of antlers, lying dead. After nineteen years of drought he'd shot three deer, a different one each time.

So here was a man with a problem. He had improved his previous record by 300 per cent in just a few seconds, but 200 per cent of that improvement was extremely illegal. A hunter is allowed just one buck a year in our state. Somehow, Joe had the feeling that a game warden, if one should appear on the scene, would greet his story with skepticism, true though it was. He tore wildly around until he found two other hunters. He persuaded them to take two of the bucks off his hands.

Now comes a matter which I mention regretfully. We just have to face the fact that deer hunters do not always stick to the truth. Possibly we should go one step further and admit that deer hunters are often better liars even than Ananias or fishermen. So I'll have to admit that Joe was not 300 per cent candid with his wife regarding what had happened. His wife was a close friend of the game warden's wife, and it just seemed the better part of wisdom not to mention those two extra deer.

For that matter, it's a pretty good bet that the two recipients of Joe's largess weren't completely candid either. When your wife or friends ask you for details on how you got that fine deer, you don't just say, "A guy ran up to me in the woods and gave it to me."

I've come upon a fresh-killed doe lying in the woods and have been pretty nervous till I could get out of the area. I figured that the burden of proof would be on me if a game warden came along while I was there. One time I accepted a ride from strangers in a car that later got stuck in the mud. Two game wardens helped us push it out. I was horrified to learn afterward from the driver that he'd had the trunk full of doe meat at the time.

During the war years I heard about a group of hunters that was stymied, along with practically all Detroit deer hunters, in plans to get to Upper Michigan; special orders had been issued to the state police to arrest all A-coupon users who had connived to beat gas rationing.

One of the hunters met this crisis admirably. He invited an undertaker friend to join the party. Six of them rode 400 miles in the back of a hearse and were bowed through every roadblock by reverent troopers.

Deer camp itself is a big part of your adventure. The open fire or the red-hot wood-burning stove are delightful after a day in the woods. You smell the acrid wood smoke as you approach the camp, tired, wet, and bedraggled, and you can hardly wait to get inside the building. Boots come off; there's the smell of wet socks; drinks are being mixed. Coats are hung, steaming, near the hot stovepipe or fireplace. A cook, usually looking harassed, is presiding over pots and pans which are filling the room with odors that can tantalize beyond endurance a hunter who has been in the cold, wet woods all day.

Everybody is talking or laughing at once. The place is bright, cheerful, full of noise. "Thickest snow squall I ever saw. For three minutes you couldn't have seen a buck if he'd kissed your nose."

"The worst wind I ever saw up there on top of the mountain. It went right through you. The most miserable ——" Like all outdoorsmen, deer hunters seem to need considerable discomfort to get the maximum from their experiences.

"So he came right toward me down the path. I was shaking I was so cold. I waited for him to go behind this little bush, see, and come out the other side. He went behind it all right, but he never came out again. Finally I examined the tracks and do you know what that so-and-so had done? He'd kept the bush between him and me and ——"

There's always horseplay. Mostly it's taken well, but not always. None of us will ever forget the year the boys from a Ripton deer camp found a moth-eaten, mangy stuffed bear on our own dump. The Middlebury College Biology Department evidently felt that the bear had outworn its usefulness in the educational field. The boys felt that this decision was premature. They saw educational possibilities in it, saved it, and the next fall carried it into the woods with them. They set it in the crotch of a tree just down the main trail from their camp. Then in the morning they lingered to make sure the intended victim started out first.

He spotted the bear, threw his gun to his shoulder and shot.

Nothing happened. He shot again. And again.

Then he saw blood spilling from the animal. But it was an extremely light-colored blood. He went cautiously forward to investigate and found that it was a trickle of sawdust. He stormed back to camp, spoke to nobody, packed his things and went home. The episode had hit him wrong and he was furious.

A smart parent can tell whether his teen-age son has been out with a pal or a girl by the amount of gasoline left in the car.

GEORGE T. ROBEY JR.

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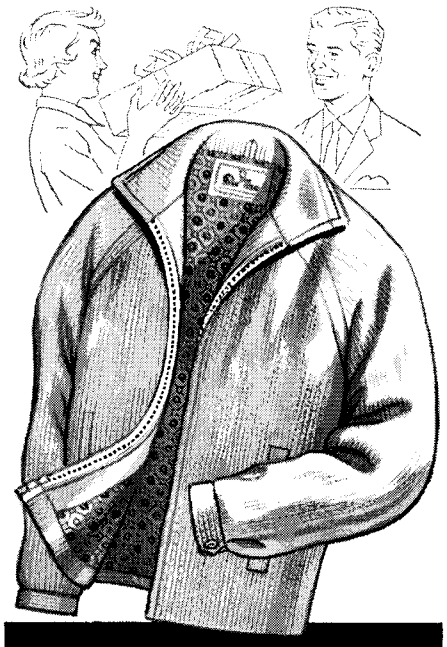
happy thought for Christmas



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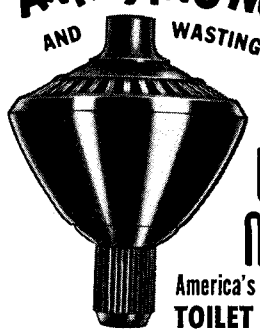

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That same afternoon he entered a barbershop to get a haircut. The barber knew nothing about all this, but in the jovial manner of barbers, while he fastened the apron, he said, "Well, I hear you've been up to deer camp. See any deer or bear or anything?"

The man rose, ripped off the apron, hurled it to the floor and stalked out. For years that barber had no idea why.

As for the stuffed bear, it showed up in tree after tree throughout that hunting season. I was one of dozens who emptied a rifle into it. It was shot so often, with resultant loss of sawdust, that it became quite emaciated by the end of November and ended up where the deer hunters had found it—on the trash heap.

There is another gag that appears in some form, in some region, every season. Last year, down near Salisbury, Vermont, somebody set up, just off the main road, a deer head with plastic body. All during the deer season car after car would stop. A man would jump out, shoot awhile, and then crawl sheepishly back into his car and drive on.

There are many types of deer camps. The two I have known personally have been the private log cabin or shack, and the backwoods farm that gets folding money by taking deer hunters to board.

It was at one of these farms that Bill Burpee and I, while we were packing to go home, had a bullet pass between us. Downstairs one of the boys had picked up a pump gun from which the firing-chamber cartridge had been removed, but the magazine left full. He had worked the action and, when nothing was ejected, thought the gun was empty. When he pumped the gun, however, that refilled the firing chamber. All unknowing, he'd then pulled the trigger, and the bullet passed upward through the floor, through the roof and out into the wide world. It left in its wake consternation and a couple of hunters who have remained to this day fantastically skittish regarding partially emptied rifles.

This is what I call the chilling experience. Sooner or later every hunter runs into tragedy or near-tragedy. Mostly, instead of keeping him out of the woods, it's part of the siren call that brings him back to prove he's quite a guy and can handle anything. A deer hunter in our area last fall had a "downed" deer leap up while his gun was some distance away. He was a big man and impulsively grabbed the deer's horns to wrestle him back down. Once he'd done that, he had to hang on or be gored. They struggled desperately over a wide area. The deer finally carried him over a cliff; they rolled together into a brook. It was a grim question which would survive. The hunter at last drowned the buck in a pool.

And once, just at dusk, I was headed in what I thought was a campward direction when I met Bill Burpee going in the opposite direction. He proved to me I'd been headed for the deep, deep woods. I shivered several times that evening in my chair, and it wasn't from the cold. I was extremely thankful. Except for that lucky meeting I'd have spent the night in the dark, freezing woods, as thousands of hunters have in the past—panicky, miserable, perhaps worse. I'd seen too many of them who were found half dead, or watched them stagger out of the woods sometimes twenty miles or more from where they entered.

Once I was at one of those deer-camp farmhouses when the proprietor served us anonymous meat the night before the season opened. The meat, we found out later, was illegal deer meat. In the middle of the meal a game warden came in and asked if he could buy dinner. The proprietor was in a terrific spot. He decided he'd better brazen it out. The warden ate. Afterward he took the proprietor aside. We heard later what happened.

He said, "Jim, I'm sorry. But you and I know the meat was not beef, and I've got to arrest you."

The proprietor, a very fast man with his brain, said, "Mac, I wouldn't want you to give me away to these city guys. But follow me." He led the way outside to the barnyard.

"I don't charge these hunters much and I have to cut corners," he said, aiming his flashlight at the carcass of a dead horse from which he had been cutting large chunks of meat for his dogs. He said anxiously, "You won't squeal on me, will you?"

The game warden, we understand, was both convinced and very ill.

You start out from camp in the morning, and the bright, crisp day stretches before you. No office, no world. Just you and the woods and the unexpected. You go to meet them. A blue jay shrieks at you. If you're high on the mountain, frost makes every twig a jewel. Your breath shows in the cold air. Maybe, walking down a ledge with rubber hunting boots, you come upon a red squirrel with his back to you, and he doesn't see you. That happened to me once and I kept moving forward carefully, thinking each second he'd see me and run. But he didn't, and finally I reached down carefully and picked him up by the nape of the neck. He whipped around and bit my thumb fast and enthusiastically.

On that same ledge I sat once and listened to the clip, clip, clip, clip of something approaching from the ridge behind me through the crust that had formed on the snow during the night. It was too staccato, too rapid, to be a man. I rolled over behind the ledge, lay there and rested my rifle on the ridge.

A doe came into sight, passed within three feet of the barrel of my rifle. I could count every hair, see the muscles move under her skin, but I didn't shoot. She went leisurely away and disappeared down the trail. I can still remember every second of it. Little things. And every once in a while, suddenly, unexpectedly, something big.

Harold Forbes, a lumberman from our town, was once moving carefully over pine needles and found himself within a few feet of a sleeping bear which had neither heard nor smelled anything to waken it. Forbes departed as soundlessly as he had arrived.

Another friend of mine, a long-time hunter, one day saw the flag of a deer and the brown back behind it. But try as he would he couldn't see the head to tell whether or not it had horns. He stood there a long time. If he moved to see better, he might frighten the deer. There was one illegal course open to him—shoot the deer, and if it turned out to be a doe, walk rapidly away. He raised his rifle and took careful aim, trying to make up his mind whether or not to squeeze the trigger.

And just then a puff of smoke came out of the flag.

"You know how I'd lift that mortgage?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He walked over there and found an old man with his full white beard gleaming against the front of the brown hunting coat he was wearing—a suicidal thing to wear in the woods during hunting season—sitting on a log and smoking a pipe. My friend walked out of the woods shaking violently from the closeness of his call. The chilling experience.

For that matter I once came upon an old hunter sitting in the middle of a deer run during the season, wearing an old bearskin coat. This seemed to me to be asking for it—as much as a man leading a Jersey calf through deer country on a short rope.

Another friend of mine, a Middlebury College professor, one time stood behind a tree and watched two characters dressed in the very latest sports outfits come up the trail. When they reached him he stepped out and asked them if they'd seen any deer.

"No, but we had a couple of sound shots."

"Well, I haven't either and —— Sound shots? What're they?"

"We heard something move in the bushes and we shot at it."

There was a stunned silence while the prof thought that over. Then he said very formally, "I wonder if you gentlemen would do me a favor?"

They said, "Certainly."

"Will you stand right here for five minutes, thus allowing me to procure that much head start?"

For six years that same Harold Forbes whom I've mentioned astonished city hunters whom he came upon in the woods by banging two pieces of iron together and calling a wild doe down off the mountain. It all started when he and some other men were working on logging machinery. They left crusts from their sandwiches every noon and found them gone the next day. Finally they caught a glimpse of a doe.

They began to bring titbits for her. Eventually they got the doe's confidence until she would come down for a handout when she heard them banging on iron. Dozens of hunters who expressed skepticism were flabbergasted to see that doe materialize and walk up to Mr. Forbes. The Forbes family has a whole set of pictures of her.

And there was the time a friend of mine and a carload of his companions stopped to get a farmer's permission to drive part way up through his pasture. They sent my friend to the farmhouse to ask.

The farmer said, "Sure. But will you do me a favor in return? I have an old, old horse up in that pasture that I've got to put out of the way before winter. Only I just can't bring myself to pull the trigger on him personally. He's suffering. Will one of you save my feelings and shoot him for me?"

This seemed a reasonable request to my friend. But on the way back to the car he thought of a little joke he could play on his companions, so he didn't tell them what the farmer had said.

Instead, after they left the car he said to them, "I'm fed up with not shooting anything. We've been hunting days now and no shots. The first thing that moves, I'm going to blast."

Out of the corner of his eye he could see his companions exchanging glances. Nobody said anything. The silence was strained.

My friend caught a glimpse of the horse through the trees and went on in a louder, more high-pitched, more maniacal voice, "Yes sir, be it horse, cow, man, woman, child; if it moves, I blast it."

They walked along a little further. Suddenly he pretended to see the horse for the first time. He threw his gun to his shoulder. One of his companions, convinced he had gone completely off his rocker, brought a gunstock down across his head and knocked him cold.

All those stories you hear and remember. You remember the things that have happened to you; how it was last year. You wake up in the deer camp and you lie there in the dark. The last coals in the fire glow. You hear snoring. Somebody stirs, mutters in his sleep. Plainly you smell wood smoke. Excitement begins to foment inside you. This is the week you've waited for so long. Another hour.

You listen to the noises and you wonder what will happen this year. Adventures will start right away. Big ones, little ones, exciting ones, interesting ones. What little things? What big things? Will you see a deer? If you do, will you get buck fever the way a member of your party did last year? He stood there aiming at a buck, working the pump mechanism over and over, pumping cartridges in and out of the firing chamber each time he heard his friend beside him shoot, but never once pulling his own trigger.

You hope you won't be that bad, but you never know in advance. One thing is for sure. The darnedest things will happen in that woods. THE END

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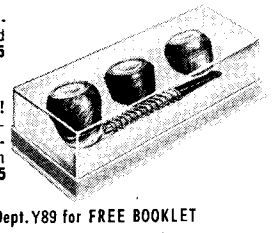

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Keeping Posted

He Paints a Good Game of Golf

Dick Sargent painting the fifth green, Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle, N. Y.

One disconcerting aspect of being a *Post* cover artist is the chore of conjuring up swimming scenes when there is snow on the ground and snowy scenes when the swimming is good—witness this week's wintry cover, painted during the cherry-blossom season by **Dick Sargent**. This year Sargent has taken occasional furloughs from cover painting to indulge himself in a labor of love—painting water colors of golf scenes. His paintings were put on sale last month at New York's Kennedy Galleries and will remain there until December twenty-third.

This is Sargent's first show in almost twenty-five years, and he guesses the occasion made the staff at Kennedy Galleries a bit dizzy. The opening sentence in the show's brochure reads as follows: "Dick Sargent is a painter who could qualify as a professional golfer." Confesses Sargent: "I got a seventy-nine once, but that was seven years ago."

While we're correcting misimpressions regarding our cover artists, we would like to assure Virginia Military Institute alumni that **Norman Rockwell** is, at sixty-six, still alive and painting. After noting a reference to "the late famous American artist, Norman Rockwell" in the fall issue of the *V.M.I. Alumni Review*, we asked Rockwell if this report of his death had been exaggerated. Rockwell consulted his physician, then advised us, "My doctor says I am not dead. He says I have the heartbeat of a teen-ager."

Tales of the Authors

Borden Deal, author of the distinguished current novel, *Dragon's Wine* (Scribner's), and resident of University, Alabama, calls himself "a lover of writing and a lover of dogs"—two qualities which will be obvious to all who read his first *Post* story, THE CHRISTMAS HUNT (page 31). Our author's present dog is Calypso Baby (see photo); his most memorable was Beauregard Bugleboy III, a highly intelligent, neurotic mongrel from the streets of Mobile. "Unless there was food constantly in his bowl, he felt he had eaten the last meal in the world, and he worried about it. He packed his bags and left one day because I was chunking another dog out from under the house with a rock and he thought I meant *him*."

Borden Deal and Calypso Baby.

Associate Editor **Peter Wyden** says he enjoys "learning the tribulations of folks to whom just a single million dollars is rather vulgar." His research among the folks of Scottsdale, Arizona, resulted in TOWN MILLIONAIRES BUILT (page 19). He recalls that the first such story he covered, years ago for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, concerned an oil boom in Snyder, Texas, where dozens of plain folks became millionaires just about overnight. Their free-spending ways so impressed Wyden that he stopped in Dallas on the way home and bought an $8.50 necktie. He still wears it, "although it's much too wide to be in fashion."

Mark Rascovich was born in San Francisco, but went to school in France, Germany, England and Sweden. He says THE DAY OF THE WHALE (page 34) is his first attempt at short-story writing since flunking English Essay and Short Story at the Sorbonne, back in 1938. Rascovich flew for the USAAF in World War II; after the war he tried marine salvage and boatbuilding before he turned to television writing. Present life: "I am a refugee from television who is trying to turn into a respectable novelist. Have wife, son, dog, all living it up in South Norwalk, Connecticut. I love the sea, antique airplanes and a good funny story." We trust he also is fond of tuna. Earlier this year the American Museum of Natural History assigned Rascovich, as a writer-photographer, to study the migratory and breeding habits of the giant tuna.

Ex-Post Salesman Has 1800 Guests for Dinner

Fifty years ago Fred A. Scoggin, aged five, of Independence, Iowa, was one of a small army of boys who delivered *Post*s to our readers' doors. Fred took his job seriously. He had to. There were seven children in the family, and Fred and his three brothers were obliged to buy most of their own clothing with their earnings. Recently we learned that ex-salesman Scoggin is living in International Falls, Minnesota, and doing well enough to have invited the entire town to dinner, as a thank-you gesture. Fred had undergone two operations for lung cancer and wanted to express his appreciation for the kind things his many friends had done for him while he was ill. Eighteen hundred friends and neighbors came to the dinner, and half-filled a barrel with donations for the Minnesota Cancer Society.

Fred is the dapper fellow at right in our 1910 photograph. His side-kick is L. Smith Scoggin, an older brother. Between them the four Scoggin salesmen covered all of Independence, then a community of some 3500 citizens. "After fifty years," Fred told us recently, "I feel I am still a part of your sales organization." But he now employs someone to sell his *Post*s for him, in the lobby of the Rex Hotel, of which he is half owner.

Salesmen Scoggin and Scoggin.

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